

CORONET

JANUARY

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Coronet New Year's Feature!

COMPLETE 1944 CALENDAR IN FULL COLOR

with 12 outstanding color photographs of children



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 BARBARA BRANDT
Picture Editor:
 R. NOSSAMAN
Editorial Associates:
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Cover Girl There's an old belief that it's the plain children who grow into great beauties, but Vivian Austin, who played the lead in a Cinderella Fantasy at the age of three in the Hollywood Bowl, has grown up to win the title of Miss Hollywood for four years in a row—no mean feat in that stronghold of feminine allure. Little wonder, then, that Emerson Hall of Hollywood chose her to say Happy New Year to Coronet readers!

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Wars come and wars go, but German propaganda never changes. Today Goebbels works the same old bogeymen that scared the Fatherland's enemies a generation ago



Tripeline from Berlin

by REX STOUT

THE THINGS THE Germans have said to the rest of the world from September, 1939, to September, 1943, are precisely the same things they said from 1914 to 1918. This time they are better organized, spend more money, and use short wave rather than the printed word, but the pattern is identical, and often it is impossible to tell whether it is the Kaiser or Hitler speaking, without the date at the top of the script to guide you.

On your knees, here we come!

Don't be a sucker!

Let us up or you'll be sorry!

Those are the three major phases of German propaganda this time—as they were last time. Up to the fall of 1941, that first gag scared the daylights out of 300 million people, from one end of Europe to the other. A few of them fought back—some of the French with their antiquated equipment, some handfuls of Norwegians

throwing rocks at the invader, some Yugoslav guerrillas—but on the whole it was a pitiful exhibition. The combination of planes and panzers and the Berlin radio bellowing 24 hours a day, "On your knees, here we come!" did the trick. Whole nations—the Czechs, the Danes—tossed in the towel without fighting back.

By June, 1941, when they let go at Russia, not one man in a thousand expected the Soviet Union to last longer than three months. During the three months from June 22, 1941, to September 22, 1941, the Germans made over two thousand broadcasts—averaging more than 20 a day—to the Russians, yapping that the Russians were licked before they started. And they had everybody believing it, except the Russians. Though none of us knew it at the time, that seemingly unimportant detail actually ended the effective career

of German propaganda phase one.

Then, in December, 1941, the Japs got so big for their britches they busted their seams. From then until around April, 1943, phase number two was dominant in German propaganda. "Don't be a sucker!" The United Nations had been conceived, and the labor pains of the impending birth were convulsing the soil of three continents. The Germans knew as well as anyone, maybe a little better, that if the baby lived, sat up, took nourishment, and got a start in life, the German goose was cooked.

"England will fight the war to the last American."

"America will fight the war to the last Englishman."

"The Bolsheviks are using Britain and America to bolshevize Europe."

"Britain and America are playing it safe so Russia and Germany will kill off each other."

Wagner embroidering a major motif was kindergarten stuff compared to the razzle-dazzle variations the German propaganda bureau developed

To detective story enthusiasts, the name of Rex Stout is almost synonymous with that of Nero Wolfe, the fictional sleuth who is known for his hobby of tending orchids, for his prodigious beer drinking, and for his ability to catch murderers while sitting down. But writing mysteries is only one part of Stout's proficiency—since 1933, when he became convinced that Germany presented a serious threat to the life and liberty of all other peoples, he took to radio to tell the world. His most recent program, Our Secret Weapon, which was presented over CBS, got him the accolade of a vituperative attack on the Berlin airways.

on that old, old theme, "Don't be a sucker!" Bismarck had achieved his greatest successes with it; the German propagandists of the World War used it as their chief weapon; and from 1919 to 1939 the technique had reached its greatest triumph in preventing any semblance of unity among other nations while Germany collected necessary items for the one-two.

With all that practice they should have been good, and they *were* good.

For over a year the gigantic German propaganda machine tried to get wedges started in the cracks offered by the rivalries, misunderstandings and ideological conflicts among any or all of the United Nations. In a few instances it succeeded, notably in the case of the quarrel of the Polish government-in-exile with Soviet Russia, but it never widened any crack far enough to split off one of the Big Four—the United States, Britain, Russia, China—from the common purpose of fighting on to victory.

The first phase, "On your knees, here we come!" is a dead dog, with neither bark nor bite. The second phase, "Don't be a sucker!" today is a dying hope, but phase number three, "Let us up or you'll be sorry!" has taken over; and the Germans are confidently counting on it to win for them, if not victory this time around, at least the conditions that will permit them to lay their plans and preparations for the next war.

It has two audiences: the German people and the rest of the world. There is never the slightest hint in their foreign broadcasts that the Ger-

mans are preparing to charge off this war to profit and loss and start getting ready for the next one. But here's how they are already talking to the home folk, from an article in *Das Schwarze Korps*, Berlin, July 15, 1943:

Germans must remember that we shall need a strong Wehrmacht in 20 years' time. Our grandchildren must do the work which our sons who have fallen in battle are unable to do. We can defeat death by birth. Everyone must see that the cradle in his house is never empty.

As for the men, this is from another article in the same newspaper:

Compulsory marriage should be enforced all over Germany. We could make the promotion of officials to higher grades dependent upon their marriage. If anyone insists on remaining a bachelor, he would have to be a low-grade employe for the rest of his life.

But apparently the editor got a letter or a phone call on that one from someone higher up, for a week later this was in the same paper:

The general duty to propagate the race cannot be denied but, in spite of that, men who stand out as individuals owing to their special achievements must be excused a thousand times over even though they have no children.

For great genius, of course, read Adolf Hitler. It is a bit difficult to carry on a rousing campaign for full cradles when the Fuehrer himself sets such a bad example.

That's the way the Germans are letting their own people know that, though this war is a washout, there must be no sagging of the determina-

tion of the master race to get on top and stay there. However, by the simple expedient of turning to the foreign side of phase three you get this, broadcast from Berlin on August 18, beamed at North America:

If the war should continue in the direction it has taken recently, it is quite possible that Germany will go Communistic. The Anglo-American air raids will destroy, in the most literal sense of the word, religion, private property, and individual initiative in Germany. It cannot be denied that prospects for the transformation of Germany into a Communist state are brighter today than at any other time.

Or this excerpt from an Associated Press dispatch from Stockholm on August 15, quoting an article by a Berlin correspondent of a Stockholm newspaper:

If the time comes when Germany has to choose between accepting the unconditional surrender demands or a separate peace with Russia, undoubtedly she will decide upon the latter course. Victory or Bolshevism are the only alternatives for Germany.

"Let us up or you'll be sorry!"

They screamed it at us in 1918, and as a result, our Army of Occupation in the Rhineland committed no single deed that would have brought a blush to the cheeks of Emily Post.

With that 20-year old threat, the most effective piece of blackmail in all history, the Germans made us accept their innumerable violations of the Versailles Treaty, culminating with their march on the Rhineland and the Ruhr. They made us look the other

way while they took Austria and raped Czechoslovakia. For years and years they kept the whole Western world shaking in its shoes by their cry, now wheedling, now bullying, "Take us as we are and give us what we want, or we'll turn into Communists." And today they say: "Quit bombing us, hurry up and make peace with us and let us keep a lot of our stolen goods or we'll turn Communist."

The deuce of it is, we do not actually want to bomb them or hurt them, and they know it. At least 80 per cent of the American people would be in favor of stopping the war tomorrow, and concluding a peace with few or no punitive clauses, if they could feel assured that those who spoke and signed for the Germans meant what they said and intended faithfully to help in the construction of a peaceable and workable world. Since the Germans know that, the desirable (to them) line of propaganda is plain as the nose on their face.

Hundreds of people, in books and magazines and newspapers, have tried to tell us what is wrong with the Germans. One way of saying it is this—that the reason they are not like us,

the reason we dare not trust or believe any spokesman stepping out from their ranks is that they have never had their Voltaire or Lafayette, their Garibaldi, their Washington or Franklin or Jefferson.

We of the democratic countries have had our people's revolutions. That is how we got democratic. The Germans have never had theirs. Therefore we have the alternative of permitting the German people to proceed with their revolution, with all the chaos, turmoil and economic instability sure to accompany it, or of helping the reactionaries of Germany (Junkers, other aristocrats, industrialists, officer corps) to prevent such a revolution. If our distaste for a people's revolution is so strong that we refuse to let it happen, we will of course make any deal that may be necessary with whoever in Germany retains the power to act and to control the people; but in that case the question is not whether we shall be involved in a third world war, but when it will start, what can we do to get ready for it, and who will be our allies.

And we should, of course, keep the cradles full; the Germans are already working on their future armies.

Unfit for Counterfeit

ONE FAMOUS half-dollar counterfeiter, in and out of jail all his life, was picked up again recently when some of his fifty-cent pieces, and pretty bad ones at that, were found on the market.

"They aren't as good as you used to make," chided an official. "What's the matter?"

"It's these priorities," replied the unhappy crook who in desperation had been buying up pewter urns in antique shops. "They're driving me nuts!"

—HOWARD WHITMAN

*You're departing from logic, says Churchill,
if you plan to skid around clouds in your
own plane in the immediate post-war world*



Don't Bank on Flying Flivvers

by EDWARD CHURCHILL

JUST WHAT KIND of an airplane can the average man hope to buy after the war?

There has been much glib forecasting, both in and out of the aviation industry, about the huge amount of private flying which will be done. But such crystal gazing is confusing, misleading to the public and a definite departure from logic. It is time someone told the fellow who wants to skid around cloud corners just how much chance he has of realizing this dream.

First, let's look at the post-war aircraft. Included are:

A comparatively high speed (150 to 200 m.p.h.) four to six place conventional plane costing before the war from 20 to 50 thousand dollars. Both privately owned and "company" planes are included in this group.

A medium speed (120 to 135 m.p.h.) aircraft for family use, carrying four people, costing from five to ten

thousand dollars in pre-war days.

A series of "trick" or non-conventional airplanes carrying from two to six persons, incapable of spinning and possessing many gadgets and design factors which will make them safe. The pre-war price range for this type ran from two thousand all the way up to 20 thousand dollars in some cases.

The helicopter—capable of speeds as high as 80 miles per hour—is designed to carry two or more persons. Bottom price on these has been estimated at two thousand dollars, probably will be much higher.

The roadable airplane, which can both fly and travel highways carrying two to four passengers. Its estimated cost (even supposing volume production) begins at 2,500 dollars.

That's about all we can look for—unless the next Congress repeals the law of gravity.

For those who believe that a five-

place airplane, capable of cruising 150 to 200 miles per hour, can be purchased after the war for the same price as an automobile—1,500 dollars, to settle on a definite figure—there is sad disillusion. Let me quote a prominent aircraft executive and engineer who, only three years ago, said (and I do not believe the production picture has changed radically since):

"There is no possible chance, even with volume production, to build and sell an airplane carrying five persons at 200 miles per hour for less than five thousand dollars.

"The reason that the price will not go lower is that the materials used must be of very high quality. No matter how much you might lower labor costs through efficient production, you will still have to pay for materials."

Since these statements were made to me, the cost of building certain light airplanes being manufactured to fill military orders has increased.

A manufacturer of a small pre-war plane which was very popular with sportsmen pilots, told me:

"My two-place model sold before the war for about four thousand dollars. As a military airplane, with a larger engine, it now costs about 10 thousand dollars."

Why so big an increase? In part, certainly, due to a rise in cost of labor and materials. For while conversion to military use may up the price somewhat, six thousand dollars seems pretty abnormal.

I also asked him whether, in increasing production, he had discovered any vital short-cuts which would

make post-war civilian planes cheaper to manufacture. His reply was:

"I have not."

Recently, an aviation trade magazine declared that what the country needs for post-war aviation expansion is the following airplane:

"A four-place job. Comfortable and rugged. 150-200 miles per hour cruising speed. Consumption of from eight to ten gallons per hour. Cruising range of a thousand miles. Price = 1,500 dollars."

The nearest thing to this, pre-war, was the Cessna, a four-place cantilever wing monoplane capable of 151 miles per hour with a 145 horsepower engine and a maximum range of 785 miles. Its cost ranged from five to seven thousand dollars. It was one of the sleekest jobs on hand. Yet it consumed from 10 to 12 gallons of fuel per hour.

HERE IS A remarkable illustration of what is needed in horsepower when speed is increased. The same airplane with a 165 horsepower engine went only six miles an hour faster. With added speed, resistance is squared and horsepower must be cubed, which exemplifies what getting to 200 miles per hour means in 1) cost of engine 2) size of engine 3) increased strength and therefore weight of airframe 4) consumption of fuel and 5) other overall costs of production and maintenance, both passed on to the purchaser.

When medium-speed planes again appear, they will have refinements. Look for low wings, retractable landing gear, which adds from 15 to 25 miles per hour to any airplane, slots to lower stalling speeds, flaps to lower

landing speeds. The new jobs will be a little faster, carry a little bigger load, but the old relationship between power-loading and wing-loading will remain pretty much the same. (If the pounds lifted per square foot of wing surface are low, not so much power is needed; if the pounds per square foot of wing surface are high, more power is needed.) As in the past, size and comfort frequently will be sacrificed to speed.

The Ercoupe, a pre-war non-conventional model embodied practically all safety features. It was incapable of spinning. From the war, according to present indications, tomorrow's models probably will take no new laws of aerodynamics which will make for much improvement.

The helicopter has fascinated America. Here again, however, the public has been led to expect more than can be accomplished. In aerodynamics, there has to be continual compromise. For instance, where a Cessna can fly four people 151 m.p.h. using 145 horsepower you will find a helicopter with about the same power lifting only

two people, flying under 100 miles per hour, and with a very short range because of the weight of the fuel.

There are other angles. You don't just step into a helicopter and fly it. In its present form—I have it on good authority—it is very sensitive. Much will have to be done to simplify its operation. One great pilot, Barney Barbin, who has been flying 15 thousand hours' worth, says:

"I'd hate to see today's helicopter try to get over the Rockies. It won't go that high. I'd hate to see it out in the West. It's too far between gasoline stations. With so many new airports to land on safely, I'll take the conventional job."

It is impossible to estimate accurately the price of the helicopter because it has not yet gone into volume production. But, in any case, I think it safe to predict that a two place model built under volume production methods will cost about 2,500 dollars.

And now we come to the roadable airplane, or flying automobile.

One of the obvious handicaps of the automobile-plane is that the wing must be removed, a serious chore for the pilot flying alone. Certain mechanical contrivances to lift this heavy unit must be installed at all landing places for this operation. Too, the wing must have adequate protection in the absence of the owner.

Some planes of this type have been built with folding wings. The width of such a craft would cause no end of trouble. This car-plane would wash all over the road on windy days. And the slightest traffic accident would

The airplane picture for the future presented here is so controversial that it's bound to stir a lot of comment. On the other hand, Bill Stout's "Invention, Unlimited" in this issue presents an opposing set of views. Edward Churchill, who wrote this article, is well qualified to state behind-the-scenes facts as he's been actively associated with the aviation industry since 1925—even flies his own plane. He is a former member of the public relations department of a large aviation corporation and has written more than 100 aviation articles.

play havoc with the wings. What's more, you'd have to build your garage over again—adding to its price.

Craft of either type could not now be manufactured—in volume production—for less than 2,500 dollars, and might readily cost a great deal more.

So much for the planes which will be offered. At last war's end training planes which cost 10 thousand dollars were unloaded for as little as four hundred dollars. The market was so glutted that airframe and engine manufacturers were unable to get under way with improved models during the ensuing eight years. Such releases this time would hamstring would-be volume manufacturers before they ever got started.

Of course, there is a chance of less expensive engines. Some engine manufacturers, it is true, are now planning engines which they hope will develop 100 horsepower, and weigh only 100 pounds and cost 100 dollars. But as the prototype has not yet had a test run adequate to prove it, the success of the project is still open to speculation. In fact, current engines in that power class cost more than twice that amount. And a weight of two and one half pounds per horsepower now is considered excellent in the light engine field.

Progress in engine design and performance has been slow and steady, and will continue to be. But at this stage of engine manufacture, do not expect miracles.

Will there be a market for the light plane? The answer is an emphatic "Yes!" But where there is talk of millions of airplanes it would be better,

at first, to talk of scores of thousands and, later, perhaps five years after the war, of hundreds of thousands.

Departures from logic by the dreamers involves both psychology and economics. Unfortunately, because of the war, the airplane has come to exist in the public mind as an instrument of death and destruction.

Woman, in the main, is timid. She is possessive—dependent. There are millions of women today who have read of crash after crash, and do not want to fly, or want their husbands to fly. This feminine feeling will decimate a potential market of 250 thousand pilots returning to civil life.

Other pilots now motivated by patriotism inherently dislike flight. This will result in further retirements.

The economic factor must be considered. It is true that America has had more than a million two-car families. Perhaps they will sacrifice one car and buy an airplane.

BUT, FUNDAMENTALLY, the American automobile is an institution as well as a necessity. Literally millions of men spend 20 per cent of their incomes buying and maintaining them. Husband has to go to business. Wife has to shop. Children have to be taken to school. Fifty helicopters, let us say, arriving just before 9 a.m. at the neighborhood school yard with mothers at the controls might result in an awful mess—and probably more than a bump on the head for little Junior.

After the automobile has been bought, the airplane will be considered. You need the automobile to con-

vey you to the airplane. Airports are usually far, far from town. This is one reason why the conventional airplane will never be much more than weekend transportation and sport for the man with a steady job.

But, you might ask, what about the traveling man? Cities "A" and "B" are 100 miles apart—two hours by automobile. The traveler drives his car to the airport at "A", consuming 20 minutes. He spends 10 minutes checking and warming his plane. He flies for an hour, arrives at "B". He hires a taxi—spends 30 minutes getting into town. Time saved—zero!

Of course, if you buy a helicopter and keep it in the back yard, ride to work on the bus, walk to market and hike to the homes of your nearby friends, you might get by without an automobile. (You'll ride to work in a bus now and then, even if you have a helicopter base near your office, due to darkness at night and in the morning in the winter, and bad weather.) But certainly you'll have to enlarge your garage, tear out some flower beds and possibly buy the adjoining lot.

No matter what type of aircraft you buy—if you want to do all-weather flying—you'll have to have an instrument rating. This demands long hours of study and supervised instruction, plus the installation of an expensive array of gadgets, including a radio.

You can give short odds on a bet that if you fly off any congested airport or along the airways you will have to have one-way (receiver) or two-way radio equipment. The cheapest receiver—with headphones—is

about 30 dollars. Two-way will cost you 150 dollars if you want dependability. These are dry battery sets. Wet cells mean a generator, more weight, slower flying, and increased original cost and maintenance.

Hangar rent, depreciation, insurance, periodic inspections with attendant repairs and maintenance, the constant damage resulting from storage in public hangars, will probably amaze the post-war plane owner. The writer—during the past six years—has owned three light planes, costing about two thousand dollars apiece, powered by 65 and 70 horsepower engines. The average operation cost has been about six dollars and 50 cents per hour with no insurance carried.

There is no reason to believe that these expenses will be lowered drastically. We are not repealing any aerodynamic laws. We are merely applying them more capably and efficiently—with better, safer light planes to come as a result.

If the cost of materials used in aircraft drops, and if labor costs can be lowered, it is quite possible that prices will be lowered. Built-in safety factors and devices may lower insurance rates. If service facilities are enlarged, with post-war expansion, the demand for planes may hold. However, here are some interesting figures:

During the last war we carefully trained 22,680 pilots, built 11,760 airplanes. In 1932, these figures had dwindled to a mere 18,330 licensed pilots, 7,330 aircraft.

Will this happen again? Time alone will tell.

Cairo Letter



EDITORS' NOTE: For five months, through the discerning eyes of Chester Morrison, we have had an inside glimpse into that weird but exciting city of contrasts and contradictions—Cairo. With this cable, he bids it an inimitable farewell and is off again to follow the unpredictable vagaries of war.

—Cairo (by cable to Coronet)

SHE WAS A LUSTY, brazen hussy, and although we both knew from the beginning that it was a purely temporary arrangement, I lived with her for what seems now like a long while. I got to know her ways, and when the time came to break it up I realized that I had developed a reluctant affection for this bawdy wench of a city, sprawled with one leg in the sand of a barren desert and the other in the everlasting fertility of the Nile. Cairo. *Le Caire*. In English, "The Victor."

She took me to Shepheards Hotel, that elegant palace which I knew all about because I had read up on it years ago in E. Phillips Oppenheim. Shepheards, where every operation—from squeezing an orange to shining your shoes—is performed so badly that you are sure it could not be worse, until you try the Continental Savoy. Shepheards, where an honest mint bed spreads in the kitchen garden, and the barkeep learned his trade at the New Yorker, but where there is no Bourbon.

Cairo let me meet her friends. I know an art dealer whose furtive office is along a street called Adly

Pasha, whose gallery is the palm of his grubby hand, whose vault for masterpieces the pocket of a shiny alpaca coat. His approach lacks the suavity of experts at Duveens; his transactions are swift, his methods direct.

His patrons never know he is there until his wheedling, unpleasant voice floats over the shoulder from behind. "Pust card? Like to see pust card, Captain?" he whines. His palm opens and closes on a flash of tiresome pornography. I knew that was probably his entire English vocabulary, but I said to him one day as we walked along his office, "Why do you peddle those filthy things? Why don't you learn to play the piano?" His whine grew more confidential as he reached into the vault. "Like to see pust card, Captain?" he said.

She took me to the zoo where a baby panda lay stretched on its stomach along the ridgepole of a roost, its short legs dangling, its chin on the ridgepole, its eyes closed—bored, comic and very hot. Across a meadow, standing ankle deep in a swampy patch, a gaggle of flamingos bickering over little things they found in the water. They looked as though they were just waiting for the croquet game to start.

She made me ride around a pyramid on a camel—great stinking beasts. I have an obsession about camels. I do not believe they exist and that if

I shut my eyes they will go away. It is something like the city Arab's intellectual approach to the automobile. He steps blandly into a teeming avenue, looking in the wrong direction, ignoring the incessant confusing blare of horns, certain in his peaceful mind that he cannot be injured because there is no such thing as an automobile. Only camels and donkeys.

I read Cairo's newspapers, whose content was largely essays about how wonderfully scientific and comfortable the world will be once the war is won. There were times when there was very little news about the war.

I enjoyed the hilarious weekly review of American baseball composed in New York by an Englishman who would be even more convulsed were I to write about cricket, but best of all was the monthly "Nature Calendar for Egypt."

"December first," the entry reads, "bulbuls feed on ficus berries." "December sixth, white wagtails visit grain stores to feed on weevils." The entry for Christmas Day was a gentle "Robins are shy but may be seen." The calendar disappeared when an

unimaginative official interfered, but I can hardly wait for January 26th, because that is the day when "graceful warblers cry chink-chink monotonously in gardens until July."

Parts of her are unashamedly luxurious, majestically self-indulgent; and parts are shatteringly sad, extravagantly miserable. She never knew about the war, except once when it came so close as to scare her half to death. She knew the men who fought the war—knew them, received them casually and sent them on their way.

What does she do for a living, this strange fascinating organism? I suppose one doesn't discuss that part of a lady's affairs, even those of such an old old veteran as this one. She has done well at it though. She lives well.

Venality, brutality, graftiness; beauty, wisdom, humor—she has them all, and I am glad to be shut of her. Still, there's a saying *Qui aquam nile bibit rursus bibet*—"He who has drunk of the waters of the Nile will stay to have one for the road."

Well, maybe. Maybe.

—CHESTER MORRISON

Baseball in an English Walnut Shell

THE "PROGRAMME" for an "Exhibition Baseball Match" between two U.S. Army teams in England contained these hopeful pepper-uppers in its brief explanation of the unfamiliar game:

Outs: If the ball is thrown to first base and gets there before the batter, he is out. *This is usually an exciting race. Watch closely and see if you agree with the Umpire's decision.*

Strikes and Balls: Three strikes and the batter is out. Four balls and he is given first base. *Listen for the Umpire calling strikes and balls. Count them on each man. When there are two strikes and three balls, what will the next be?*

—MARTHA LOUIS

*Here's rollicking entertainment to tickle all
your funny bones . . . a mirthful radio
show thriving on Grade A American hilarity*



Poor Man's Stork Club

by LEWIS B. FUNKE

EVERY TUESDAY NIGHT over the radio a telephone jangles. An agitated voice, appropriately tabbed a cross between a buzz-saw and a cop's bellow, orates into the mouthpiece, "Hello—Duffy's, where the elite meet to eat. Archie, the manager, speaking. No, Duffy ain't here. Oh, hello Duffy . . ." Some eight million listeners settle back in their easy chairs to listen to Bristol-Meyers' Minute Rub program. Duffy's Tavern is open.

By this time even those who don't listen to radio have heard about Duffy's, the poor man's Stork Club, one of the airwaves' super-duper successes, a program jammed full of mirth and nonsense, thirty minutes wherein malapropisms, spiced with pure New Yorkese, flow in gleeful cascades and some of the ether's oddest characters joust, plot and ponder life's problems.

Duffy's, in the span of two and a

half years, has become a part of the American scene. People talk about it as though it were right around the corner. To our soldiers stationed at distant outposts Archie and the Tavern are treasured memories of home. Canteens in the jungles of the Southwest Pacific are labeled Duffy's. Prisoners at San Quentin, whose warden's name is Duffy, have dubbed the jail Duffy's Tavern. People have called and written the Blue Network, which carries the program, to inquire if and where the real Duffy's exists. Enterprising restaurateurs, on the alert for a buck, have renamed their joints Duffy's.

All of which has made Ed Gardner, the show's creator, writer, producer and leading actor, one of Secretary Morgenthau's better-paying clients. Gardner, a six-footer, at the age of 39 owns the "Tavern," lock, stock and barrel. He sells it as a package show which, in trade parlance, means

that he receives an agreed upon sum from which he pays all costs of production, actors' salaries, musicians, etc., with enough left for Gardner's coffee and doughnuts—an estimated two thousand dollars a week.

Oddly enough, Duffy's (where they catch the after-Bingo crowd) is not the story of an overnight success. Archie and his pals first saw life in 1939 on the Columbia Network. Subsequently, they went on as a sustaining program for thirteen brief weeks and then slipped into limbo.

It wasn't until March, 1941, that a sponsor was found and Archie and his friends reborn.

AS CONCEIVED BY Gardner the "Tavern" is an old-fashioned, mirrored, sawdusty place, a highly respectable layout with a family entrance and cloths on the tables—in short, a place where longshoremen and society can mix. The joint is warm, friendly and completely devoid of "class." Into this atmosphere Gardner has tossed an array of characters as real as life. Important one is Archie who acts as bartender, manager and general overseer.

Duffy never appears on the program, but Gardner has given him a personality as vivid as any of the others. Duffy is a stubborn Irishman who watches the cash register with an eagle eye. On the thick-headed side, he might have started as bartender and worked his way up. He's the sort of guy who will call Archie with orders to give every man in uniform a free meal, only to add that

it must be a Civil War uniform. Once when Duffy bought a drink for a guest he instructed that the free-lunch counter be shut down until he regained control of himself. "It isn't that Duffy's cheap, you understand. It's just that he knows the value of money," Gardner says.

Miss Duffy, originally created for Shirley Booth, Gardner's ex-wife who achieved success in *My Sister Eileen*, is the proprietor's daughter. She's had no first name since her grandmother addressed her as "Miss Duffy." Miss Duffy, a gal who some biographers say is from Brooklyn and others from Tenth Avenue, isn't very bright. Her intellectual pastimes consist of being slightly man-crazy and reading tear-jerkers such as *I Was An Actor's Plaything*. As Archie sums up Miss Duffy, "She's the sort of girl that comes in from left field in her approach to anything." Others are Finnegan, Archie's friend, a complete dope, "as dopey as a lapdog after his dinner"; Officer Clancy, a sage whose legal knowledge is approached only by that of Former Chief Justice Hughes; Two-Top Gruskin, another absentee character with two heads who once attended a masquerade as a pair of bookends holding a book entitled *My Son, My Son*; Crackpot O'Toole, the poet laureate of Duffy's, really a forger who, when in jail recently, offered the bars of his cell to the salvage drive.

Archie, of course, is Gardner's great creation. Archie presides over the whole ménage with the poise of the magnificently dumb. An easy going

guy, he has a terrific respect for knowledge and looks with awe and reverence upon people whom he regards as informed and cultured. In fact, he is constantly seeking to elevate Duffy's. He's had a wide range of hisalutin guests down to the place. Rotund Elsa Maxwell, who used to get up parties for the elite, was greeted by Archie with, "Speaking of the Four Hundred, how're you and the other 398?" Of Clifton Fadiman, master of ceremonies for the celebrated *Information Please*, Archie remarked, "No, not one of the guys with the brains . . . he just asks the questions." Jane Cowl was told, "Miss Cowl, this ain't idle flattery—but next to Betty Grable you are my favorite actress."

There have been some great nights at the "Tavern." One time Giovanni Martinelli came down in answer to Archie's quest for a singer. Archie, hailing Martinelli's advent, hung up a sign in the "Tavern" window: "Big Opera Evening . . . Stuffed Turkey, Cranberry Sauce, and Martinelli." Archie's salary arrangement for Martinelli was that the Met ace was to keep half of all money thrown at him.

But the dressing down the guest stars receive at Duffy's is never malicious. And it is a fact that the stars truly enjoy visiting the place for the give and take.

ARCHIE'S ASSAULT and battery on the King's English have evoked the interest of language scholars. Debates have run ad infinitum and letters have come in requesting the accent's authentic habitat. One linguist threw

up his arms and shouted, "It can't be done! It isn't East Side, West Side, or Brooklyn's Greenpoint."

Gardner is Archie, and in real life speaks exactly as does his offspring. In fact, that's how Gardner became an actor. For days he looked for the actor who could impersonate the role. "All we could get were guys who sounded like Dodger bleacher fans," Gardner says. Finally, he deserted his director's post to illustrate his conception of the elusive Archie. The studio witnesses yelled, "You're it!"

Prime mullah of New York mugs, he is constantly approached for his analysis of the specie. Gardner says the true mug doesn't speak out of the side of his mouth. Nor does he say dese and dose and Toid Avenya and Toity-Toid Street. "I cannot tell you how to put it down on paper. But it isn't that way. The New York mug doesn't say erster. What he says is something between oyster and erster and if you didn't grow up with it you'll never get it as long as you live." Gardner, born on Academy Street over a butcher shop in Astoria, grew up with it—and knows.

As for Archie's malapropisms, Gardner answers that the New York mug is extremely self-conscious about his speech, especially when with someone he thinks has an education. In trying to be polite and proper he employs many strange word usages. Such as the line, "Miss Duffy, I believe there is a frigidity in your voice tonight," or Archie's berating Miss Duffy for "rapping the noble art of thespionage." "Take a New

York cop," says Gardner. "Ever hear one on the witness stand? He doesn't say that he arrested a man. He says he apprehended the prisoner . . ."

Gardner is tall and lean, has blue eyes and a cleft chin, exudes nervous energy. Only child of Irish-German parentage, he was born Edward Poggenburg. At fourteen, his first job was playing the piano in Vopat's Saloon in Astoria, later to serve as a blueprint for Duffy's. Gardner quit school at sixteen "because my parents did not want me over-educated." To mention a few of his jobs (the list would be overpowering in its entirety): prize-fight manager, railroad dispatcher, baseball pitcher, ink, typewriter, paint and piano salesman.

Finally, after a whirl at midget golf and a taste of the theater, WPA style, Gardner wound up with a large advertising agency where he interviewed radio actors.

"I was the guy who gave them the brush-off," he comments. In no time at all he worked himself into handling programs. Radio and Gardner seemed to be the right combination. Soon he was directing top-flight programs, including those of Al Jolson, Burns and Allen, Rudy Vallee and Bing

Crosby. In 1939 he was the man behind the pen of the MGM *Good News* show and was handling the *Texaco Star Theatre* from the coast. Duffy was born during this period.

To put the "Tavern" together every week, Gardner employs a steady staff of three writers besides himself and occasionally calls in a couple of extra heads. Those who have been privileged to sit in on an incubating session report that it's like witnessing the legendary Pier 6 brawl. There are seemingly endless sessions of writing, rewriting and rehearsals. When the program is in shape there's a tryout before a live audience and a counting of laughs. More pruning, more rehearsals and Duffy's is ready to open.

On the air Gardner, for all his bravado, is as nervous as a Mexican jumping bean. None of the actors is permitted to stand during the performance unless he has lines to deliver. No one—and that means positively—may move around in the studio. One announcer was bounced because he couldn't learn to rivet himself to a dime.

In fact, when Duffy's closes down, what Archie definitely needs is a drink.

Affairs of State

¶ Unwittingly made patron of a musical comedy by the death intestate of Jeff Montizenes, the state of New York became manager of all his interests including a share in the current *Ziegfeld Follies*.

¶ A large flour mill at Grand Rapids is operated by the state of North Dakota. Advertising is conveniently provided by a law which makes it illegal for any official of the state to issue any paper—whether check or proclamation, tax receipt or letterhead—that does not advertise the State's brand of flour.

—SIMPSON M. RITTER

If the Army uniform is "open sesame" to your pocketbook, heed this warning. It's the man who makes the uniform—not vice versa



Masquerade in Uniform

by FRANK W. BROCK

EARLY LAST year Robert Lewis Barnum, a beardless youth of 17 and recent graduate of Ohio reform schools, donned the uniform of an Air Force captain and started on a hitch-hiking tour of the country. It was an interesting life. He met so many nice people.

In Missouri he taught volunteers the proper way to shoot guns. In Des Moines he fraternized with the WACs and collected a few of their identification tags as mementos. His snappy uniform and circumstantial story of having been robbed of his wallet so impressed motorists that they eagerly demanded he accept a loan. Consequently his daily intake, he later confessed to special agents of the FBI, was between 15 and 20 dollars. Good days usually brought him around 50 dollars.

Inevitably he reached New York, where, strolling down Broadway, his

silver bars so contrasted with his youthful appearance that it aroused the suspicions of an Army-wise M.P. First a salute, then a few questions, and the career of "Captain" Barnum was at an abrupt end.

This audacious phony is but one of the horde of petty racketeers capitalizing on our too-ready acceptance of military titles and uniforms as bona fide without even casual investigation. Take the case of Ted Albin Lundberg.

A prosaic photographer in private life, the imaginative Ted rigged himself out in a captain's uniform and began to frequent the bars and officers' clubs where real Air Force heroes gathered to exchange experiences. An occasional participant in some of these meetings was Major Alexander P. de Seversky, airplane designer and world-renowned flyer.

It wasn't long before "Captain" Lundberg was yarning with the best

of them—sometimes better than the best of them. And it wasn't long either before he had promoted himself to a major. Shortly thereafter his gold oak leaves turned to silver and Ted was a self-made lieutenant colonel telling taller tales than ever. He celebrated Independence Day by appearing with the eagles of a full colonel.

Then he made a mistake.

He buttonholed Major de Seversky and began to tell *him* about flying. The major listened skeptically but politely until Ted concluded one thrilling exploit with the statement that Brigadier General Harold L. George of the Air Transport Command had commended him for "doing such a swell job" and had made him a colonel on the spot. Certain then that he had discovered a new Baron Münchhausen, the major excused himself for a moment and made a telephone call. Within half an hour two quietly dressed men sauntered up to the garrulous colonel.

"Would you mind stepping down to the FBI office with us for a little chat?" inquired one. And Lundberg was on the spot.

Not all of them are so comparatively harmless. Nor do all these phonies assume uniform.

Irascible septuagenarian, "Colonel" Hale Heatherington Halquire, alias Alfred E. Lindsay, scorned insignia and olive drab to impress his dupes, but his "takes" were compatible with his assumed rank.

Posing as an Army representative of big business in the national capital, the crusty but impressive colonel

would make flying trips to Philadelphia and New York and barge into his prospect's sanctum sanctorum.

"Demmit, sir," he would storm, "you can't do business with the government unless you do it through the right people—and that costs money." So Halquire would collect his little fee—in one case 15 thousand dollars—and assure his credulous clients that he'd personally see their government contracts were expedited.

This colonel is still on the FBI "wanted" list.

IN APRIL of last year an Army major, inspecting a New Jersey supply depot being built by the Duffy Construction Company, introduced chesty little Warren J. MacFarlane to the company officials as "Major" MacFarlane. Though not in uniform and strictly a fake, MacFarlane had somehow duped the real major who was soon afterwards transferred.

Then and there the opportunistic MacFarlane moved in and took over with the sang-froid of an Al Capone. One of his first acts was to assume charge of the camp's canteen, but he soon sold the concession to two Newark business men for six hundred dollars cash, with the reservation that they employ his girl friend as bookkeeper.

He sailed along smoothly, exploiting his rank for all it was worth for some two months. Then a complication arose. The War Department assigned a genuine major to the construction project who was amazed to learn from company officials that "we have a major here now." Summoning

MacFarlane he demanded to see his credentials. The wily "major" was almost equal to the occasion.

"Frankly, sir, I'm an FBI man doing undercover work," he bluffed.

"Frankly, I don't believe it," snapped the major, "and I'm taking the matter up immediately with the War Department."

MacFarlane hustled down to the canteen where he borrowed money for "an emergency trip to Washington." He landed in Florida instead and remained there for several weeks.

But an irresistible something drew him back to New Jersey where he held the natives spellbound with accounts of how he had caught the Nazi saboteurs who had landed on the Florida coast. One day at a filling station he began a friendly chat with a State Police corporal. As he reached into the glove compartment for some important papers with which to impress the corporal, a Mauser pistol fell to the floor.

"That's the pistol the Army issued to me," he explained hurriedly.

But he couldn't tell that to a state cop. The United States Army doesn't use Mauser pistols, and the corporal knew it. So that was the end of "Major" MacFarlane.

Men actually in the service who go AWOL and embark on a swindling spree are comparatively few. But Edward Hoffman, an Army private, took a fling at it which netted him only a few dollars before he was caught and put in the guardhouse.

Posing as "Sergeant Gallagher of the soldier's relatives unit" of the

Army, he called on Brooklyn families and told them that "Joe" or "Charlie" had asked him to pick up some money so that they could come home on a last furlough before going overseas.

Some of his victims were suspicious and one mother told him, "I'm an elephant. I'll never forget your face if anything goes wrong."

She didn't. When he was rounded up and taken to police headquarters, this same mother was asked to identify him. Turning the tables, she asked, "Do you remember me?"

"Indeed I do," said Hoffman, "you're the elephant."

Unfortunately, Hoffman has his prototypes throughout the country in the lone wolves who obtain money from families with relatives in service on the pretext that it is needed for some special undertaking.

JUST REMEMBER, it isn't smart to hand over anything to a self-styled "buddy" unless he can produce tangible proof that he is telling the truth. It doesn't cost much to be careful and in case of doubt a telegram to your boy will resolve your fears—and maybe catch a swindler.

The Army is extremely careful about the type of men accepted for service. Yet some with minor criminal records may be drafted after their immediate past has been investigated and two responsible citizens certify in writing that their reformation is apparently sincere. There are not many such backsliders, but an occasional few revert to type.

Scott Holler, number 46,159 in the

Cleveland, Ohio, criminal photo file, enlisted in the Army in 1940. For more than three years he went straight. Then, one day he seemed to go berserk, broke his furlough and started on a check-cashing orgy. By the time he reached Chicago, where he was arrested, he had promoted 3100 dollars' worth of bogus checks and himself to the rank of sergeant.

Publications, too, have been decked out in uniform. Early this year, numerous Dallas businessmen received telephone calls beginning, "This is military business. Captain So-and-so of the Eighth Corps Area Command calling." In the same snappy manner the "captain" demanded a donation be made to a certain magazine devoted to military and veterans' affairs. It would be acknowledged, he said, by an ad in the next issue.

The calls were referred to Colonel Royden Williamson of the Eighth Service Command, who branded the "captain" a faker and the magazine a swindle.

Because this type of blackjacking has become rampant, a recent general order requires Army commanders to

withdraw official recognition from all civilian owned and operated periodicals, and to prohibit military personnel from being identified with them. United States post, camp, station and unit newspapers are no longer allowed to carry paid advertising. Thus any so-called "official" publication which solicits advertising is privately owned and published.

In any case, all phonies in uniform, whether persons or publications, should be reported to the FBI.

More than a few mercenary Casanovas have affected uniform for more romantic conquests. A "Colonel" Ly-saght haunted the lobbies of New York hotels and was an expert in transmuting the sly smiles and admiring glances of the fair sex into cash—as much as a thousand dollars apiece before the FBI picked him up. The details of his engagements are many and involved but should you ask his victims for their opinions of the amorous colonel, they might be inclined to quote wise old Samuel Johnson who said, "Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel."

In love and war, that goes double.

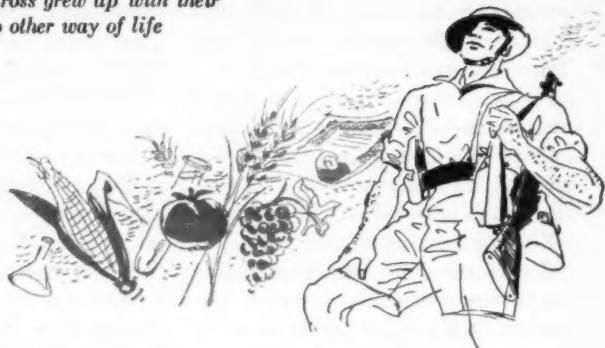
This Is the Army

ARMY'S NO. 1 villain, the bugler, has gone tall hat, and is now officially known as a "trumpeter"! Last word warning to an Army pest: "If you do that again, you just as well cut off your bottom dog tag!"

Khaki clear to the skin is the new order for soldiers in war zones where white underwear on the line is too easily spotted by the enemy.

Recent polls reveal the soldiers' favorite movie in camp theatres last year was *To the Shores of Tripoli*, a picture about the marines; favorite book, the dictionary. And a final word—soldiers are now forbidden to take part in further polls or straw votes.—JULES LEVINE

People of this lonely British Dominion down under the Southern Cross grew up with their government, desire no other way of life



In New Zealand It's the Old Deal

by HALLETT ABEND

THE SECOND WORLD WAR, so far at least, has given only a handful of Americans the privilege of getting into Soviet Russia to learn at first hand how Stalinized Communism operates, but thousands upon thousands of young Americans are either passing through or being stationed in a country which for more than half a century has been known as the "laboratory of Socialism"—New Zealand.

American Army, Navy and Marine officers and men, WACs, nurses and Red Cross workers by the thousands are in New Zealand now, and their number will increase as the conflict in the South Pacific develops in scope and intensity. At the war's end they will come home, and many will bring intelligent valuations of how an advanced version of our own New Deal actually works after long practice.

New Zealand leaders openly sought to impress Mrs. Roosevelt with the

merits of their system when she was in the Dominion recently, and they are attempting to convince our armed services stationed there that New Zealand's way is the way of the future.

Socialism, which began in New Zealand in 1890, about 54 years ago, is no longer an experimental venture; it is an established way of life and government. The point of concern for the United States is how many of our young Americans there will come back believers in the Dominion's system, and how many will find it distasteful or unadaptable to the adjustments which must be made in this country after the war has been won.

Pyramidal social experiments and Socialistic economic devices have worked in New Zealand. But they have worked there under conditions not easily duplicated in the world. The Dominion has been able to carry on its experiments under the protec-

tion hitherto assured by being a member of the British Empire, and, at least until the second World War began, under particularly advantageous relations which enabled the government to obtain adequate financing in London. Also, New Zealand has the advantage of being small, both in area and population.

In area New Zealand is 104 thousand square miles—about the same size as Colorado, or a little larger than twice the area of New York State. The total population is 1,640 thousand, which is about that of Detroit or Los Angeles. With no neighbor closer than Australia, 12 hundred miles away, the one-time colony grew to maturity within the British Commonwealth of Nations under the protection of Britain's fleet, and so was spared those defense expenses for its four thousand miles of coastline which would have been necessary for an in-

dependent young country developing without associations assuring security.

Primarily agricultural, New Zealand was able to prosper from exports of butter, cheese, wool, mutton and beef, of which 75 per cent went to the British Isles, which, in turn, supplied the islands with essential manufactured goods of all kinds.

Under this ideal set-up, the New Zealanders evolved a system under which every person who would work was assured of at least an adequate income, and those who because of age or disabilities could not work, could feel certain that a collective arrangement would provide them with everything essential to their well-being.

The State's care for New Zealanders literally begins before they are born, and carries through to providing hospitalization for their last illnesses. Not only is all maternity attention to expectant mothers given free, but a nurse is provided free for a fortnight before childbirth, and for necessary periods thereafter.

A widow with four children, all less than 16 years of age, provided her own income is less than 16 dollars and 60 cents a week, is able to qualify to draw an additional income from the State of 65 shillings or 10 dollars and 79 cents a week in American money. This 10 dollars and 79 cents, however, has a purchasing power of about 20 dollars in the U. S.

Children in New Zealand are entitled to free dental service from the time they are five until they become 12 years of age, and legislation is now being framed to extend this free dental

*Hallett Abend's life story reads like the more exciting pages from a war correspondent's diary. Fifteen years in the Far East reporting on civil wars and other armed clashes inured him to terrorism, but he was injured only once during that time—at the bombing of the Sincere and Wing On department stores in Shanghai in August, 1937. Since his famous scoop on the Three-Power Pact between Germany, Japan and Russia, Mr. Abend has been threatened with kidnapping, assassination and even torture by the Japanese, who wanted very much to know his source of information. He returned to the U. S. in 1941 on the advice of high government officials—and has added three books to the list of his published works, the most recent being *My Life in China*, published by Harcourt, Brace and Company this year.*

service through life, just as medical and hospital services, including medicines, are now free.

The free medical service, an innovation introduced since this war began, fixes flat fees equal to about one dollar and 25 cents for office calls in daytime, and almost double fees for home calls, night visits and consultations on Sundays and holidays. Doctors may attempt to charge more than the legal fees if they wish, and if the patient can pay, he does so and gets a receipt from the physician which he cashes with the State. If he cannot pay, he signs a statement to this effect and the State pays the doctor.

Since the beginning of 1940 hospital care and treatment have been free for New Zealanders. Ninety per cent of all hospitals are government-owned but patients may go to any of the 10 per cent privately-owned hospitals if they wish to do so. The costs in these private hospitals are very low in view of the fact that the government gives a subsidy of two pounds a week for every patient treated.

The Social Security Fund affords other assistance in cases of sickness in families with incomes of less than 16 dollars and 60 cents a week.

Old age pension payments begin automatically for every woman who reaches the age of 60, and for every man who reaches 65. These pensions began with very small payments, but are advancing semi-annually. By 1939 they totaled 39 dollars and 84 cents a year, and in 1942 were advanced to 66 dollars and 40 cents a year. The aim is to pay old age pensions of 78

pounds a year by 1969, which is 258 dollars and 96 cents at present exchange. It is the most liberal old age pension system in the world today.

The home-building project, brought to a halt by the outbreak of war in 1939, has resulted in the government erecting more than 10 thousand modern houses at costs ranging from six thousand dollars to 8,500 dollars each, including the cost of the land. These houses rent at sums equivalent to from three dollars and 25 cents to five dollars and 70 cents a week, according to size and costs, and it is calculated that with uninterrupted tenancies they will have paid for themselves and given the government a slight profit by the end of 60 years.

To those who wish to build their own homes, the government will lend up to 90 per cent of the cost of land and building, with interest at four and one-eighth per cent a year, and payments scaled so that the whole debt will be wiped out within from 20 to 36 years, as the borrower elects.

SUBSIDIES HAVE BEEN used to keep down the cost of living, and the subsidy system is defended with the argument that without subsidies during the first World War prices advanced nearly 60 per cent, while so far during this war—and New Zealand has been in it for more than four years—the price of living index has advanced only 13.4 per cent.

Public services brought under price control were electric light, gas, and tramway and bus fares, and ceiling prices were fixed for coal and coke.

Top prices were also put into effect for food and clothing.

High taxes, shortage of shipping, war restrictions and control of prices which help to make import unprofitable, all combine to draw a rather grim pattern for average living in New Zealand, at least for the duration of the war.

Supplies of spirits, whiskey and gin are virtually exhausted and for many months the civilian public in New Zealand has experienced a severe shortage of such necessities as potatoes, eggs and most fresh vegetables. This is partly due to the fact that, bearing her share of Lend-Lease, New Zealand is furnishing enormous quantities of foodstuffs for the large and growing American armed forces stationed in or in transit through the Dominion.

Sugar is rationed at three pounds a month per person, tea at eight ounces a month. All clothing, footwear and even household linen is rigidly rationed, as is hosiery. Privately-owned automobiles are allowed only enough gasoline to run 40 miles a month, and new tires are entirely unobtainable except by the armed forces. No building or renovation projects may be undertaken without official permits, and many building materials are not obtainable at any price.

The cash cost of the present war is proving a great drain upon the Dominion's treasury, but New Zealand has already adopted lavish benefit plans for her returning soldiers. These plans fall into three categories—providing immediate necessities for de-

mobilized service men, short-term help for discharged soldiers who will need only temporary aid before becoming economically re-established, and plans for sustained assistance in cases where veterans will never again be able to become fully self-supporting.

A REHABILITATION COUNCIL, provided for by a bill passed by Parliament late in 1941, has worked out projects for irrigation and flood control works, new highways, land drainage and improvement and hydro-electric developments which will at once give full-time employment to the first 40 thousand men demobilized.

The treasury has established a special National Development Account which will finance industrial reconstruction and which will compensate persons and firms who suffer from cancellation of war contracts when hostilities finally cease.

The government has also been empowered to afford direct financial assistance to the conversion of wartime industries, and can force employers to continue on their payrolls men who have been engaged in war industries, and even to employ a certain number of returned soldiers.

In addition to these generalized plans, more specific assistance projects for returned soldiers have been worked out in considerable detail. Schools and agricultural experiment stations are already being established for those veterans who will wish to become farmers.

Discharged soldiers and sailors who wish to buy town or city homes will be

financed 100 per cent, and ex-service men who can prove their fitness to go into business for themselves will be able to borrow a maximum of 1,500 pounds or nearly five thousand dollars of government money at four and one-eighth per cent interest.

New Zealand has not been able to carry its own full share of war costs, and even before Pearl Harbor was receiving about 20 million pounds of special war loans annually from the British treasury.

By midsummer of 1942 New Zealand's public debt had mounted to the highest per capita average of any country in the world—nearly 1,150 dollars for every man, woman and child living. On a comparative basis, this would mean a public debt of 151,500,000,000 dollars for us.

Taxes in New Zealand are so high as to make our own in this country seem small by comparison. Wealth has been taxed almost out of existence.

New Zealand's Socialistic system bears a marked resemblance to many

of the features of our own New Deal; in fact it has been charged that the New Deal's blueprints were made from the Dominion's charts of trial and error. Because of this it is important to weigh the Dominion's indisputable claims that they have had the world's largest per capita foreign trade, the lowest death rate and the lowest infant mortality record in the world, the highest percentage of privately-owned homes, and the greatest expectancy of life in the world—more than 65 years for men, and more than 68 years for women.

The supreme test for the New Zealand system will come after the artificial economic stimulus of the war has lapsed, and will consist in determining whether existing and planned social security measures can be continued without plunging the country into bankruptcy. The danger of the immediate future is that the State may assume obligations to its citizens which the economic resources of the country cannot any longer support.

Taskmaster

A YOUNG NAVIGATOR in the South Pacific was on his first bombing raid. As the B-17 climbed over the peaks of the Owen Stanley Range, he used up three flashlights nervously checking his instruments and charts. Hours had slipped by when he announced over the plane's inter-phone system, "Here's the coast of New Britain."

The veteran bombardier snorted and grabbed his phone. "You're all wrong—that's the coast of New Ireland, not New Britain."

The pilot signaled the co-pilot to take over. With a meaningful glance, he approached the bombardier, "Listen, guy, I know that's the coast of New Ireland. But I am in command, son, and you make your comments to me. I wanted this navigator to discover his own mistake and know that we are depending on *him* and no one else to navigate this ship."

—*Infantry Journal*

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Home Front Hero

Mister Mica Trimmer

To 13-year-old Peter Strand of Cedarhurst, Long Island, goes a Coronet laurel as our Home Front Hero of the month.

Last year he was collecting salvage, painting War Bond posters, writing slogans, selling War Stamps and acting as vice-president of his school Red Cross unit.

But to Peter, who had visited Europe with his mother in 1939 and returned home only after a dangerous voyage during which a nearby ship was blown to bits, it was not enough.

In March, when the citizens of Cedarhurst volunteered to trim Mica for the government, Peter was the first boy to offer his services.

Mica is the highly strategic mineral used for insulation in "walkie-talkie" radios, bomber spark plugs and field telephones. Slicing the Mica paper-thin, scrutinizing it carefully for flaws and saving all "waste" to return to the government is a tremendous job.

With a knack that stems from his hobby of wood carving, the boy soon became champion of all the younger Mica trimmers. He now acts as instructor to the under-18 groups and is constantly bringing in new recruits. For his efforts he has received a special letter of commendation from the War Production Board.

Withal, Peter Strand still feels he isn't doing enough. He says, "I wish we're old enough to fight!"



1. Forgoing playtime to work regularly on his war job, happy Peter stands high in his eighth grade class and is an active Boy Scout.



2. Mica trimming requires concentration, degree of skill, patience, an eagle eye. Peter proud of his good record—12 ounces a day.

ularly at
igh in his
Boy Scout.



3. Helping mother with the dishes is another of his many activities. Mother, who divides her time between homemaking and Red Cross work, accepts her only son's war effort with matter-of-fact pride, as does Father.



4. Peter symbolizes the ideal of our patriotic youth of America today. Jolly . . . carefree . . . ambitious . . . hard-working . . . he looks forward to the great day his efforts will turn his dreams of the future to reality.

Hollywood Story



Lena Horne



"I Can't Give You Anything But Love"



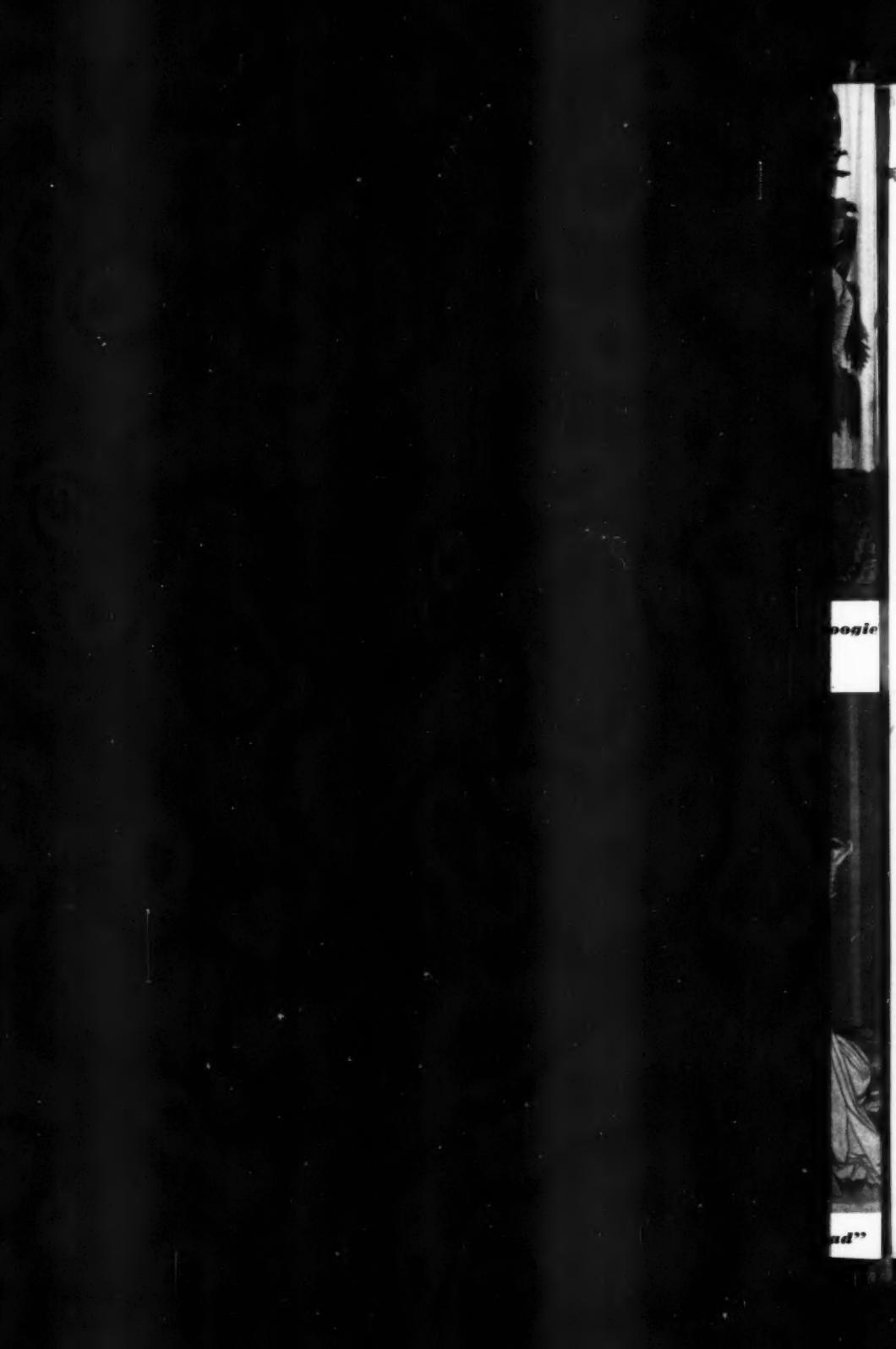
"Brazilian Boogie Woogie"



"Honeysuckle Rose"



"Solid Potato Salad"



nogie

ad"

Tall, Tan and Terrific

CERTAIN CONNOISSEURS of the blues, café societicians and a jazz-man named John Henry Hammond, Jr. can lay claim to discovering Lena Horne. But it took Hollywood to put her on barracks walls, the mass mind and into place number four as pin-up queen of the nation.

Slightly less than a decade ago, the lovely Lena, who hails straight from Brooklyn, was hoofing it in an Ethel Waters' show at New York's Cotton Club for 25 dollars weekly—and thanking her lucky stars. For the Cotton Club was then the penultimate in Negro entertainment, and a job there the top rung in the ladder of success.

Two years later, when she'd picked up some tricks in singing and mike-facing, Noble Sissle took her on as soloist with his band. But still you didn't hear much about Lena.

Followed an ill-fated marriage to Louis Jones of Pittsburgh which ended in divorce. Now she had two small children to support—Gail, who today is four, and Teddy, two. So she re-entered the singing circuit and for a time warbled blue notes with Charlie Barnet's band.

She first peeked in on big time when John Henry Hammond Jr., who has probably discovered more Negro talent than anybody, suggested to Barney Josephson of New York's two Café Societies, that he try out Lena's singing at his downtown branch.

From there the going was a cinch. At the Savoy-Plaza, a sophisticated uptown crowd went mad for her. She just sang the old songs simply, with no tricks, no shouting, nothing fancy, but it moved critics to call her a "bashful volcano."

A few months from there she landed in Hollywood and now in less than two years' time has sung her way through eight pictures and into a salary that skyrockets.

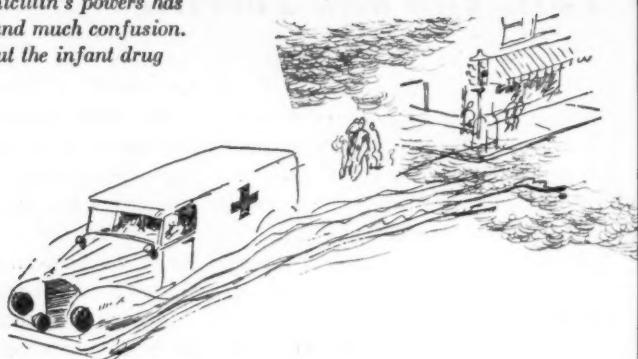
Twice M-G-M has torn up her contract to write bigger, better ones to match the huzzahs which are hitting the box office from all over. In return, she has helped put pictures like *Broadway Rhythm*, *As Thousands Cheer*, *Stormy Weather*, *Panama Hattie*, *Right About Face* and *Cabin in the Sky* into the paying class.

"Her handling of Hollywood wolves has set a standard for all young ladies," runs one anecdote about her. "She receives their attentions graciously and then adds kindly, 'Come up to the house and meet the children and my mother.' "

For statistical purposes, she stands five feet six and one half, weighs 118, first went to school at P.S. 35, Brooklyn, has a birthday on June 30th and will be 26 on her next one. She takes success philosophically. "Don't hope for too much," says Lena, "and you'll duck disappointment."

Lena's ducking precious little of it these days.

Ignorance about penicillin's powers has created false hopes and much confusion. Here's the truth about the infant drug



Penicillin Is No Panacea

by ARTHUR MANN

YOU DON'T REALIZE the extent of human misery or naiveté until a chemical football like penicillin is kicked around in public. Headline-writers, radio dispensers and-fictioneers have so festooned the new drug with magic and mystery that today its manufacturers know no peace, and the integrity of anyone connected with its official dispensation is open to unwarranted slander.

The lack of official information and so-called "cruel denial" of the drug have created false hopes in the hopeless and taunted the sick. Even a few thoughtless doctors have tried to obtain penicillin for patients whose condition couldn't possibly qualify for its release. And, if it weren't so guarded, the darkest of black markets, racketeering and even bootlegging would develop.

Many magazine treatments of the subject have been alert—though nec-

essarily sketchy—but some other media have been guilty of confusion and distortion. The writers of the radio serial, *Superman*, recently pictured penicillin as a cure-all with villains trying to sabotage shipment to the Army.

What's more, William L. Shirer in a sponsored broadcast stated that "the government announces nine new companies will manufacture penicillin, the new wonder drug that cures blood poisoning and pneumonia."

With pneumonia in third place behind heart disease and cancer as a killer in New York City and throughout the nation, you can imagine the reception this statement received. But you can also imagine the tragic consternation when pneumonia victims learn that—regardless of new companies—the supply of penicillin will not be sufficient to treat even a small fraction of stricken civilians.

Danton Walker, columnist for the

New York *Daily News*, stated that "penicillin, the wonder drug, will be made synthetically" by one of the large drug firms. Of course, Walker didn't say when synthesis would take place, but it's a contrasting fact that chemists in the penicillin field do not even know the complete chemical components of the drug as yet.

Newspaper headlines, reeking with ambiguity and drama as corny as the source of penicillin itself, have exasperated the already harassed producers of penicillin. One day they see where Joseph Passesser, a fire warden at the New York Navy yard, is cured of septicemia by special dispensation of the drug "valued at 2500 dollars," an arbitrary figure. A few days later they learn from Chicago that "Girl, 19, Denied Penicillin, Dies." And then comes a deluge of calls from readers—and even doctors—demanding a reason why one citizen is permitted life and another denied it.

THE LIFE OF Anne Shirley Carter, a streptococcus victim of Macon, Ga., was jeopardized—according to a newspaper story—by "the blunder of a clerk in a Brooklyn wholesale drug house when he dispatched penicillin by parcel post." The same paper reported her saved a few days later when additional penicillin was flown from New York by Army bomber.

Along with these stories, the public should have been told that the girl in Chicago was denied penicillin because she had bacterial endocarditis. This disease was then considered beyond reach of the drug, since the first 17

victims given treatment had died.

The public also should have been informed that the Brooklyn clerk had merely followed telegraphic instructions from the government.

Recently a New York newspaper published a story of the dramatic delivery of penicillin to a child scheduled to die of septicemia within seven hours at a hospital in upper Manhattan. The front-page screamer was based on the parents' tragic plea to the paper for penicillin. The headline was followed categorically by the city editor's promise of the drug; telephone calls to Washington and then Boston; release of the drug; a 35-mile dash to a manufacturer in New Jersey; a dash back with the aid of State Troopers and Hudson River tunnel escorts. And finally delivery of the drug to the doctor. All this required six hours.

Now, there was no doubt of the child's desperate condition, or the red tape that necessarily binds penicillin. Nor can the newspaper's contribution be minimized. But the three largest producers of penicillin were in Brooklyn. Why should it have been necessary for the newspaper to be compelled to make a 70-mile round trip into New Jersey, instead of a 15-minute subway ride to Brooklyn where millions of units were available?

All this stuff is unrationed meat for public consumption—because the lay person stands in complete awe of so-called medical magic for two reasons. First, his knowledge of chemistry is limited or nil, rendering him so unaware of its unpredictable subtleties that he will believe anything. Second,

professional men maintain a barrier between themselves and the unlettered masses—primarily to escape the contempt of familiarity. And sometimes because jaded professional skill will not stand too much scrutiny.

Behind this barrier, chemistry and medicine can—and do—muddle through processes of elimination to successful conclusions, yet still retain mystical grandeur to the lay mind. Behind the scenes, however, it is neither mystical nor grandiloquent. They are all human beings doing the best they can to correct mistakes and achieve the perfection so necessary for unassailable progress in science.

THE PRESENT STATUS of penicillin may be compared with a stage play on which the curtain has been lifted during rehearsals. Or reading the first draft of a best seller. Or watching an artist paint in highlights and last touches. The play, book or canvas reveal enough to suggest greatness, but each is far from finished. Penicillin has left the laboratory at this stage only because it is a specific (medical term for definite relief or cure) for three of man's worst enemies:

1. Blood poisoning.
2. Osteomyelitis, lingering bone infection with a fixed death rate heretofore at 20 per cent.
3. Gonorrhea. Sulfa drugs cure from 80 to 90 per cent of cases in five or six days.*

The prevalence of all three afflictions in varying degrees among sol-

* One hospital reports that of 150 cases resistant to sulfathiazole and other sulfa drugs, penicillin cured all but one in a matter of hours.

diers at home as well as those in combat areas more than justified the use of penicillin "during rehearsals."

But similarly, the refusal of nature to yield the drug in quantity more than justified the government's commandeering the entire output of 30 or more companies now engaged in production. And no one today can make a profit on penicillin. Many producers are losing money because the government pays only actual production costs, and producers aren't grasping enough to demand adequate coverage on a cost-plus basis.

Proof that penicillin is far from a finished or perfect product is seen in the fact that American chemists have yet to produce it in a pure state. Greater purity means greater power against bacteria.

"We don't even know what penicillin is," a research expert declared with amazing frankness. "We know it contains carbon, oxygen, hydrogen and probably nitrogen, but so does the smoke-filled air we breathe. Penicillin's chemical formula is not only a puzzle, but we haven't yet determined its atomic structure or its crystalline alignment, and both are necessary to control it. Until we can break it up, it will control us, and we must bow to its whims. It disappears overnight sometimes. It's finicky and plays tricks on us, if we're not careful.

"People speak lightly of synthetic manufacture. Do you know what that would mean today? More than six months' time and perhaps thousands of penicillin treatments. From one quart of the corn-steep liquor into

which the mold has precipitated penicillin, we recover 50 grams—about two ounces of solids—which hides the penicillin. But we refine this material and get less than *one twenty-fifth of an ounce* of penicillin.

"For analysis and experiment, we might need a hundred grams of penicillin, which would require thousands of quarts of the liquor that yields penicillin. And even then, we might fail. Treatments for thousands of sick soldiers are more important at present than mass production by synthesis."

To date millions of company dollars have gone into penicillin study. Experts today evaluate a single treatment of 20 thousand units as costing about five dollars. They predict that after the war it will be 50 cents.

Several chemical companies now are constructing million-dollar plants for penicillin production. The Charles Pfizer Company of Brooklyn is one of the pioneers in the study, control and production of mold. This knowledge has already paved the way for a marked step-up in production, for the Pfizer chemists finally discovered an improved way to grow the mold in maximum abundance.

The origin of penicillin in 1929 is by now fairly well known. An English chemist, Dr. Fleming, explained that his discarded lunch was probably the origin of the mold in his laboratory. All around the mold—he observed—certain germs were failing to grow. They were not necessarily being destroyed, but their reproduction was certainly halted.

The welcome retarder was called

penicillin—which you may pronounce penn-iss-illin, as most of the chemists do, or penna-cill-in, as many doctors and chemists do.

Two years ago the wonders of penicillin were limited to experiments on mice. Pioneers knew that the toxicity of penicillin was low, but it *had killed mice*. Despite what you read today about its so-called magic and miracle, the danger of toxicity in large doses does exist!

Thus far, a pioneering Brooklyn doctor has noted no fatalities from overdose in his treatments which now number more than 100. (Between 500 and 1000 people have been treated altogether, according to unofficial estimates.) He has introduced as much as a million Oxford units within 24 hours. But again the complex factor involves degree of disease, strength of patient and type of disease.

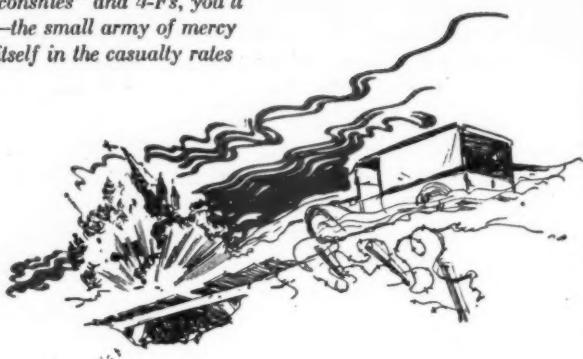
But progress with penicillin has not been realized without toil and care and sleeplessness and begging literally for crumbs of penicillin at the door of the producers.

As one pioneering doctor has said:

"Penicillin is not for the rich and privileged. Not yet. It isn't worth 2500 dollars or 25,000,000, or 25 cents. Its price is life. I like to get it for the hopeless—take it to the dying—and watch the dying live and walk again. Many will die for the want of it, but we can only think of those who have been saved by it—and the thousands it will save in the future.

"That is, if they'll just let chemistry and medicine alone long enough to find out what it is—and master it!"

Screwballs, adventurers, "conshies" and 4-Fs, you'll find them all in the AFS—the small army of mercy whose bravery speaks for itself in the casualty rates



Knights-Errant of Mercy

by JOE FROMM

THE STORY IS A LEGEND in the Middle East—the one about the British colonel who passed an American in khaki in Beirut, Syria, and failed to rate a salute from the Yank. The colonel, in high dudgeon, asked, "Aren't you a soldier?"

"I guess so, sir," was the reply. "Then why didn't you salute?"

The young man reflected a moment, then, "I'm a kind of a soldier, sir . . . but not the salutin' kind."

They are a fabulous aggregation, these "non-saluting" Americans who have volunteered for overseas duty driving ambulances under the auspices of the American Field Service.

They've been called everything from draft-dodger to hero, and in between these extremes, "conshies," fighting 4-F, fire-eater, idealist. But never coward—not these men who for many reasons have paid for the privilege of risking their necks in battle.

There are now 450 American Field Service volunteers in the Middle East; many others, who have served their one-year enlistment, have returned to the United States to enter the armed services or engage in vital war work.

Technically they are civilians, as defined by the Geneva Convention. But that definition doesn't protect them against the hazards of battle, and the danger of their work speaks for itself in their casualty rate—10 per cent of the total number in action at one time. That's almost twice the casualty percentage of any other unit in the Middle East. What's more, they probably have won more medals and citations than any other group their size.

They live the life of a British soldier, eating British rations—which is no mean sacrifice for Americans accustomed to a varied diet. For breakfast they get a strip of bacon and tea; for lunch a square of cheese and tea;

for dinner, bully beef, potatoes and tea. They live in their ambulances, sleeping on stretchers, and even those who were born equipped with silver spoons have learned the trick of washing clothes in the desert. Many of them didn't know the difference between a differential and a distributor when they boarded ship, but they soon learned that and a lot more about a car. For in battle a well-maintained ambulance is as essential to an ambulance driver as a clean rifle is to an infantryman.

WHO THEY ARE and why they volunteered for their jobs makes a study worth the while of any psychiatrist.

One of the leading officers in the AFS, a major who is conscientiously opposed to war, has seen as much, if not more, action than any other volunteer ambulance driver.

Serving under this major is a young officer who not only has no qualms whatever about going off to war but believes it's a glorious adventure.

Bill Warden is another vet of the AFS. His grandfather accumulated a fortune in the oil boom days and young Warden sits easily in the lap of luxury. Joe Clarkin is a veteran too, but he's struggled for a livelihood as long as he can remember as a Bronx cab driver.

There's the son of a Pittsburgh steel magnate who lists the Stork Club among his many addresses and believes that anyone other than a staunch conservative is a "red." He drives an ambulance. So did Evan Thomas, son of Socialist leader Norman Thomas.

Professional screwballs, soldiers-of-fortune, adventurers, eccentrics—you'll find them all in the AFS. Natives of Jerusalem still recall with horror the antics of one driver who had nurtured a life-long ambition to ring the bells of the Church of the Nativity. The bells are supposed to be rung only on Christmas Eve and in air raid alarms. Somehow he wangled his way into the carefully-guarded belfry three days before Christmas, 1942, and with unbounded glee tolled the bells violently while the populace rushed frantically to shelter.

The "fighting 4-F's" with the AFS—the men who Uncle Sam decreed were physically unfit or too old for military service—have proved that they not only are young enough to go to war, but that they aren't too old to be heroes.

John Dun, 50, was one of these. A Tucson, Arizona, rancher and former editor of the *Toledo Blade*, Dun went to war, his draft board not withstanding, and when he returned home after a year of active service in the desert was accorded a hero's reception. His feat at El Alamein stands as one of the outstanding individual exploits of the war in the desert.

It was on the night of October 23, 1942—the night of Montgomery's unprecedented knock-out barrage against the Afrika Korps—that three ambulances bogged down in the Qattara depression in the enemy lines.

Two of the drivers were ordered to leave their ambulances, but Dun remained with his, though the air was hot with the fire of bombs and shells;

feverishly he tried to free his ambulance from the mire, but an explosive bullet that tore through the door and buried itself in the seat beside him convinced the 50-year-old volunteer that more effective strategy was required to save his patients. Single-handed, he set about evacuating the wounded men to a safe place.

As he proceeded to lift the first patient from the ambulance a bullet whistled past his head and hit the patient in the stomach, killing him instantly. But Dun continued his work and managed to get the other patients to a place of safety where they waited for three hours under constant fire. His ambulance was badly shot up but a tank succeeded in pulling it from the mire and Dun set about rescuing the patients from the battlefield. With a tow chain he linked a driverless vehicle to his ambulance and placed an Italian prisoner behind the wheel to steer it. Then in five minutes, interrupted frequently by bombs, he taught a slightly wounded Frenchman how to operate the other ambulance, and the three-ambulance convoy, carrying 11 wounded men, set out through no-man's land, playing hide-and-seek with death. Dun safely brought the 11 victims to headquarters.

For his gallantry under fire, John Dun—who was too old to go to war—was awarded the Croix de Guerre and the Medaille Militaire.

Bir Hachiem, however, was a young man's show. The Germans laid siege to Bir Hachiem, a thorn in the right flank of the Afrika Korps south of Tobruk, in May. In the ensuing days,

the six AFS drivers there braved one of the most violent assaults of the entire desert war.

THE FIRST LOSS occurred June 2nd. Lt. Alan Stuyvesant, commanding officer of the unit, had persuaded the French to allow two AFS ambulances to accompany a column in a daring raid behind the enemy's lines. The drivers cut cards for the assignment. Lorenzo Semple III and Stanley Kulak drew high cards. The column was strafed three times as it left Bir Hachiem, and Kulak returned to the fort with several men wounded in the attack. The Germans attacked the column from the air again that night, inflicting heavy casualties. Semple came out of his slit trench to help a medical officer set up a make-shift hospital and worked tirelessly over the men who had been hit in the attack, for which outstanding feat he later was decorated with the Croix de Guerre and the Medaille Militaire.

Semple signaled Bir Hachiem for a relief column and Stuyvesant set out immediately with all remaining ambulances. After picking up wounded Frenchmen from the column, Stuyvesant and his convoy headed back to Bir Hachiem. But Stuyvesant's luck was running short and a tire on his ambulance went flat. He ordered the others to go on while he repaired the tire. Within sight of the camp, a German armored car intercepted him and Stuyvesant was "in the bag."

The final tragic chapter in the drama began on June 10th, when the high command realized that further re-

sistance was futile and ordered the garrison to evacuate Bir Hachiem.

French engineers had cut a narrow passage through the mines southwest of the camp. The Germans dominated the opening from both sides. If they spotted the column attempting to escape, virtual slaughter was sure to ensue. The five AFS drivers who had remained in Bir Hachiem through the siege—drove the four remaining ambulances to the departure point. Eight other vehicles had been demolished by direct hits and the remaining four bore evidence of the shelling that had transformed the tiny Libyan desert outpost into a living hell.

One car had been hit at least five times. The dashboard had been torn out, the windshield demolished and the rear shattered. The other ambulances were in little better condition, but they ran—and there were the wounded to be carried to safety.

So the four mercy-bound ambulances set out single-file through the narrow gap in the minefield under the protection of night. A star shell burst brilliantly overhead and hell broke loose. As one survivor described the ghastly scene, the Germans “hosed” fire into the narrow alley of death through the minefield.

The first ambulance ran into a storm of lead. The driver, George Tichenor, was killed instantly by a machine gun burst. His best friend, Arthur Stratton, like him a hero of the AFS in France, was in the ambulance behind Tichenor. Stratton’s car, too, was struck by a machine gun burst and the steering mechanism de-

stroyed. He hailed a truck and continued the perilous journey under tow. But he had advanced only a few hundred feet when a shell struck the front of his ambulance. Stratton, wounded in 11 places by shell fragments, helplessly watched his loaded ambulance destroyed by flames.

A truck picked him up. Stratton was jostled against a body during the terrible ride to safety. He learned the next day that the body was that of his friend, George Tichenor.

Two other American volunteers—Kulak and Alexander MacElwain, who also had been decorated in France—left Bir Hachiem in the same ambulance. The ambulance never was seen again. Weeks later it was learned that Kulak had been killed and MacElwain wounded and captured.

Of the five men who started the fateful journey from Bir Hachiem, two were killed, two were captured and one was wounded.

YET THE AXIOM that war is 99 per cent boredom and one per cent hell applies also to men in the AFS.

During times of enforced rest the men gather for “brew ups,” arguing politics and post-war reconstruction, and giving newcomers the benefit of their experience under fire, or exploit to full advantage their “non-saluting” status. Nothing is “out of bounds” to a bold AFS man. Troops generally are barred from the native quarters of most towns, but the American volunteer brazenly strolls through the narrow streets. If he’s approached by an MP he calmly displays his

Geneva Convention identification card. "Civilian," reads the card. Then without a blush he goes to an officers' bar for lunch and later to a sergeants' bar for a drink. And if there are any spots open only to enlisted men, he slips on his Crusader's Cross—AFS men are the only Americans entitled to wear the symbol of the Eighth Army—and presto, the volunteer has run the gauntlet from civilian to officer to sergeant to enlisted man.

The uniform of the AFS volunteer is as variable as his rank. If you see a man with an Aussie hat, a South African bush jacket, British officers' shorts and American shoes he is almost certain to be an AFS driver.

Volunteers buy their own uniforms and equipment and during their first year in action receive only 20 dollars a month for cigarettes and incidentals. In the last war, the American Field Service was taken over by the United States Army in France. It had been organized by a group of young Americans in Paris before the United States entered the war. By the time America declared war, its roster numbered 2,500.

The spirit that gave birth to the American Field Service in the last war was rekindled by the Nazi invasion of Poland. During the Battle

of France in 1940, a unit left Paris before the approaching German armies and in one month carried 12 thousand patients. A year after the fall of France, Sir Archibald Wavell, commander-in-chief of the British armies in the Middle East, sent an appeal to the American Field Service. A few months later the first unit was on the Atlantic and after initial training in Syria, went into action in May, 1942. They probably were the first Americans, with the exception of a few fliers, who met the Germans and Italians after America's entrance into the war. They shared the dangers of battle and the desert with the Eighth as the first symbol of Anglo-American unity, and gave America its earliest heroes — men like John Dun and George Tichenor and Stanley Kulak.

Recently the British awarded two of those American volunteers the coveted Empire medal. Prime Minister Winston Churchill expressed his gratitude for their contribution thus: "I send you my thanks for the noble help which your organization is giving and I wish them all God speed and safe return."

—*Suggestion for further reading:*

MERCY IN HELL

by Andrew Geer

\$2.75

Whittlesey House

Friendly Enemies

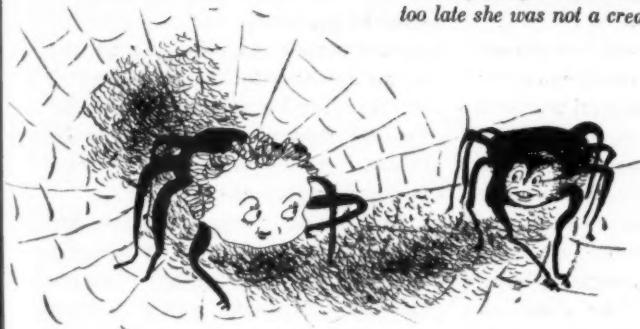
A PRIVATE was walking down the street with his girl when they approached a naval officer. The soldier saluted smartly and the gesture was returned.

"Why do Army men salute Navy men?" the girl inquired.

"After all, my dear," replied the soldier, "they are our allies."

—*Flight Time, GOODFELLOW FIELD*

*Miranda was a beautiful thing, but she spun
a web of danger to her enemies, who discovered
too late she was not a creature to be trusted*



Odyssey of Miranda

by JOHN EARL SIMS

THE ATMOSPHERE was filled with fresh, virginal warmth. Moist, steamy heat rose from the ploughed fields. Far below, the renascence of tiny, crawling things was evidence to underwrite immortality.

There was an egg sac the size and color of an old scaly-bark hickory-nut. So cleverly had the silken sac been woven from the spinnerets of mother Miranda Aurantia, the big garden spider, that it would have resisted the efforts of a strong man to rend apart.

Within the egg sac her children had hatched and had been eating each other with joy and relish for some time. Miranda, the granddaughter of Miranda, the great-granddaughter of Miranda, had eaten many of her brothers and sisters. And having eaten many, she had grown quite large. Therefore, she was most capable of leading the Great Exodus.

Her début was deft and sure. With

her tiny claws, she made her way up through the neck of the sac and out into the world. She lowered her body by means of a gossamer dragline to the ground. There she crouched and waited. Soon, an unsuspecting little brother came down on another dragline. Miranda welcomed him with open chelicerae. She was hungry. Biting into his abdomen, she drew out the softer portions of his body with her sucking mouth-parts. Apparently, he did not mind very much the leaving of so short a life.

After the fraternal dinner, she began to explore. But Miranda did not cover much territory the first day. The lengthening shadows sent her scurrying back along the path. She relaxed the vigil in seven of her black little eyes. The eighth one she kept open to watch out for a hungry sister.

She spent some few nights like the first one. All the while, she was grow-

ing. As she outgrew each skin, she split it, and stepped out wearing a brand-new ensemble.

There came a time when she built her first web. The morning after its construction, a bloated mosquito came home somewhat drunkenly and flew directly into the lacy trap. Sinking her tiny chelicerae into the mosquito, she paralyzed him with a shot of poison. Then she began the delicious procedure of relieving him of his stolen blood. She liked this mosquito. He was a definite improvement on her brothers.

MIRANDA BUILT another web. It was large and somewhat more in keeping with the prestige she had gained. To the center of this one she added a few strands of viscid material. Soon a young grasshopper jumped into the web. He was held fast, despite his frantic kicking. Miranda soothed him also with a shot of poison.

She soon became expert at this business. Sometimes she would not be hungry when she caught a victim. Then she would wrap him up in a silken shroud and store him away against future hunger.

Miranda was yet an adolescent when she made her solo flight in a balloon. The day was warm and sunny. Only the tiniest of breezes was stirring. She climbed upon a flower and began to spin out a thin film. This was the "balloon." The gentle breeze soon carried it aloft. Miranda hung on to the flower. Slowly, she unreeled the little balloon from her spinnerets. Now it tugged at her

forcibly. When the balloon had reached the desired altitude, Miranda released her hold.

As gracefully as a thistle-seed, she floated out over the fields and up into the blue sky. There was no regret for the past and no misgivings for the future. Her life was a simple arpeggio in Nature's eternal symphony.

As Miranda swung gently on her silken dragline, she kept a sharp lookout below. The breeze was carrying her across the valley toward some cliffs. As she floated near, an up current caught her balloon and carried it high in the air.

Beyond, the land gave way gently in a wooded slope to a pleasant fertile valley. A clear winding stream moved in tinkling cadence down its middle.

From her near-sighted perspective, it is doubtful that Miranda could see this beautiful panorama. Be that as it may, she came to rest within 10 feet of the pasture. Only the stream of water separated her from a garden spider's paradise.

She had made an eight-point landing on the top-most bough of a sycamore. Again it was as if she had rehearsed the action that followed.

Facing the breeze, she lifted her spinnerets. Out came a frail-looking thread of silk. The breeze carried this aerial footlog across the water. She knew the instant it touched a tree on the other side. She pulled the thread tight and walked across. Without pausing to look back on her miraculous accomplishment, she lowered herself on a dragline to the ground.

The instant her feet touched earth,

Miranda dived into a tiny crevice under a leaning rock. Had she been one fraction of a second slower, a mud dauber—a vicious-looking wasp—would have captured her, and she would have died a slow, lingering death. The mud dauber would have stung her into a semi-conscious state. Then she would have been placed in a dried mud bomb with a wasp egg clasped in her arms. The wasp egg would have hatched, only to eat Miranda mouthful by mouthful, and she would have felt almost every bite!

That night, when finally the dauber had gone, Miranda emerged to build her web. It was the strongest she had ever constructed. Into the center went a goodly amount of viscid material. The web gave Miranda a rich harvest of luscious insects.

She was happy, as a spider is happy. And the warm summer days passed by in studied spidery sequence.

One morning, Miranda saw a creature not unlike herself stride gaily down the web to her side. He, indeed, was a handsome rascal, fit to be the mate of the queen of the garden and the sire of future Mirandas!

They lived together awhile and seemingly were a happy, loving couple. But it was no surprise to see

him hanging in the corner of her web one morning wrapped in silk and salted down with poison, for that is the way of spiders.

Miranda was now marked for the "never ending harvest." As she grew heavy with eggs, she became listless. It was as if she knew and accepted the strange irony of her coming death.

The day came when she selected a place to hang her sac of eggs. This done, she set to work. First, she wove a soft blanket of silk. On this, she deposited her eggs. She gathered the corners of the blanket and wove the edges together. Then she began to spin the tough outer sac.

The task was finally completed. She had rounded out her life by insuring the perpetuation of her kind.

Not a shred of silk remained in her body. Slowly, she climbed down to the ground. She looked up at her handiwork. The silken sac was suspended directly over her head. After the fashion of spiders, she was at peace. Perhaps it was given to her to know that on some warm, sunny day, beyond the snow and ice of the coming winter, another little Miranda would come spinning down on a gossamer dragline to begin life where she now waited to leave it.

Squib from a Squab

A PIGEON waddled into a big business outfit and submitted a proposal that the concern switch from air mail to homing pigeons.

The president of the company protested that air mail was not only faster but surer.

"Now just a minute," snapped the bird. "Did you ever hear of a pigeon cracking up?"

—JACK CHAPMAN



The Best I Know

Edited by IRVING HOFFMAN

ALTHOUGH A well-known English university permits the attendance of women, their presence in classes traditionally male is not encouraged. One ancient professor, to whom women were a particular anathema, noted the presence of two girls at the first meeting of his class.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "there is an island in the South Seas where there is such a dearth of women that two such specimens of the female sex as I now see before me could probably find husbands."

Shocked and embarrassed, the two coeds rose to leave.

"Tut, tut, ladies," interposed the professor. "No need to hurry. Because of the war, there probably won't be a boat leaving for a month or so."

—ENS. DAVID S. BROWN
Miami, Fla.

THE SUNDAY SERVICES were over and the members of the little country church were filing past the preacher, complimenting him on his sermon and introducing their guests and friends.

"This is my sister-in-law, Mrs. Hummick," announced one lady as she greeted the minister. And turning to her companion she said impressively, "Parson never forgets a name."

"My!" exclaimed Mrs. Hummick. "How do you manage that?"

"It's nothing," modestly disclaimed the good man. "I merely choose a

word which rhymes—let's see, Hummick-stomach—and thus when I see you again I can immediately call your name to mind."

The following Sunday Mrs. Hummick was again a visitor at the church. As she left at the close of the service, the pastor beamed brightly:

"Ah, good morning, Mrs. Kelly."

—BERTRAM HALE
Chicago, Ill.

AN OCEAN LINER, westward bound for New York, was overtaken by sudden disaster, and in a matter of minutes, all that was left on the surface of the sea were two Englishmen.

Not having met formally, they swam about for hours in stony silence. The sun began to sink; darkness crept over the waters. Finally, in desperation, one swam toward the other.

"I say, old fellow," he shouted, embarrassed but determined, "I say, dash it all, which way is London?"

—PFC. W. C. CUSACK
Camp Hale, Colo.

TWO LADY SCHOOL teachers, spending their sabbatical year exploring western Canada, stopped at a small old-fashioned hotel. One of the pair could not rest until she had made a tour of the corridors to hunt out exits in case of fire.

Unfortunately, the first door she opened turned out to be the public

bath, occupied at the moment by an elderly gentleman taking a shower.

"Oh, excuse me," stammered the lady. "I'm looking for the fire escape." And she backed out hurriedly.

To her dismay, she hadn't progressed far along the corridor when she heard a shout. There was the old gentleman, garbed only in a towel, running madly after her with the frantic cry:

"Where's the fire?"

—PHILIP LEVINE
Philadelphia, Penn.

WHILE ENGROSSED in a purchase she was making in a busy department store, a young mother failed to notice that her little daughter had slipped away in the crowd. Missing her, she was frantic, but finally spotted the child pushing her way toward two Catholic Sisters. Before the mother could reach her, the youngster had marched up to the nuns and said something which caused them to burst out laughing.

Hurrying over, the fussed young mother apologized profusely and asked, "What in the world did Betsy say to you?"

Still chuckling, one of the Sisters replied, "Nothing really. She just looked us over and asked us if we were penguins." —PAULINE JOHNSTON
Long Beach, Calif.

A BOUT TWO O'CLOCK one bitter cold morning, a physician was summoned on an emergency call some four miles away.

"I ain't in any particular pain," explained the patient when the doctor

arrived and was somewhat thawed out, "but somehow or other I've got a feeling that death is nigh."

Grimly the doctor felt the man's pulse and listened to his heart. "Have you made your will?" he grunted.

"Oh, no, doctor, at my age—it can't be true!"

"You heard what I said, you'd better send for your lawyer."

White and trembling, the patient stumbled to the telephone and called his attorney.

"And who's your pastor?" continued the physician. "You'd better summon him at once."

"But, doctor," mumbled the man, "surely you don't think—"

"Your father, too, should be called; also anyone else—"

By now the patient had begun to blubber softly. "Surely I won't—I can't—die tonight."

The doctor looked at him with steely eyes. "No, of course not. There's not a solitary thing the matter with you. But I'd hate to be the only man you've made a fool of on a night like this one." —LEO MICHEL, M.D.
New York, N. Y.

A FAMILY with a summer cottage in a Wisconsin wilderness habitually paid the requested price of 50 cents to an Indian for a milk pail brim full of blueberries. But one day last summer he suddenly grunted in protest and upped the price to a dollar.

"Why?" they asked in amazement. "Hell of big war some place," was his laconic reply. —H. POHL
Minneapolis, Minn.

Innocent victims of crime—these infants must spend their babyhood behind bars. Now model nurseries are giving them a fair chance



Babies of the Big House

by CLEM AND HELEN WYLE

EDITORS' NOTE: *A woman who has been accused of theft is brought before you. The evidence leaves no question in your mind as to her guilt. However, this woman is pregnant and expects a child in five months. If you sentence her to jail you will virtually be visiting the same punishment on her innocent child. What should you do? You be the judge. But we suggest that you reserve your decision until after reading this factual and revealing article.*

A NURSE LEADS you into a huge cheerful room lined with cribs as white as her uniform. In them lie 30 kicking, chattering babies—none more than a year and a half old.

Thick ivy frames the windows. Neatly drawn blinds cut the sun's glare. And the linoleum floor is polished to a gleam. Yet, this nursery is inside a prison!

More than 15 hundred babies each year learn to coo and crow behind the gaunt, grey walls of American prisons. And, like the New York State Reformatory at Bedford Hills, many of

them maintain model nurseries for these children. What's more, their future is safeguarded so they need never pay for their mothers' sins.

To see how these babies are protected, let us follow a mother-to-be from the moment she is committed. Whether she is a murderer, forger, or petty thief, she is accorded the same humane treatment. After an examination by a doctor, she is placed on a proper diet and excused from strenuous work. Then she is assigned light chores in the prison nursery and given practical instruction in infant care. Some institutions even offer expectant mothers courses in child psychology. Others encourage them to sew and knit for their babies.

A handful of disconsolate inmates—usually unmarried or recently divorced—rebel. But the majority of these women are sentimental about their coming children and have come to

regard these tasks as labors of love.

Mary, a former decoy for a gang of robbers, made an exquisite layette for her baby. A visitor—impressed by her handiwork—offered a fabulous price for it. But Mary refused to part with even a single bib.

Beatrice, a blackmail artist with a natural talent for designing, painted lush corn-flowers and roses on her baby's crib. From then on it was known as the "Beautiful Baby" crib. Each month a new occupant was chosen by a lucky number drawn among the mothers.

When an inmate is ready for delivery, she leaves her cell or cottage room for the maternity wing of the prison hospital. If there is none, she is removed to a hospital outside the walls. On this trip, she is accompanied by a physician or nurse—rarely by a guard. Naturally, few women in this condition can make a getaway. Few even entertain this notion.

Following her confinement, a mother stays with her child throughout the nursing period. Then she resumes the normal prison routine. She may work in the laundry, sewing room, kitchen, or an industrial shop where she can learn a trade.

Unless a mother wants to relinquish her baby at this time—and only a few do—it is sent to the prison nursery. A resident physician, nurses and, sometimes, child psychologists are in attendance there. The babies not only receive scientifically prepared food, but medical attention, which includes inoculations and sun lamp treatments.

This is a far cry from conditions in

women's prisons years ago. Then, a prisoner usually gave birth to her baby in a dreary cell, assisted only by a disinterested matron. Since a physician visited an institution but once a month—if at all—a number of infants succumbed to disease. Others started life as weaklings and invalids.

What was worse, many a child stayed in a cell with his mother until she was released. Sometimes this was a matter of years.

But more often he was snatched from her when only a few weeks old and entrusted to an incompetent relative, an indifferent friend, or a poorly run foundling home. This inhuman practice drove inmates frantic with worry. One woman—obsessed by the thought that her child was being mistreated—fled prison to see him. She was captured and brought back. But she made a second attempt. This time she cut herself on the prison's barbed wire fence and died of blood poisoning.

COMPARED TO the mothers, however, the children were the heavier losers. A large number matured into full-fledged criminals. Martin, raised by an uncle who was a dipsomaniac, became a mobster. And, ironically, when Julia was imprisoned for burglary, she was assigned a cell opposite the one in which she had been born.

Recently, a more tragic story came to light. A pretty young woman of 26 accidentally came upon her birth certificate a week before her wedding. To her horror, she discovered she had been born behind bars. Filled with shame, fearful that her fiance would

despise her, she committed suicide.

Today, the name of the township—not the institution—appears on birth certificates. But this is only one of many considerations shown prison babies. Even the spiritual side of their lives is developed. Frequently, a child is taken outside the walls to be christened. Relatives are invited to attend the church rites. Some wardens allow the mothers to go along.

This is done primarily for the child's benefit. He is an innocent pawn—they feel—and should not suffer because the state saw fit to imprison his mother. Moreover, he is entitled to her affection and care, particularly if the two will live together on the outside. For this reason, deserving inmates may spend a certain number of hours each day with their babies.

When visiting hours start, mothers descend upon the nursery in an eager swarm. Then, each woman flies to her own tot. Some attend to the serious business of feeding, dressing and diapering. Others tuck the children into carriages and wheel them proudly through the tree-shaded yard outside the nursery. A few just sit and croon softly to the infants.

To such inmates, these privileges are second only to freedom. Rather than forfeit one visit to the nursery or the chance to kiss their babies good night, they obey prison rules to the letter. The most inviolable requirement is cleanliness. Several young mothers have carried this unwritten law to extremes.

After his first birthday, a baby leaves his nursery for a more adven-

turous life. Spring and summer find him outdoors—digging in a sand pen with pail and spoon. In colder weather, he repairs to a playroom stocked with toys, dolls and stuffed animals. Usually, a staff of specially-trained teachers helps him learn to walk, climb stairs, and play with his friends. And he may even be taught to master rhythmic singing and dancing.

BUT, AS A CHILD approaches his second birthday, his days behind walls are numbered. The state insists on this procedure because two is the "danger age"—the time when a tot becomes aware of his environment.

Officials are equally solicitous about his future. However, they have no legal jurisdiction over it except when the mother is mentally unsound. They can only suggest to a prisoner what would be best for her child. However, their advice—given tactfully, of course—is seldom disregarded.

Joan was an unmarried mother. Girls like her invariably backslide, particularly if they have the added responsibility of a child. She was advised to have hers adopted.

Marie was divorced by her husband following her third conviction for shoplifting. She was unruly when she entered prison, yet after her baby was born, she determined to go straight. Officials knew she would, but thought it best to have her child placed temporarily in a state home until she obtained a job.

These inmates were short termers. Ellen, however, still had three years to serve for manslaughter when her

son reached the two-year limit. True, she had killed her unfaithful husband in a rage. But like most "accidental" or emotional murderers, she was unlikely to commit another crime.

Ellen was advised to place her boy with foster parents until her release. Occasionally, they took him to see her in the "sanitarium." That deception was easy because the prison's visiting quarters resembled the living room of a fine home.

Ellen, who turned out to be a fine mother, is an exception. The average long termer is an unstable person. Therefore, she is encouraged to relinquish her child completely. Sobs sometimes greet such a proposal. But competent prison heads—like Miss Florence Monahan—know how to handle such overwrought mothers.

"I just leave them alone," Miss Monahan says. "Many times, they'll tire of the baby. If not, they'll soon realize they're harming him and beg us to find him a good home."

This is what officials have been doing with great success, although they prefer to have a mother rear her child, if at all possible.

The great pains that have been taken with prison babies have been well rewarded. Hundreds are today leading normal lives. A few have already distinguished themselves. One is an important engineer. Another is a leading hat designer. Still another is an established actress.

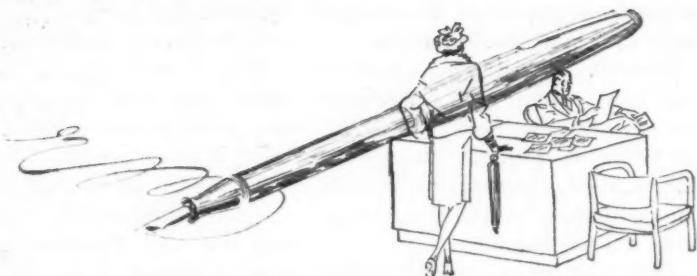
But far more significant is the fact that only one baby of the Big House has been reported delinquent during the past 20 years.

War Has Its Wacky Moments

- ¶ During the sneak attack on Pearl Harbor a Jap explosive shell hit a Hawaiian Airliner and set it afire. A few seconds later a 50-caliber machine gun bullet pierced the valve of the fire extinguisher which went into action and put out the fire.
- ¶ On returning to base from a hard-fought mission, a P-38 pilot noticed that his flying jacket was torn. Inside he found an unexploded 20-mm shell which is supposed to go off on contact.
- ¶ Calmly peeling a potato on deck, a British seaman was washed overboard by one wave, and back on board again by another, still paring the same spud.
- ¶ An R.A.F. flyer fell out of a bomber in flight, but managed to cling to the hatch edge until the pilot flew low enough for him to drop unharmed into a snowdrift.
- ¶ Jumping from a crashing plane 15 hundred feet above Miami, a naval ensign was knocked unconscious by a stabilizer. But the lines of his partly-opened parachute entangled with the chute of an aviation metalsmith who was first to leap out of the bomber when it went out of control, so that the ensign came out with a broken leg and finger, but alive, while the metalsmith was unhurt.

—H. W. KELLICK

*If you're applying for credit in this concern,
you'd better mind your p's and q's, for your
handwriting is an index to your risk-ability*



Your Character in Ink

by WILLIAM F. McDERMOTT

DEAD BEATS get a beating when they write a certain Chicago mail order house asking for credit—because they write their own rejection. Before Spiegel's, Inc. gives a customer the green light, they find out what Dr. Walter W. Marseille thinks of his handwriting.

Rated by many the world's ace graphologist, sharp-eyed Dr. Marseille, who studied psychology at Heidelberg University and Berlin, doesn't quibble with the dot of an *i* or an uncrossed *t*. He sends down his verdict on an over-all impression. And for that reason he dislikes a made-to-order sample of handwriting—he says it's just a posed picture.

The system works like X-ray. A three-minute once over and Marseille can spot a good, bad or indifferent bet. His accuracy was proved when an initial test of two hundred cases scored him a 70 per cent bull's eye. Since

arrival, he has cut Spiegel's customer rating expenses two thirds in one-tenth of the time.

A Ph.D. in graphological theory, Dr. Marseille's ambition is to bridge the gap between the halls of learning and the marts of trade. He has studied the history, physiology and psychology of handwriting and believes that a knowledge of its pattern can be of untold value to business. If in applying for a job, for instance, you proved yourself a variety writer with a back to forward slant shift, or a tendency to break into kindergarten print, Marseille would give you thumbs down.

Sounds, maybe, like circus tent art. But 14 years ago Marseille had already sold Germany on the idea. A personnel consultant for Berlin electric companies and chemical concerns, he rated the reliability, intelligence and social attitudes of potential employees. In a Europe not weaned on

a typewriter, his science proved both believable and effective. Today Marseille likes to think that some of the letters which he blackballed were written by future gestapo goons.

Flight from the Fascists finally brought him, penniless, to the United States. An ocean and an alien tongue severed him from former achievements; but in 1941 an old friend and a forgotten woman started him again toward success. Professor Paul Lazarsfeld of Columbia University, public opinion investigator, was trying to find an analyst to test the calibre of senatorial fan mail. The hunt was on for a former woman associate—but her name evaded the pursuer. He sought out Marseille as a prop to memory, hired him for the job. Turned loose on three hundred letters about the conscription bill, Marseille rang the bell on the cultural level of their writers. Investigations verified his judgment.

The work with Lazarsfeld attracted the attention of *Fortune's* Elmo Roper, who is also a director of Spiegel's. Impressed with his lack of pinch hitting and the soundness of Marseille's conclusions, Roper arranged a tie-up between him and the 60-million-dollar mail order house, which soon had him at work on credit applications and delinquent accounts. An initial test with 200 order blanks, half from prompt payers, half from delinquents, put Marseille on the pry for signs of abnormal, badly adjusted or unstable people. A total of 150 right answers netted him the go-ahead signal and a full-time job.

Marseille prefers a staunch snail scribble to overdone regularity. Print may please Aunt Minnie to read but it types you as one of those camouflage kids, ready to play when the cat's away. A flibbertigibbet style also goes in the reject column (a word begun strong then trailing off into a thread-like line): it's a giveaway for an evasive character. What really counts with the expert are small, even-flowing words, indicating a steady, positive disposition; neat spacing, sign of a budgeter; even margins to show purposefulness. A person of graphic maturity subordinates the act of writing to the thinking process; his style is one of instinct rather than labor.

BUT NOW THAT you know all this, couldn't you bluff? According to Marseille, the gyp artist will nearly always betray himself. He may have a smooth, clear handwriting and yet pen his own indictment. Give it a try and you'll find that you "cover stroke": that is, go back over the same track in a sort of characteristic suppression of your natural self.

With thousands of letters besieging Spiegel's daily, Marseille found it impossible to handle all doubtful applications. So he trained a staff in the technique of judgment. Now seven men, two with master's degrees in psychology and one with a Ph.D., work with him, averaging a hundred letters to a six-hour day.

Basically, Dr. Marseille is a crusader with a cause—to help humanity understand itself. And no one realizes more acutely the devious ways of the

human mind. His philosophy is one of hope, for above all it recognizes the structure of change. This year's rejection may be next year's star because of environmental or personal adjustments. Marseille will be quick to spot this in the handwriting and shift his data accordingly.

Certainly it previews some interesting hypotheses. Imagine, for instance, a race of the future, trained from childhood in the science of handwriting. Love letters would cease to be

documents of debate, and wedding bells would ring at the drop of a pen. Shysters would vanish from the law courts and stooges from the political stand. This lucky generation would go to the polls unconfused. Which candidate to elect? His handwriting, please. And in less time than it takes to x up a ballot, the course would be clear.

Meanwhile at least you can be saved for solvency while the collector's foot eases out of your door. There still aren't priorities on pen and ink!

Analyses

*the war will depend on how completely
we face the fact that today air power
must be the backbone of any successful*

1. This unusually regular and neat handwriting is an almost perfect example of all the characteristics of reliability. The extremely wide spacing of words and lines shows clear thinking, careful planning—and excellent budgeting. Definitely reliable.

*it have been some time since
& have written you a personal letter.
& made an honest account ~~of~~ with
you some time ago on easy pay-*

2. The weakness of this writing style becomes obvious in the wishy-washy forms of most letters and the "fading-out" of many endings. Definitely unreliable.

*and could have increased the
long ^{and} ~~intended~~ to have his
monthly ~~intended~~ account payments amount be*

3. This handwriting betrays a person both extremely inefficient and unreliable. The poor forms are due to evasiveness and to lack of ability to concentrate.

from a great city; on a fine day
in the late summer of the South
it has another sharper and yet

4. An example of rigid consistency which shows in the uniformity of the writing. The artificiality of style—note backward slant and unnatural narrowness—indicates reliability—though in this case more convention than conviction—is assured.

box which you receive from
Chicago for the small sum of
\$150 for it on Recd your

5. The many irregularities of this handwriting are indicative of an emotional instability which impairs somewhat the reliability of its writer. Neatness and good spacing, however, are the guarantee that he is on the positive side as a credit risk.

bring us to you, (at your dis-
cretion) containing all the in-
formation needed for helping you

6. The irregularities of this handwriting are serious inconsistencies. Note the discrepancies in size and width, the omitting of important details, and the contrast between sneaking and over-done traits. Not desirable as a credit risk.

I will be sure and send you 8.00 on
something again on the 10th may
as I want to get this bill paid

7. In this case the irregularities and inconsistencies come close to disintegration of the handwriting. Note the changes of slant, width and height of the letter forms. Excessive movements show the lack of control. The writer is a very bad planner.

Accidentally Ours

THE SAFETY GLASS that walls automobiles and protects the passengers from flying splinters paradoxically owes its qualities to a broken bottle! In 1903 a French scientist, Edouard Benedictus, carelessly displaced a bottle from its shelf. It fell to the floor with a crash, but, to the chemist's amazement, retained its original shape.

Benedictus studied the spider-webbed bottle, unable to account for the phenomenon. Then he remembered. Fifteen years before this bottle had contained a mixture of alcohol, ether, acetone, amyl acetate, and trinitrocellulose. Time had sped by and the mixture had completely evaporated, coating the inside with a celluloid-like enamel. It had been this strong interior support that had prevented the bottle from shattering.

A few days later Benedictus witnessed an automobile accident in which an attractive woman was disfigured by flying glass. He dove-tailed this experience with his observation of the broken bottle and laminated safety glass was the outcome.

IN DETROIT, in 1932, an express-man delivered a five-gallon tin can to H. Tom Collord. He opened it, expecting the paint he had ordered, but finding a substance that looked like milk and smelled like ammonia. Playing around with the mixture, he

painted a piece of fabric and board and accidentally laid the treated surfaces together. They adhered tightly.

Mystified, Collord wrote the company. They explained that their shipping clerk had made a mistake and sent him latex instead of paint. Collord's interest was aroused. A few months before he had been in the Chrysler factory and had seen girls painting a rubber cement on cloth. Perhaps this new stuff was better. He went into action, and eventually perfected his idea of applying rubber to wood and metal. Today Collord supplies a greater quantity of body trim cement and rubber-covered metal parts to industry than any other company in the world!

WHILE NOT DIRECTLY the result of an accident, the process of frosting electric light bulbs was discovered when a new apprentice in a big electrical equipment company took seriously a "gag" piece of research. The assignment to develop a frosted bulb was an "impossible" one, given to all new recruits as a sort of hazing routine. But this researcher failed to realize he was being kidded. He went to work and turned up a process which not only did the trick but added materially to the finished bulb's strength. —SGT. MORT WEISINGER

Picture Story:

A WORLD AND TWO MARS





1. Any resemblance between this war and the last one isn't purely coincidental. Rather, they are acts of the same tragedy, which opened in 1914 with the assassination of Archduke Ferdinand and, following a 21-year intermission, has been playing ever since. This was the German in 1918.



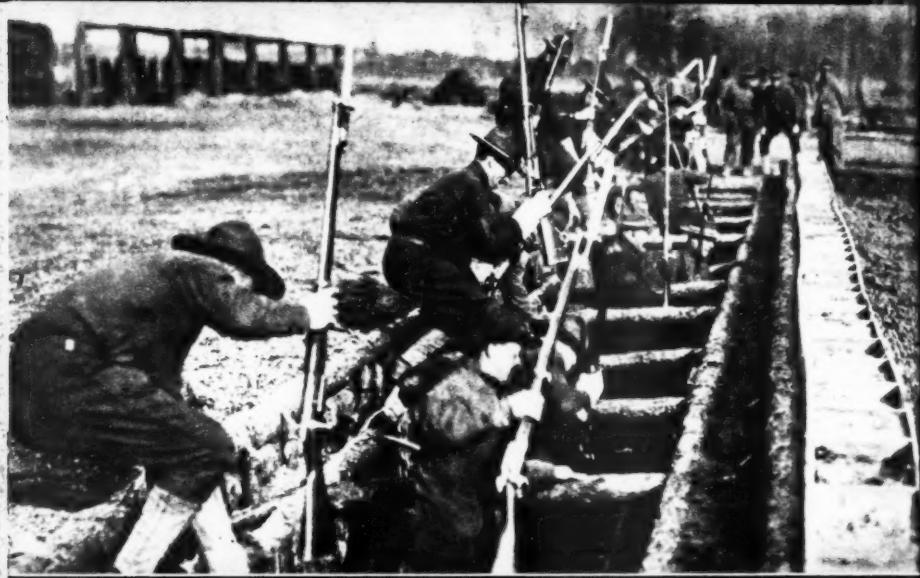
2. Twenty years later his sons had retitled German imperialism, drummed up a new leader—with a new kind of mustache—put on new battle dress and streamlined the weapons of war. But when they walked over Czechoslovakia,



3. July, 1917. Three months after the United States declared war on the Central Powers, the draft swung into action. A quarter of a year elapsed before the call-to-arms sounded for men in the age brackets 21-to-30.



4. Our guard was up the second time, thanks to America's first peacetime conscription. In August, 1941, a single Congressional vote kept that army in uniform. Just one vote meant that we were at least a partially prepared people when the curtain rose on the second act of the world tragedy.



5. Recruits of 27 years ago learned about a new kind of war—the man-eating, heavy-slugging war of trench-fighting. Over the top they went, after training like this, into the fire and hell of Meuse-Argonne, Verdun and St. Mihiel; and 126 thousand didn't come back.



6. A Yank today may fight in the silent, green depths of a South Pacific jungle, the arid waste of an African desert, the thousands of feet skyward above Europe . . . Anywhere in the world, any patch of sky or reach of sea



BE A MAN AND DO IT
UNITED STATES NAVY
RECRUITING STATION

08508

GEE !!
I WISH I WERE
A MAN

I JOIN
The NAVY

by E. E. Muller-Clark

**ENLIST IN THE
WAVES**



Apply to your nearest
NAVY RECRUITING STATION OR OFFICE OF NAVAL OFFICER PROCUREMENT

7. We entered the last one with a standing army of 629,863; this one, with 1,593,896 men in uniform. While the poster-queen of a bygone era yearned to join the Navy, today's can and does, releasing men for fighting fronts.



8. Twenty-one years makes a vast difference in wars—in the uniforms men wear, the ways in which they fight, the cost of the fighting—in men and money. Then, 4,355,000 Yanks helped stem the tide of German imperial-



9. Women of 1918 could join the Navy but they couldn't vote. So suffragettes banked on the feminine ballot to insure peace for the world. A sadder, wiser people, we've since found that war isn't just a male's idea of excitement; and that peace doesn't always follow victory on the battlefield.



10. There were no WACs then, though 11 thousand yeomanettes served the Navy and 300 Marinettes, the Marines. Today's well-trained WAVES
... Latin American's increasing participation in war and peacetime activities



11. "Food will win the war"—the slogan holds good for both wars. The call for man and womanpower on the farms, once netted be-bloomered farm hands like these. They harvested record-breaking crops.



12. The clothes look more sensible, the machinery more up-to-date, but women are doing the same job again, manning the nation's fields and orchards, planting the crops that will feed us and help a hungry world to its feet.



13. "Lick stamps and lick the Kaiser"—the slogan that unloosed purse-strings then. Charlie Chaplin put it over at this bond-selling rally which snarled Wall Street traffic for hours. Bonds were "Liberty Loans."



14. Today Dorothy Lamour is the traffic-stopper who takes in money almost faster than the Treasury can make it—28 thousand dollars in 28 minutes.



15. They sang *Tipperary*, *How You Gonna Keep 'Em Down on the Farm, Over There* . . . songs of *K-K-K-Katy*, about a *Mademoiselle from Armentières*, and a *Long, Long Trail*.



16. Jive, a few of the old songs, and new ones that are long on sentiment, top the soldier's hit parade of '44.



17. 1917—Boom year for weddings and the birth rate as 1,144,200 couples were seized with the marrying fever. On July 31, 1918, a single New York City chapel hustled through 164 ceremonies, as against their normal daily average of 15. Men wanted someone to come home to.



18. 1941—Boom year again for JP's and preachers, as the marriage rate zoomed to an all-time high of 1,679,000 and kept on climbing. Already we wonder—will divorce rates rise too, as they did after the last war?



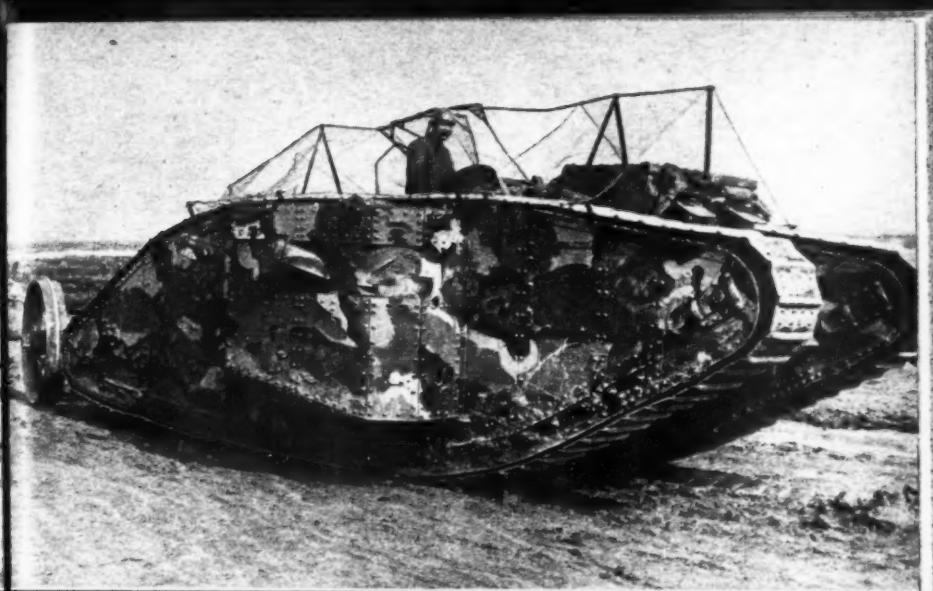
19. General Douglas MacArthur, who bears two wounds from the last war, is a hero again. This time, however, his enemy is Japan, our ally of 1918. The Nips' interest in our side then was purely political. They reported 300 sons lost and three more missing or captured.



20. When the Balkan powder keg exploded at Sarajevo, 36-year-old Franklin D. Roosevelt, just graduated from the New York Senate, was hard at work as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, under Josephus Daniels.



21. Another war, and the same F. D. R. reviews troops with his former chief Daniels, who still works closely with him as friend and adviser.



22. Tanks made their first appearance in 1916 and for reasons of military secrecy were referred to as "the new drinking water container from Mesopotamia." Germans called them "Panzerwagons" and put them to uses of their own—the blitz, for instance.



23. Winston Churchill championed the tank through two wars and did battle with brass hats who refused to take the new contraption seriously. Crucial tank battles at Chateau-Thierry and in Africa proved him right.



24. "Bombs away" once meant this. Aerial warfare really began in '14, when a French pilot took potshots with a rifle at a German airmen.



25. England once feared the Kaiser's blimps more than his planes. Both sides today have utmost respect for the power of air might.



26. Germany early experimented with parachutists dropped from blimps.



27. It took the United States longer to wise up to the value of sky-troops.



28. German prisoners then were slow to surrender, so long as all Europe seemed certain to crumble before them. But when the tide turned, they came over in droves, no longer the invincible "children of God," the master race destined to conquer and rule the world.



29. Likewise, the first prisoners taken by the Allies in this war were proud, sullen, certain of a Superman victory. But as their numbers in Allied prison camps grow, their cockiness disappears.



30. November 11, 1918, a war-sick America read the ten-inch headlines of victory and rioted with joy. The submerged steel net protecting Manhattan's harbor was taken up; Broadway turned on its lights. Today we

и спрепа



On the V-Shift



Quick Salutes: To Red Cross workers John Taylor and Leo Schwartz, who somehow managed to beat the main body of American troops onto the Salamaua Isthmus and were waiting with hot coffee and doughnuts as surprised soldiers poured ashore from assault boats . . . To New York City's hotels which are playing generous host to men and women in uniform, cutting rates, lifting cover charges, furnishing free entertainment, organizing officer's clubs, even turning laundries over to enlisted men where they can do their own washing . . . To the 97,400 merchant seamen out of U. S. ports, who, despite the danger, signed up to re-ship after their initial voyage . . . To the 25 American-born Japanese, members of the Japanese-American Committee for Democracy, who marked the 12th anniversary of the Jap drive against Manchuria by giving their blood for the Chinese army at the Blood Bank in New York.

Panoramerica: In Brooklyn, N. Y., shipworkers raise 3,000 dollars to build a 16 by 20 imitation limestone church near drydocks so they needn't take unnecessary time off from work for worship . . . In Indianapolis, the Symphony Orchestra helps solve the maid shortage by inviting parents to park their children with trained nurses and enjoy the concerts with easy minds . . . Offering to wager any

governor a corn-fed Nebraska hog against an equivalent state product in the War Bond drive, Governor Dwight Griswold put up stakes against three Kansas turkeys, a tub of Minnesota butter, an Arkansas white-faced calf, a sack of Idaho potatoes, a bag of Michigan beans and a Colorado wild ram . . . In Gouverneur, N.Y., restaurant patrons, taking no chances on "sauceless" meat, park their own bottles of catsup at their favorite eating places . . . A fishing smack catches a U. S. submarine in its trawling net and is dragged at top speed before it finally manages to cut loose.

Skin for Sea Dogs: Standing watch on the tossing bridge of a merchant ship headed for a cold water port is a freezing ordeal. But for 25 thousand seamen of the United Nations the ordeal is lessened by a fur-lined vest. Smart enough to be prized by sportsmen, these vests cannot be purchased for love nor money. For they are gifts from the furmen of New York City. In just the last year the bosses of "Furtown-on-the-Hudson," 10 solid blocks of midtown Manhattan, have given about 50 thousand dollars in cash for rent, cloth, thread and other materials, besides donating equipment and cleaning facilities to make these vests; and some 8,000 workers have given more than 50 thousand hours

of their time. The furs, donated by patriotic citizens, are collected through retail fur shops, the Red Cross and the AWVS. From there on, Furtown takes over, stripping, cleaning, shaping, cutting, sewing, and finally sending the finished garments to ships of all the United Nations. These gifts are body warming, but heart warming are the letters that come back from seamen. Said one skipper of an Army transport, "A silent thanks goes to you from all of us during the long hours of the cold winter nights."

Taming TNT: One of the reasons for the swift thrust of the Fifth Army up the rocky Sicilian coast lies in a new, little-known, yet vitally important science: precision blasting. Ever since primitive warriors combined charcoal, sulphur and saltpeter into the first incendiary bomb, men have been experimenting with dynamite. Today, they can control its mighty blasts to within a few inches, measure its force in thousands of foot pounds, and have perfected more than 200 forms of blasting agents and many techniques for their application. Aided by this new science, engineers dynamited a pathway along Sicily's cliffs for on-rushing American troops. It dug the

trenches, ploughed the furrows and cleared the way for the Big Inch, which today pipes petroleum to the East; and enabled the late Gutzon Borglum to mold the features of Washington and Jefferson in the Rushmore Memorial with charges as light as one sixty-fourth of a pound of dynamite.

Fighting Figures: Unfit for commercial use less than two years ago, the 2800 acre Newark, N. J., airport now employs 1500 soldiers and 3500 civilians and is an important center in the country for shipping aircraft to the United Nations . . . The Army continues to take good care of its soldiers: viz.; 2000 sets of false teeth are being delivered each day by mail . . . Little realized in the hubbub over Lend-Lease is the fact that the amount of meat supplied to the U. S. by Australia and New Zealand alone, as reverse Lend-Lease, is greater than the amount sent by this country to all Great Britain . . . About two years ago the first Liberty ship hit the water. Since then, more than 2100 new ocean-goers totalling more than 21 million deadweight tons have been delivered—over twice the size of our merchant fleet before Pearl Harbor.

—LAWRENCE GALTON

The Lost Is Found

AN ENGLISH CLERGYMAN angrily accosted one of his parishioners and asked him to retract the accusation that he had stolen his sermon of the Sunday before.

"Usually," answered the accuser, "I am not one to retract my statements, but I find I was wrong. I said you had stolen the sermon, but when I returned home and referred to the book from which I thought it was taken, I found it there."

—E. WINSLOW

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High Flight

*Oh, I have slipped the surly bonds of earth,
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;
Sunward I've climbed and joined the tumbling mirth
Of sun-split clouds—and done a hundred things
You have not dreamed of—wheeled and soared and swung
High in the sunlit silence. Hovering there,
I've chased the shouting wind along and flung
My eager craft through footless halls of air.
Up, up the long delirious, burning blue
I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace
Where never lark, or even eagle, flew;
And, while with silent, lifting mind I've trod
The high untrespassed sanctity of space,
Put out my hand, and touched the face of God.*

—JOHN GLENNIE LACEE, JR.
19-year old American
killed in action with the R.C.A.F.

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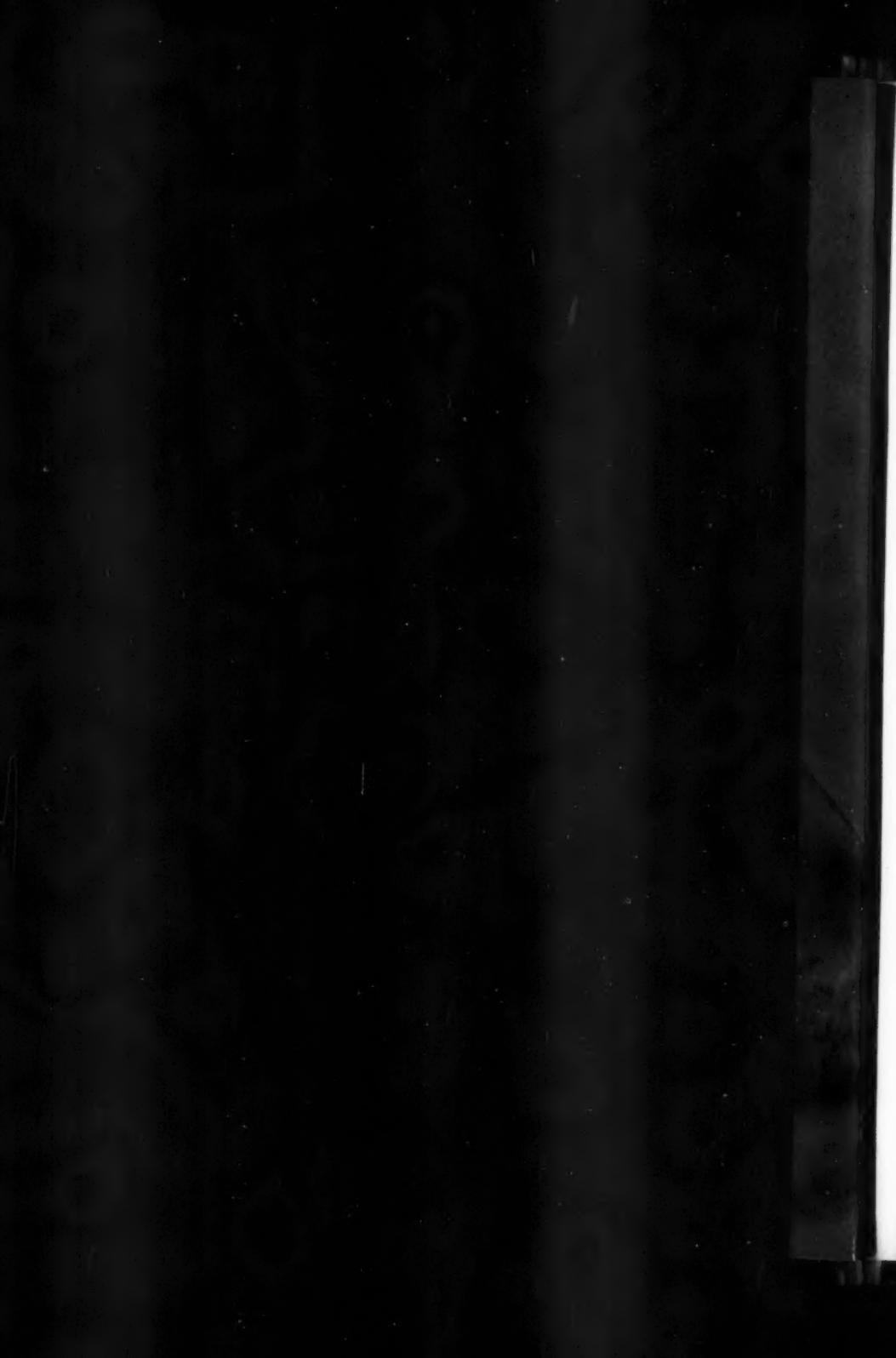
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A frontline general, "Old Tom" can always be found where the battle rages fiercest. Little wonder he is MacArthur's right-hand man



Old Tom, the Aussies' Son

by PHILIP HARKINS

GENERAL MACARTHUR's right-hand man is not an American but a 60-year-old Australian—General Sir Thomas Blamey. A bluff, rough-and-tumble fellow with the dirt of New Guinea behind his ears and pipe ashes on his uniform, Blamey is "Old Tom" to the troops and a mightier force than ever suspected in the movements of the American Army in the South Pacific.

It was he who drew up the plan of attack that pushed the Japs over the Owen Stanley mountains back to the northern coast of New Guinea and finally out into the sea. Within three days of his arrival on New Guinea, Old Tom had mapped out his plan of strategy, one so clear and auspicious that General MacArthur's approval was radioed back at once.

Though casually decked out in shorts, a safari jacket, a jaunty digger hat and usually carrying a shooting

stick, Blamey is no Hollywood general. He does not glamourize war. "You came here to fight," is his usual blunt beginning in daily talks to the battle-begrimed troops. "Some of you will die here. It's better to die here than at home. There can be no better death."

Some of his men may disagree with these sentiments, but all of them appreciate his candor. After getting down to the dirty business of war, they are allergic to bull.

"It isn't the hunter with the rifle but the rabbit who runs that gets shot," is another bit of Blamey pith, freely given to the rank-and-file, concluding with "Don't retreat, go forward. *Don't retreat!*"

Old Tom does not believe in effusive eulogies nor eloquent messages of congratulations. "What the bloody hell would my men want with them? They can't be eaten or smoked.

Medals? Messages? Naaah. I've yet to see a soldier who could get any nourishment from them. Send 'em cigarettes, pipe tobacco, beer—that's what a fighting soldier wants."

During the Battle for Buna some of these Blamey awards were actually dropped by plane to Commando units working far from the supply lines.

During the New Guinea campaign, Blamey's daily routine ran his staff ragged. When the bugler split the muggy dawn with the notes of reveille, Blamey bounced out of bed and called an operational conference. Then began a series of inspections in the field amid bomb and ack ack blasts. To accompany the general was not a sought-after privilege. Blamey likes walking in the hills, and New Guinea provided mountains to boot. Late in the afternoon he would return to headquarters, sweaty, red-faced and happy, his wilted staff panting behind.

"THE OLD TIGER walks us into the ground," was a complaint so current that desperate members of the staff got together and made up an unofficial duty roster. It was so arranged that each officer was ensured a day's rest after a grueling hike with his indefatigable superior.

But the day's work was by no means ended with this personal survey of operations. Before the mosquitoes came out, there would be more conferences; then dinner at eight, followed by further plans and résumés of battle. Often Blamey was still going strong at midnight. One such night, an aide was moved to mild protest.

"I feel a little sleepy, sir," he began. "I wonder if I——"

"Sleep!" roared Blamey. "Sleep's just a bad habit. You want to get that habit out of your system."

Sir Thomas Blamey has been a soldier virtually all his life. But he is no professional. His career began as a country grade school teacher when, as a hobby, he drilled with the militia. For several turbulent years he was the Chief Commissioner of Police of Victoria, Australia. Then, in the last war, as deputy chief-of-staff under General John Monash, commander of the Australian Army Corps, Blamey distinguished himself by designing and writing the actual operational order for the Aussie attack which opened the final victorious Allied offensive in France in August of 1918. His order was subsequently given the accolade of republication in British army textbooks.

In September, 1939, Blamey was the first soldier to enlist in the Australian state of Victoria. This accomplishment gives him almost as much satisfaction as the fact that he is the first Australian soldier in the present war to achieve on the field the rank of full general.

Blamey is a disciplinarian and like all disciplinarians he has made enemies. But even his enemies give Blamey credit for great personal courage. When Aussie troops were ordered into Greece in the unsuccessful effort to stem the German advance, Blamey voluntarily elected to accompany his men.

In that hazardous campaign the

Aussies were given a thorough pasting by the Luftwaffe. After one sizzling dive bomber attack, a hard-bitten digger occupying a shallow slit trench could be heard growling, "I wish the bloody hell I was back in bloody GHQ with bloody Blamey and his bloody staff." To his amazement, a runner tumbled into the slit trench a few moments later with this message:

"General Blamey's compliments and he extends an invitation to join him in his trench if you should find your own uncomfortable."

The embarrassed digger took a cautious peek at his Commander-in-Chief, about 15 yards to the rear, and then quickly buried his embarrassment in the dust of Greece.

Old Tom was on deck.

Fact Parade

¶ Chickens lay blue eggs in parts of Chile—due to the copper in the soil which they consume in their peckings.

¶ Water buffalo must wallow in mud or water every day, or they will go berserk and die.

¶ The "guacharo" or "devil bird" in Trinidad is so fat that when one is killed, natives run a wick through it and convert it into a candle.

¶ A poisonous plant in the West Indies is so deadly that even water dripping from its leaves will burn and blister a person's skin.

¶ In China, a greatly prized gift of affection and love is a coffin.

¶ Filipino children are so regular in size and proportion that when a lad can touch his left ear with his right hand raised over his head, he has reached the age of seven.

¶ A decayed pineapple is deadly poisonous. —VALERIE V. ELLIS

¶ If all the earth were anthracite, it would be completely burned up in 23 hours to produce the heat given off by the sun in *one day*.

¶ There is not enough money or wealth in existence to pay for *one day* of sunlight at the ordinary rates for electricity.—W. F. SCHAPPHORST

¶ The Iranians have a novel and ancient way of catching ducks. Basic equipment is a large flashlight, a butterfly net, a dishpan and a club. The hunter plants himself in the reeds at night, turns on the flashlight, bangs on the dishpan with his club and scoops up the duck in the net when he flies down at the light. —*Pocket Guide to Iran*

¶ Lava can flow over a field of snow without melting all the snow beneath it. The lower surface cools rapidly and protects the snow from the terrific heat. —SUSAN B. ALLEN

The Prophetic Coachman



EDITORS' NOTE: *Lock the doors and draw the blinds! Bennett Cerf is about to unsettle your nerves again with another thrilling phantom yarn. This is the second in his series of weird tales for Coronet, one which you will do well to add to your own ghost story repertoire.*

WHEN AN INTELLIGENT, comely girl of twenty-odd summers was invited for the first time to the Carolina estate of some distant relatives, their lovely plantation fulfilled her fondest expectations. She was given a room in the west wing, and prepared to retire for the night in a glow of satisfaction. Her room was drenched with the light of a full moon.

Just as she was climbing into her bed, she was startled by the sound of horses' hooves on the gravel roadway. Curious, she walked to the window and saw, to her astonishment, a magnificent old coach pull up to an abrupt stop directly below her. The coachman jumped from his perch, looked up and pointed a long, bony finger at her. He was hideous. His face was chalk white. A deep scar ran the length of his left cheek. His nose was beaked. As he pointed at her, he droned in sepulchral tones, "There is room for one more!" Then, as she recoiled in terror, the coach, the horses and the ominous coachman disappeared completely.

The girl slept little, but the next day was able to convince herself that she had merely had a nightmare.

The next night, however, the horrible experience was repeated. The same coach drove up the roadway. The same coachman pointed to her and intoned, "There is room for one more!" Then, as before, the entire equipage disappeared.

The girl, now panic-stricken, could scarcely wait for morning. She trumped up some excuse to her hosts and left immediately for home.

Upon arrival, she taxied to her doctor from the station and told him her story in tremulous tones. The doctor persuaded her that she had been the victim of a peculiar hallucination, laughed at her terror and dismissed her in a state of infinite relief. As she rang for the elevator, its door swung open before her.

The elevator was very crowded, but she was about to squeeze her way inside—when a familiar voice rang in her ear. "There is room for one more!" it called. In terror she stared at the operator. He was the coachman who had pointed at her! She saw his chalk white face, the livid scar, the beaked nose! She drew back and screamed . . . the elevator door banged shut.

A moment later the building shook with a terrific crash. The elevator that had gone on without her broke loose from its cables and plunged 18 stories to the ground. Everybody in it, of course, was crushed to a pulp.

—BENNETT CERF

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Portfolio of Personalities

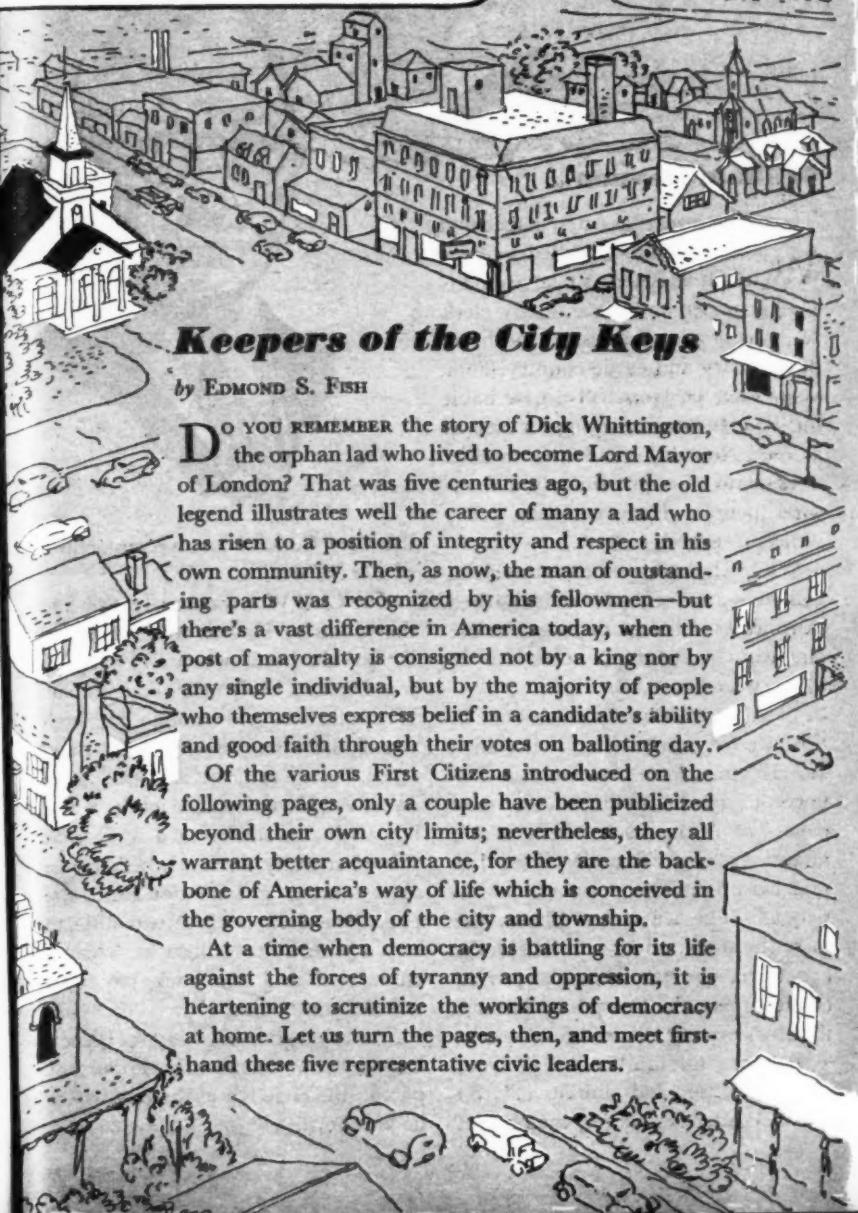
Keepers of the City Keys

by EDMOND S. FISH

DO YOU REMEMBER the story of Dick Whittington, the orphan lad who lived to become Lord Mayor of London? That was five centuries ago, but the old legend illustrates well the career of many a lad who has risen to a position of integrity and respect in his own community. Then, as now, the man of outstanding parts was recognized by his fellowmen—but there's a vast difference in America today, when the post of mayoralty is consigned not by a king nor by any single individual, but by the majority of people who themselves express belief in a candidate's ability and good faith through their votes on balloting day.

Of the various First Citizens introduced on the following pages, only a couple have been publicized beyond their own city limits; nevertheless, they all warrant better acquaintance, for they are the backbone of America's way of life which is conceived in the governing body of the city and township.

At a time when democracy is battling for its life against the forces of tyranny and oppression, it is heartening to scrutinize the workings of democracy at home. Let us turn the pages, then, and meet firsthand these five representative civic leaders.





William Heynen

Thirty-three years as a newspaperman were not enough to be called a career by William Heynen, so he sold his weekly paper and became city clerk of Tonganoxie, Kansas, in the heart of the dairy and cattle country. Four years later he launched a new habit for Tonganoxians—voting for him as Mayor. Now in his 25th year as chief magistrate of approximately a thousand people, Heynen seems fairly well entrenched.

White-haired, white-mustached, this wide-awake 76-year-old is garbed in robes as white as the togas of the old Roman senators, according to those who know him.

"There hasn't been a thing done in this city for nearly 50 years in which Bill Heynen hasn't played an important part. From the time he took over *The Mirror* as a youth of 18, almost every civic undertaking has had his unqualified support and assistance. The ice cream plants, the milk industry, the first telephone exchange, the state lake, the paving of the streets, the free public library, the city's present efficient government—these are all the result largely of his enterprise and initiative." So speaks Walter Neibarger, member of



the City Council and present editor of *The Mirror*.

The Civil War was barely over and the plains of Kansas were trampled by buffalo herds when Bill Heynen was born in 1867, near Tonganoxie. When he was old enough for high school, he attended classes in Lawrence, though it meant a 15-mile walk daily. At 15, he took a job as office boy with *The Mirror* at a wage that proved literally nominal, because he almost never got it—not until the paper was sold, and he was able to buy it with a few dollars he had accumulated and the back pay that was on the books.

From that time on, Mayor Heynen has played an increasingly important part in the civic life of the city where he was born.

W. W. Osmund Kelly

Unlike some chief magistrates whose major talent seems to be a nimbleness at climbing on the right bandwagon, W. W. Osmund Kelly achieved the mayoralty of Flint, Michigan (population: one hundred thousand) after getting off a bandwagon — his own.

A few years ago, "Ozz" was a dance band leader—and a good one—in the days before Harry James and Tommy Dorsey. It was in 1935 that he decided to give up music as a business to become manager of the Pioneer Building in Flint, and to organize the Flint Athletic Club, which he still manages.

Kelly and a close friend, Sany Calvo, had often sat in on gab sessions about local politics, and in 1940, when Kelly was out of town for several days, Calvo entered Kelly in the commission election. Although Kelly had no political ambitions, he decided to accept the nomination—and staged an aggressive campaign in which his dancing fans made a strong phalanx.

Although he is the youngest member of the commission, Kelly was elected mayor and soon formed the triumvirate of younger statesmen composed of himself, City Manager George T. Gundry and City Attorney Walter F. Krapohl.

Outstanding in his three years of service has been his leadership as chairman of the Flint Council of De-

fense in creating what is widely recognized as one of the finest Civilian Defense organizations in the country.

Ozz Kelly has fully justified the judgment of his contemporaries. Although a mayor is often only a name on a door under the city manager form of government which operates Flint affairs, he is competently holding down the chair of office.

Yes, Ozz Kelly takes seriously any job he has to do. His is an "exceptionally aggressive and popular administration," according to Dick Childs of the Flint Journal.



George J. Harter

When they counted the mayoral votes in Akron back in 1941, a quick reverberation ran through the state; the Ohio League of Municipalities promptly named George J. Harter for its third ranking office and adjourned the meeting. Such immediate state-wide recognition comes to few first-term mayors. In effect, the League waited only to make sure that Harter was mayor before slapping him into an office that had been held for him.

Only as incidental does it occur today to the voters of Akron that their 58-year old mayor is totally blind. While running for the City Hall job, he answered a whispering campaign by taking radio time and speaking in a ringing tone. "Yes, I'm totally blind," he declared. "But eyes or no eyes, I

know every detail of what this gang of wasters we've got here in the City Hall is up to."

With war blowing up the Rubber City's population from 250 thousand to 350 thousand, it has taken ability to manage city affairs. Harter is credited with cutting municipal costs, killing a tax rise, reorganizing the fire department, retiring five million dollars in bonds and building a city repair shop of paving blocks salvaged from streets when abandoned street car rails were torn up for scrap metal.

Most important today, Mayor Harter is praised for his sensible and tactful handling of labor matters, an activity for which he is especially well equipped, for he enjoys the confidence of both management and labor. Other equipment now in the service for Akron's leading citizen: an abundance of hope, practical sense, a keen memory, an alert and helpful wife, a long newspaper career in Akron and four terms in the Ohio Legislature.

Akron thinks his record is fine, and many people expect that, sooner or later, we'll all hear more about George J. Harter.





Alice D. Burke

Democracy is wide awake, on its toes and in there pitching, according to the 18 thousand citizens of Westfield, Massachusetts. The first time it could have been an accident, but when the voters returned ex-school teacher Alice D. Burke to City Hall for her second term as Mayor, it was ample proof of her popularity.

Plunging into politics after a career in the classroom was not difficult for Mayor Burke—because during the time that she was responsible for teaching the three R's to Westfield's youngsters, she made a daily habit of discussing local and national government affairs as regularly as some teachers hold Bible sessions.

Ten years ago in her last year before a class, she was elected to the School Board of Westfield, which disburses 33 per cent of the city's annual revenue. Here she gained a wealth of administrative experience, which she augmented by haunting sessions of the City Council.

After her election to the office in January, 1940, her administration's first major project was a large-scale highway and sidewalk construction

program. Seeing the need for air facilities, Mayor Burke pushed through extensive improvements at the municipal airport. Today, thanks to her, Westfield claims the finest civilian airport in the state.

But it's the tax picture that really speaks for the efficacy of Mayor Burke's administration. When she took office, the tax rate was 42 dollars per thousand; now it is 32 dollars per thousand, despite the fact that every city employe—except the mayor—has been upped in pay! The city debt has been halved, and there is a handsome reserve in the treasury.

No wonder the folks of Westfield have revised Horace Greeley's famous advice to young men. Now, it's "Go Westfield, young man, go Westfield!"



Elmo Smith

High aims and high ideals are trademarks of Elmo Smith, the flying Mayor of Ontario, Oregon. Two weeks out of every month, this 35-year-old executive lifts his municipal sights and climbs into an airplane to fly the mails from Boise to Pendleton over one of the most precarious air routes in the country.

For veteran airmail pilots flying twin-engined transports, the route was not too dangerous, but for a private pilot in a light-powered plane to fly over the rugged mountain peaks, it is a feat requiring both skill and courage. Locally, the trip is known as the "coffin mail run."

Smith, now serving his second term as Mayor, was born at Grand Junction, Colorado, one of seven children whose parents died when he was twelve. He was graduated from the

College of Idaho in 1932—and shortly afterwards he launched a newspaper for 50 dollars. Today his *Eastern Oregon Observer* is reputedly worth 25 thousand dollars.

Before Pearl Harbor, Smith became manager of the Ontario Airport, where student pilots are instructed. With more than five hundred hours in his logbook, he is squadron commander of the Civil Air Patrol.

Mayor Smith already is planning a novel post-war project—the exploration of the Owyhee River Canyon, which is so deep that many parts have never seen sunlight. The three-hundred foot Owyhee Dam, built in 1932, is one of the world's largest irrigation dams, watering some hundred thousand acres of fertile land. It holds back a lake 52 miles long, which contains enough water to irrigate the entire region for two years.

Barely out of his 20's when he was first elected Mayor, Elmo Smith has done a job that makes it clear that no matter how high he flies, he always has one foot on the ground.

What's in an education? Maturity, plus serious study of the great books of all time, is the antidote proposed by this educator for that feeling of "under-education"



What Every Schoolboy Doesn't Know

by MORTIMER J. ADLER

IT IS AN ANCIENT truth that what every schoolboy doesn't know is that he simply doesn't know very much—either when he enters kindergarten or when he graduates from college.

Why doesn't he? And what can he do about it in later life? These are basic questions for a people who wish not merely to govern themselves, but to govern themselves intelligently.

The day he leaves high school or college, the graduate feels a natural sense of achievement which deceives him. No one can tell him how much he has to learn. But five or ten years later, battered and confused, he has found it out for himself. For life undecieves him where the commencement orators failed.

There is, of course, some truth in the ancient insight that his very awareness of ignorance is the beginning of wisdom. But, remember, it is

just the beginning. From there on he has to do something about it. And to do it intelligently he must know something of causes and cures—why adults need education and what, if anything, they can do about it.

When he realizes how little he learned in school, the old grad usually assumes there was something wrong with the school he attended or with the way he spent his time there. And he sighs and says—"If only I could start all over again."

But the fact is, that the best possible graduate of the best possible school needs adult education every bit as badly as the worst.

In further fact, neither the schools nor the old grad is primarily responsible for his failure to get an education in his youth. It is typical of us adults to forget what being young was like. The man who generously blames himself or passes the buck to his teachers has

forgotten that the distractions of youth are insurmountable hurdles to the pursuit of learning. He is very wrong in supposing that those dear old golden school days were a time when he didn't have anything to do but study, or that youth is the ideal age for devotion to intellectual pursuits.

The truth, I have gradually learned as I have grown older, is quite the contrary. *Education is the business of adults.* It is a major vocation of men and women, not a minor avocation. Adult education is *not* a hobby or pastime, a fifth wheel on the cart of education, when it is considered as it should be—as the occupation, not of childhood, but of a whole life. By comparison, infantile and adolescent education are at best only beginnings, and at their best when they pretend to be nothing else. The full substance of education can be acquired only in adult life, when mature men and women, stable in character and serious in purpose, bring varied experience to the process of learning.

I say I have gradually learned this truth. I know now how feeble was my grip on the ideas I pretended to master the day I left college. No one could convince me then that I was too young really to understand a tenth of what I could glibly talk about. In fact, I couldn't have understood the very point I am making—that youth is an insurmountable obstacle to learning. I know this because one of the greatest teachers I had tried to make this point and I laughed at him.

In a vague way, I recognized what a hard-headed realist Aristotle was,

yet I wasn't impressed by the fact that in the opening chapters of his *Ethics* he says that there is no use in trying to teach moral truths to young men. They haven't borne the pains of making responsible judgments in all the crises of friendship, marriage and parenthood, of professional and artistic work; they haven't experienced the frustrations of vice and the rewards of virtue. And, in addition, they are so continually being swept off their feet by currents of coltish emotion that they cannot listen to reason. Being young, I couldn't grasp this truth, or any other, when I was in college.

WHAT THEN should our schools and colleges be doing if they cannot succeed in giving their charges a *complete* education? The answer is not an *incomplete* one. When I said before that even the best student at the best school could not achieve a complete education, I did not mean that schools could not succeed in any way.

They *can* succeed, but only if they set up a different yardstick of success from the one they now espouse.

Today they are dominated by the notion that education should serve the purpose of making a living, rather than of being able to *use* and *enjoy* the living that all of us must earn. Second, educators wrongly suppose that it is the business of schools to give young people the fruits of learning—when such fruits are entirely beyond the grasp of those who haven't yet the strength to climb the tree.

Let me explain.

There are two ways in which we

can view what goes on in school. One is to suppose that your child is getting there the knowledge which he is going to use in later life. This might be called the *growing burden* theory. It presents the picture of a little shaver with a big empty sack slung over his shoulders. He goes the rounds from classroom to classroom and in each class the teacher drops into the bag a little packet of learning, all neatly done up in tissue and ribbons. After a certain number of these units have accumulated in haphazard fashion, a principal stamps the bag "quarter-filled" and the student is graduated to another level of school, where he repeats the same process. This is his major struggle—an effort of memory, not understanding. The burden of learning he has acquired is strictly external, for he carries it in a bag, not in his soul transformed. Soon the graduate realizes how useless is the

bag for all its weight on his memory, and so he drops it in a dark corner after graduation, in order to free his mind for use upon problems which really engage it.

The other theory holds that what should go on in school, and seldom does, is the acquiring of the *skills* of learning. It realizes that children are by their very youth barred from the real possession of ideas, or to put it more truly, that the young lack the experience, stability and seriousness to be inwardly and deeply altered by the major insights which have enriched human understanding. Hence this view holds that it is not learning, but the *ability* to learn which the schools should try to transmit. We should train the young, they say, to climb the tree of learning in the hope that when maturity offers them the opportunity for learning itself they will be able to partake of the fruits on the upper branches.

But even if the schools did thus train the young in the basic skills of reading and listening, writing and speaking—for these are the skills of learning—the adult who was fortunate to leave school with a mind so disciplined would still have a long trail to travel before he became an educated man. If I'm right that only mature men and women can really understand all the books and subject-matters which college girls and boys play with, then it must also be true that every adult who wants to become educated must work in the fields where, as a youth, he played.

If the schools were doing their part

January is a publishing month for Mortimer J. Adler, professor at large at the University of Chicago, and author of "How to Read a Book." His second "how-to" publication makes its appearance this month as a Simon and Schuster offering. Name is "How to Talk About the War and Peace." How to get a liberal education has been the joint concern of Mr. Adler and his intellectual partner at the U of C, President Robert M. Hutchins, for some time. They believe it's to be found in the study of the Great Books of all time—from Aristotle right down through Freud. Lest you think it's a lovely but impractical theory, know that the team of H and A has long been conducting seminars in the Great Books—students, adult groups in the Chicago area, and currently for some of the Windy City's top-flight business men.

and adults theirs, all would be well. The schools, however, do not do their part because they are trying to do almost everything else. Either they follow the "growing burden" scheme and filling the child's mind with a jumble of miscellaneous information; or, if they are progressive schools, suppose that children can be inoculated with maturity by imitating, through the project method, the experiences of life as it is lived outside the classroom. In either case, the schools pay attention to almost everything except the discipline of the mind itself. As if anything could make a child old except years! As if short of age human problems can be genuinely understood!

Most adults do not do their part because they sheepishly suppose that an education is something they should have acquired somehow in school. If they didn't get it there, it is a field now "Too late, too late, to enter," as the sinner who tried to enter Paradise was told. The man who can realize that mature life is the time to get that education no young person could ever obtain is at last on the highroad to learning. It isn't a royal road. It is steep and rocky, but it is the highroad, open to anyone who has skill in learning and the goal of learning in view—understanding the nature of things and man's place in the total scheme.

When an adult's responsibility for his own education is conceived in this way, it has little to do with all the programs of "adult education" which are offered as spare-time fillers for whoever has the time to spare from business and pleasure. For the most

part, the adult education courses—the lectures and forums, the dancing and modeling classes—which abound in every American community and are now being adapted for broadcasting, are as ineffective for adults as schools are for children. They suppose that adults can learn even if they have no skill in learning. They suppose that the invitation to learning, as to the dance, must be accomplished with guile, seductively, and that it can take place without pain or effort. But worst of all, they suppose that adults have already been well educated in school and that adult education should consist in giving them the trimmings or hobbies or vocational assistance. Such programs leave men and women precisely where they were—uneducated.

WHAT DO I propose in place of this? First, the adult who, because of bad or insufficient schooling, lacks the discipline of learning, must acquire these for himself. He acquires them the way every schoolboy does—by submitting to himself and answering the question "Why?" in respect to everything he confronts. Second, having the skills, the adult must pursue for the rest of his life the studies which for centuries have been regarded as the content of liberal education.

By this I mean history, science, philosophy, the humane letters—and all the great books which comprise the tradition of common culture in these fields. If they are worth studying in school, as a condition of gaining the skill and discipline of the mind, they are certainly worth studying later in

life, not only to increase that skill, but for the sake of transforming oneself, slowly, painfully, but rewardingly, into a truly educated person.

An educated person is, after all, one who through the travail of his own life has assimilated the ideas which make him representative of his culture, which make him a bearer of its traditions and enable him to contribute to its improvement.

The plan, I say, is simple. Its successful execution is something else. It is childish to think that getting an education in adult life should be just as easy as going to college, for whoever thinks this is saying that he wants forever to remain a child. By taking thought alone we can't add an inch to our stature, nor can all the teachers and schools in the world make a young

man wise. But if we are willing to use our minds, after the years have enlarged our capacity to grow, then perhaps the cubits can be added by which we take on spiritual weight.

When I was very young I read a poem—you read it, too, when you were young—the first three lines of which seemed silly. They seemed worse than silly; they seemed to be a delusion concocted for the purpose of convincing the aged and old that life was still worth living. I know now why—being young—I could not understand what the poet meant. The poet was Robert Browning, the poem the immortal *Rabbi Ben Ezra*, and the first three lines:

*Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was
made.*

A Risky Business

LIUTENANT OAKES HAYDEN, post insurance officer at Camp Blanding, Florida, had a stroke of genius. With a clerk and typewriter, he set up office at the finish line of the "infiltration course." His little establishment was the first sight to greet the eyes of trainees who had just crawled through barbed wire and dived in trenches and shell holes as mines exploded or bullets whined overhead in simulated battle conditions. As one engineer unit staggered out, they all lined up before the enterprising lieutenant and, without a word of high-pressure sales talk, took out almost 100 million dollars' worth of government insurance.

—JOHN NEWTON BAKER

A MAN BOUGHT several hundred very expensive cigars and had them insured against fire. After he had smoked them all, he put in a claim that they were destroyed by fire. The insurance company refused to pay and the man sued. The judge decided that as the company agreed to insure the cigars against fire and had given the man a policy it was financially responsible.

As soon as the man accepted the money, the insurance company had him arrested on charge of arson. —KELCEY ALLEN IN *Variety*

The Pepper Pot



Do You Remember . . . When people still baked their own bread?

It takes time, for sure, but you will discover that it is one of the most satisfying rituals that humans ever evolved for themselves. Here is the best white bread recipe I know:

1 quart milk
1/4 cup sugar
4 teaspoons salt
2 tablespoons shortening
1 cake compressed yeast or a package dry granular yeast
1/4 cup lukewarm water
12 cups sifted all-purpose flour

Scald the milk, add sugar, salt and shortening, and let stand until lukewarm. Soften yeast in the tepid water, and add. Add flour slowly, mixing well. When stiff enough to be kneaded, turn dough onto floured tabletop, and knead until satiny. Shape into smooth ball, place in lightly greased bowl and cover with heavy cloth or lid. Let rise overnight in warm place. Punch with your fist, fold the edges into the hole, turn the ball smooth side up, and let rise again until it holds impression of your finger. Punch again, and divide with a sharp knife into four even parts, which you form lightly into balls and let stand for 15 minutes. Then roll, stretch, and fold into loaves, with last seam on the bottom and fit into greased pans. Brush tops with melted fat and let rise until double in size. Bake in a moderate oven (400 to 425)

for about 45 minutes and put on racks when golden.

It sounds like a long process, but once you have known its hypnotic consolation, and then have smelled and tasted its results, you will never again find any but a perfunctory pleasure in "boughten" bread. You will understand why, in older simpler countries, men still apologize to the family loaf if by accident they drop it from the table.

Elizabethan for Sandwich . . .

About the time Ben Jonson was drinking his fill and then some at the Mermaid Tavern, bread in England was made in only two styles. There were half-pound loaves, each marked with a cross, called Cheats for the peasants, Raveled Cheats for the shopkeepers, and Manchets for the gentry. And then for soldiers and people in institutions there were trencher-loaves, round flat ones that were cut in two and used as plates. Of course they were eaten after they'd served their purpose . . . and very good they must have been, all rich and succulent with juices. I'd have chosen them, not Cheats or Manchets...

Meal of the Month . . . After a Gargantuan feast, Rabelais wrote: *Vinegar brought up the Reer to wash the Mouth, and for fear of the Squinsky. Also Toasts to scower the Grinders.*

After Christmas and the New Year

—which even with ration cards and wartime prudence will probably leave at least a shadow of furred tongues, bilious tempers, and nightmares—simplicity soothes best. Plain living and high thinking, or just plain living—doubly tempting for a few days.

Here is a meal so plain, so simple, that it would be frightening or foolish served formally from butlered silver. It needs warmth, intimacy—a kitchen, or a small room with a stove in it.

For four people, put a half-pound of butter on a plate, and two or three bunches of watercress washed and dried and piled in a bowl. There should be a pepper mill, salt and a big pitcher of milk . . . and plenty of small Irish potatoes, boiled in their jackets until done, then drained well and shaken in the pan with a little bacon fat and chopped herbs.

That is all . . . no bread, no dessert, no other flavors to cut the quiet balm. Time to eat peacefully, warmth to sit comfortably, companionship . . . and a hot potato with plenty of butter and seasoning on it, and a glass of cool milk to float it down, will cheer your jangled stomach like manna.

One Man's Medicine . . . "Captain, Captain, stop the ship! I wanna get out an' walk!"

The 1890's song is funny, but seasickness, even in retrospect, is not. And some of the cures for it are almost as ghastly. I know one woman who told me, the first time I was going to sea, that if I would let a good-sized nugget of vaseline dissolve under my tongue every morning when

I first woke, I wouldn't mind the motion at all. She was probably right; I'd have been either dead or in a merciful semi-coma . . .

Lots of people believe firmly, and with some medical backing, that a little oil in the ears prevents seasickness. It's supposed to stabilize whatever it is that keeps you from falling flat on your face.

An equal number of people believe, however, that the sooner you fall flat on your face the better. They head like homing pigeons for the bar.

Stewards have told me that the reason passengers were fed so often and so much, in the days when people went abroad for fun, is that the busier a stomach is, the less desire it has to flop around. Certainly the steamship lines did their best, what with breakfast, soup, lunch, tea, dinner and the inevitable midnight buffet for the queasy passengers to nibble on.

My private remedy I learned from a man who had discovered, even as I, that the longer he traveled the worse sailor he was; we both found that a moderate amount of good alcohol and occasional chicken sandwiches turned the trick.

The alcohol must be one kind . . . Scotch in his case, dry champagne in mine. The sandwiches must be thin, of white unbuttered bread, with white chicken meat in them and *plenty* of cayenne pepper.

It's all huggermugger, of course, but what difference does that make? A cure for seasickness is worth any witch doctor's fee . . . as long as you believe in it. —M.F.K. FISHER

*Dust the dusty rafters, comb the musty
cubby-holes, unearth the hidden
riches which are yours . . . all yours*



Is There a Treasure in Your Attic?

by SIGMUND SAMETH

IF YOU ARE LIVING in the house where grandmother was born or if you acquired your home from previous owners who lived there for three generations or more, chances are better than average that there is treasure mouldering in your cellar or hidden behind the eaves.

Wait, though. Don't vault out of your easy chair just yet. Only *some* undiscovered antiques are collector's items and the "some" in this case represents less than one per cent. The remaining 99 per cent, according to experts, really is virtually worthless junk. Age doesn't make an antique precious unless it is combined with rarity. And even rarity counts for little unless there is an active collector's demand.

Just exactly what is antique? When does something stop being merely old fashioned and become a potential museum exhibit? Our lawmakers drew

the line at 1830. Thus everything Victorian or pertaining to the Ulysses S. Grant era is ruled out. So is anything stamped "Made in England," "Made in France" or "Made in Austria." The law which says country of origin must be marked on imported goods wasn't passed until 1891. Many of our most cherished "antiques" therefore are antiques by courtesy.

Antique furniture values are often unpredictable. Take the mahogany wig stand which a New York dealer once displayed for months in his showroom. Back in the 1750s the original owner paid an honest cabinet-maker about 30 dollars to fashion it. The dealer would have been glad to realize half that sum. However, at a well publicized dispersal sale, when a similar wig stand was put up for bidding, the final price bid for it was 1,650 dollars!

"Practical" antiques like chairs or

cabinet pieces have more stable values. Authenticated pieces by the three English masters, Chippendale, Sheraton and Hepplewhite, do exist but these names generally refer only to *styles* copied by a host of clever contemporary imitators. A straight chair in any of these styles will bring from one hundred dollars to a thousand dollars. One was found in a suburb of Baltimore smeared over with dark brown paint and holding up a feed sack in a chicken coop.

If you discover a block front secretary with a label reading "John Goddard" or "Job Townsend" pasted underneath a drawer or inside a secret compartment, or a graceful sofa with "lyre ends" together with Duncan Phyfe's hand-written bill of sale for same, you can name your own price—and you'll get it. But don't start crowing over allegedly Federal American furniture unless it is made of fine cabinet wood exquisitely joined. Redwood looks like mahogany but can be dented with the fingernail and has a more open grain. Anything made of redwood dates from 1861.

OLD CLOCKS, TOO, merit investigation. Everyone knows that a massive grandfather's clock may be worth hundreds of dollars but fewer folks realize that "grandmother's" clocks of half the size bring several times as much. The rarest clocks in America are those made by Simon Willard of Roxbury, Massachusetts, patented in 1802. They are the type which we designate today as the "banjo clock." Simon's brother, Aaron, and Simon Jr. also

made banjo clocks which now are prized highly.

American glassware is another collecting field which yields treasures, and quite a few of even the earliest varieties have survived. Even broken or rejected pieces plowed up in fields or dredged from old canal locks are worth money. A rare Stiegel covered jar, crusted with a century of soot, was found in a niche made by a dislodged brick in a smokehouse.

Of the early American glass, that made by Caspar Wistar and his son in South Jersey in pre-Revolutionary times is the most prized.

To tell hand-blown glass from the machine product you must look for the pontil mark—a roughened spot at the base where the workman supported it during final shaping. Some rare pieces, however, including the famous Sandwich glass, were pressed in molds and have no pontil mark. Close examination will show mold irregularities and a bell-like ring which contemporary glass lacks. Single pieces often bring two or three hundred dollars.

Tiny three-inch glass cup plates comprise an exciting byway for attic treasure hunters. In a less genteel age they were used to hold the cup while grandfather used the saucer for sipping his hot tea or coffee. More than 600 designs exist. A scarce one is the "Robert Fulton Steamboat" in a *circular*, not oval, vignette. It is surpassed in rarity only by the *octagonal* "General Washington" in which the profile faces left and is encircled by laurel wreaths. Both of these sold for 10

cents less than a hundred years ago. In good condition either brings one hundred dollars *and up* today. A woman in Ohio sent her son to college —on cup plates.

Money also comes in bottles if you can find the rare ones. These are "mold blown" by a process which has been out of use for decades. A green pint bottle in the shape of a house, lettered "E. C. Booz's Old Cabin Whiskey," is worth 300 dollars. So great is the demand for "Booz bottles" that ingenious fakes are circulating. Genuine ones have no period after the word "whiskey," a fact which is familiar to the experts. Another rare bottle reads "Success to the Railroad." There are thousands of others of varying rarity.

Pewter has come to light after hiding in dark corners for a century or more. The earliest American pieces are worth a great deal. Being made of a soft alloy they were quickly disfigured by household use and were generally remelted and cast anew by later pewterers. Pieces which escaped the melting pot are highly valued.

Standard books of reference list pewter touch marks according to the pewterers who used them. A lamb and a dove, for instance, was the mark of William Will who worked in Philadelphia during the Revolution. No other worker was capable of Will's exquisite design and his work is rare, less than three dozen pieces having come to light.

Keep an eye cocked for crockery with printed decorations, too. You don't need to be an expert to recog-

nize the coveted ware known as "Historical Blue" which was made in Staffordshire, England, for export to America prior to 1850. Pieces decorated with views of American cities, universities, public buildings and scenic wonders are sought eagerly by Staffordshire fans.

Other collectable items are: old bells and branding irons, shaving mugs, moustache cups, whale oil lamps, theatre posters, trivets, Civil War period carpenters' tools, cast iron lawn ornaments and souvenir spoons. How about a quadricycle, the four-wheeled ancestor to the bicycle? Do you own one? For a certain model, a Vermont hobbyist will pay the price of a new automobile. In fact he's so eager to buy that he'll send you the shipping charges just to examine it. Mechanical penny banks which once sold for less than a dollar bring as much as 400 dollars. Dolls, too, are popular. Most desirable are certain ones which have china heads, but Colonial dolls carved of wood or made of wax or composition bring high prices too.

Or buttons. A set of 12 sold for 180 dollars at the famous Parke-Bernet Galleries in New York. The 1½-inch "William Tell" is worth 26 dollars and 50 cents. A lady found three of them on a Gibson Girl blouse in a trunk full of rags. "Skating in Central Park" is worth 22 dollars and 50 cents. "Cat and Mirror" is worth 10 dollars, as is "St. Bernard Dog." If your button box yields no classics how about old weathervanes, guns, stamps, coins, prints, books or

autographs? Even old bits of fabric or wallpaper are sought.

Among short firearms the collector's prize is the Hall pistol of 1817, which bears no markings save a "35" on the breech. Other Hall pistols carry the maker's name and are worth from three to five hundred dollars. The 1847 Army Colt is another rarity in the thousand-dollar class. Its cylinder is engraved with a scene of soldiers fighting Indians. The date appears on the barrel.

Among shoulder arms the Pennsylvania flintlocks, later called "Kentucky rifles," bring from five hundred to a thousand dollars according to workmanship and condition.

NO ATTIC is complete without a bundle of old letters—and those written between 1845 and 1847 are especially valuable. Uniform mailing rates were announced in 1845 but it wasn't until three years later that Congress authorized postage stamps. Until then the local postmasters were free to print their own and these were used on letters mailed in *Alexandria, Va.*; *Annapolis, Md.*; *Baltimore, Md.*; *Boscawen, N.H.*; *Brattleboro, Vt.*; *Lockport, N.Y.*; *Millbury, Mass.*; *New Haven, Conn.*; *New York, N.Y.*; *Providence, R.I.*; *St. Louis, Mo.*; and *Tuscumbia, Ala.* Specimens from cities italicized are particularly scarce and worth upwards of five thousand dollars each. *Never remove old stamps from their envelopes.*

Old U.S. coins are always worth more than face value if they are in fine condition. Large pennies dated

1804 are worth 60 dollars. Between five and fifteen dollars is paid for Indian head pennies of 1864 (L on ribbon), 1872, 1877, 1907 (S mint mark underneath date); Liberty head nickels of 1912 (D or S mint mark under the dot at left of "Cents"); Buffalo nickels of 1926 or 1927 (S mint mark under "Five Cents"). Half dollars dated 1796 or silver dollars dated 1838 are worth from two to three hundred dollars. A five-dollar gold piece of 1798 with small eagle on obverse brings 2,500 dollars and the one issued in 1829 with *small* date numerals fetches a thousand dollars. The 1863 2.50-dollar gold piece of which only 30 were minted is worth 1,200 dollars.

Autographs are worth from 50 cents upward. A name on a state document is worth more than the same name on a hasty message. An exception is Button Gwinnett, one of the 56 signers of the Declaration of Independence. His autograph is the rarest of all and once brought 28,500 dollars at an auction. Any "history book" name is worth a hundred dollars or more.

The value of a print depends on prosaic details such as the width of the margins. Many of the 8,600 Currier and Ives titles even in good condition are so common as to be virtually worthless. An excited farm woman came all the way from Nebraska to New York to show a dealer four Currier and Ives prints which turned out to be worth less than two dollars. A favorite place for discovering prints is behind gaudy chromos of lesser value in discarded

picture frames. They were so common at one time that picture framers used them as padding!

In the rare book field literary merit is no index of collector's value. Many of the paper jacketed thrillers from Beadle's Dime Library are worth 50 dollars today. "Tamerlane," Poe's poorest work, sold for 11,600 dollars in the original edition. Among significant American books Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" (Brooklyn, 1855) is highly sought after, as is Melville's "Moby Dick" (New York, 1851). Either would bring between 750 dollars and a thousand dollars today. Cooper's two-volume "Last of

the Mohicans" (Philadelphia, 1826) is another rarity worth between five hundred dollars and three thousand dollars depending on condition.

Don't guess about the values of old books. Leave it to an expert. Some of the most prized items are unimpressive pamphlets. In a stack of second-hand books which a dealer bought for a trifle was found a Poe first edition which later brought 15,000 dollars.

Perhaps your attic has been overflowing for years. If so the Gods of the Old and the Odd smile down upon you. Under your roof, inch deep in dust, may be money . . . big money.

Collectors' Luck

<i>Autographs</i> :	Button Gwinnett	\$15,000
<i>Bottles</i> :	E. C. Booz's Old Cabin Whiskey (green glass)	\$300
<i>Buttons</i> :	"William Tell Shooting the Apple" (1½" size)	\$26.50
<i>Ceramics</i> :	Staffordshire, historical blue, "View of Weehawken"	\$1,200
<i>Clocks</i> :	Simon Willard shelf clock, "The Lighthouse"	\$1,600
<i>Coins</i> :	Gold piece, \$5, 1798, with small Eagle	\$2,500
<i>Cup Plates</i> :	"Fulton's Steamboat" in circular vignette	\$100
<i>Dolls</i> :	Colonial wooden carved doll with clothes	\$300
<i>Fabrics</i> :	Chintz with patriotic scenes printed in Jouy, France	\$200
<i>Firearms</i> :	1817 Hall breechloading Cal. 50 flintlock pistol	\$1,100
<i>Furniture</i> :	Duncan Phyfe, authenticated, "Lyre End" sofa	\$4,000
<i>Glass</i> :	Wistarburg jug, decorated	\$1,500
<i>Mechanical Banks</i> :	"Hunter and Bird"	\$200
<i>Pewter</i> :	William Will, tankard, "T.C." touch mark	\$1,400
<i>Prints</i> :	<i>Home to Thanksgiving</i> , Currier and Ives, large folio	\$800
<i>Rare Books</i> :	Poe's <i>Murders in The Rue Morgue</i> (Philadelphia: Wm. Graham, 1843)	\$15,000
<i>Stamps</i> :	Millbury, Mass., Postmaster's provisional issue, 1846	\$12,000
<i>Wallpaper</i> :	Sectional, 18th Cent. American, per piece	\$10
<i>Weathervanes</i> :	Shem Drowne, maker. Authenticated	\$400

The Mechanics of Man

by ARTHUR H. STEINHAUS



NEXT TIME YOU collect your stamp's worth of gas, ask the filling station attendant to fill 'er up instead with a little iron, copper, manganese, rubber, iridium, body paint and oil.

It will give him something of a shock, but just explain that you're trying to make your flivver operate as self-sufficiently as you yourself have since birth.

Suppose the attendant threw into the fuel hopper an assortment of baby carriages, wagon wheels and wrecked cars of many makes, with full confidence that the baby-car rubber would renew your tires; that the iron, copper, steel and brass of old machines would be salvaged, distributed, and rebuilt into engine parts; that all burnable materials would be collected in fuel reservoirs and a little set aside for next year. All this happening, along with continuous service to spark-plugs, radiators, valve seatings, carburetor, battery, fenders, and a paint job for three score years and ten—without once stopping the motor.

Yet that's just a sample of the service the human engine gets. The oranges, oysters, salt, beef, potatoes, milk, eggs, cabbages and borscht with which you fill your human hopper at breakfast, lunch and dinner, are the wrecked bodies of plants and animals. Digestion dissembles them into the hundred or so basic "parts" of which the bodies of all

plants and animals are constituted. These "parts" are then absorbed through the intestinal wall into the blood stream, to be offered as fuel and replacements to 27 million body cells that make up muscle, lung, glands, bone, skin and brain. Each cell is a complete factory that exchanges its products and waste for supplies of food and oxygen delivered by the blood. The heart pumps five quarts of blood round and round through your approximately hundred-thousand mile network of blood vessels, and provides delivery service and "refuse" removal to every cell-door in about four thousand complete round-trip services per day.

Each second, several million red blood corpuscles are made in, and liberated from the red bone marrow, permitting replacement of all red blood cells once every three weeks. The 30 thousand million white cells are replaced every four days, which, you must admit, is also extremely good service.

The body handily and foresightedly carries many spare parts. You could get along very well minus one lung, two-thirds of each kidney, nine-tenths of the adrenal gland, four-fifths of the thyroid, two of the four parathyroids and three-fourths of the liver.

A thermostat sunk in the floor of the brain keeps your body temperature on an even keel to within a

degree, even though outside temperatures may range from below zero to over a hundred in the shade.

A pressostat located in a neck artery keeps the blood pressure constant, no matter how the body position changes from moment to moment. A boxing blow that hits this pressostat on the side of the neck, can stop the heart long enough to cause fainting.

Many factors keep vigilant watch to see that the acid-base balance of the blood is kept constant. For an increase or decrease in blood acidity of just one part in 10 million parts is a change that can kill.

This 20th century human machine is the climax model of a billion-year production history. Endless varieties first were produced and tested for wear and practicability. Always the best were permitted to survive and reproduce their kind.

About a million years ago near what is now Peiping, China, a man appeared who had a brain larger than any man before him. It weighed a little over two pounds and soon proved its worth, for it gave man a new cunning, better memory, the capacity for speech, the ability to control fire and use tools. Nature then went on to experiment with bigger and better brains. Today's models, which weigh over three pounds, have perfected cunning into world-wide trickery, speech into lies and deception, fire into well-planned destruction and have used tools to disseminate these evils on a planetary scale with unheard-of speed and accuracy.

This highly-gadgeted model is still

being tested and the outcome of that testing is still dubious.

Will a mind equipped with a memory that is capable of accumulating the play-by-play tensions of a life-time struggle crack under its burden? Or will it find ways to protect itself in the midst of turmoil and frustration before the 10 per cent trek to mental hospitals becomes a mass movement and nervous indigestion, a universal ill.

The ways in which wars kill men are only too well understood. But worries destroy from within with infinitely more subtle weapons. The brain is "wired" to every body part. Beridden with strong emotion, it discharges tension into muscles, paralysis into stomach and intestine, mounting blood pressure into heart and arteries, constriction into the blood supplies of skin and viscera, and general upset into delicate physico-chemical equilibria. The result of this can be a superior fighting machine, like the she-bear, poised to protect her cubs. Or in modern man, this emergency mechanism unnecessarily prolonged by memory, too often miscarries into apoplexy, ulcer, indigestion, emaciation, or a nervous dermatitis. In final desperation the mind may go on a "sit-down" strike, leaving another derelict wreck to be towed in for repairs or dead storage.

This most wonderful of creations—the human machine—is ours by inheritance, a treasure handed down through the ages. Whether we use it wisely or wreck it is the test of our contemporary period.

ame Book Section:

On the Quiz Beam

Here we are again . . . off on the testing tangent. Drag out a pencil, take a deep breath . . . Ready? . . . Let's play games!

"I SAW IT WITH MY OWN EYES" . . .	102
TO LIVE IS TO LEARN	103
HIDDEN SENTENCES	105
IT'S THE AGE THAT COUNTS	106
ANSWERS	120





"I Saw It with My Own Eyes"

HOW KEEN IS YOUR VISUAL PERCEPTION? Do you actually know how observing you are? Study the photograph above for one full minute; then turn to page 105 and see how many of the questions there, all based on this picture, you can answer correctly. When you have finished, turn back to this page to check yourself. With a score of seven or more correct answers you're doing well.

To Live Is To Learn



THREE'S SOMETHING here to please everybody, from the gourmet to the athlete, from a Don Juan to a psychiatrist, from a historian to the ubiquitous word worm. The idea is to match. Score two points for each correct answer. Over 60 is fair, over 80 very good, and if you score over 90, maybe you have more than a usual dose of one of the last group. Answers on page 120.

A. MAN MUST EAT. *The first column lists 10 soups. In front of each one of these write the letter of the country, listed in the second column, where the soup originated.*

1	borsch	a. Holland
2	minestrone	b. France
3	erwtensoep	c. West Indies
4	puchero	d. Norway
5	clam chowder	e. Russia
6	pot-au-feu	f. Scotland
7	cock-a-leekie	g. Spain
8	bird's nest	h. Italy
9	pepper pot	i. The United States
10	trondhjemer	j. China

B. AND MAN MUST WORK. *The first column lists 10 adjectives applicable to certain vocations or pursuits. In front of each put the letter of the noun from the second column which best suits.*

1	sartorial	a. coin
2	piscatorial	b. bird
3	pedagogical	c. cloth
4	histrionical	d. fish
5	numismatical	e. make-up
6	philatelic	f. stamp
7	tonsorial	g. blackboard
8	gubernatorial	h. ink
9	ornithological	i. whisker
10	typographical	j. vote

C. AND MAN MUST PLAY. Place the letter of the object listed in the second column in front of the corresponding sport.

1	billiards	a. stone
2	baseball	b. quirt
3	hockey	c. spike
4	bowling	d. bail
5	cricket	e. skeet
6	football	f. plug
7	shooting	g. chalk
8	fishing	h. pin
9	riding	i. helmet
10	curling	j. puck

D. AND MAN MUST LOVE. Match the pairs of lovers—famous or infamous—by using the second column letters as before.

1	Antony	a. Josephine
2	Pyramus	b. Paris
3	Abélard	c. Eurydice
4	Henry	d. Thisbe
5	Orpheus	e. Leicester
6	Helen	f. Héloïse
7	Elizabeth	g. Cleopatra
8	Venus	h. Mars
9	Napoleon	i. Boleyn
10	Mary (Stuart)	j. Bothwell

E. AND MAN MUST HAVE PHOBIAS. Undoubtedly you have had a tinge of one of these. Match them as before and fear not.

1	hydrophobia	a. confined places
2	acrophobia	b. darkness
3	xenophobia	c. buried alive
4	necrophobia	d. water
5	nyctophobia	e. strangers
6	claustrophobia	f. pain
7	hematophobia	g. dirt
8	algophobia	h. blood
9	taphophobia	i. high places
10	mysophobia	j. the dead

Questions for "I Saw It with My Own Eyes"

(Do not read these questions until you have finished studying the photograph on page 102.)

1. *The monument is dedicated to:*
 - a. The Spanish-American War
 - b. The Civil War
 - c. The Mexican War
2. *The soldier's right hand:*
 - a. is waving a flag
 - b. has drawn a saber
 - c. is across his breast
3. *The soldier's left hand:*
 - a. is raised in supplication
 - b. is resting on the horse
 - c. is holding the reins
4. *His coat is:*
 - a. partly unbuttoned
 - b. completely unbuttoned
 - c. completely buttoned
5. *The soldier's hat is:*
 - a. upon his head
 - b. upon the ground
 - c. he has no hat
6. *The soldier is wearing:*
 - a. high, laced boots
 - b. high, buckled boots
 - c. low, buckled boots
7. *On his hands he wears:*
 - a. gauntlets
 - b. rings
 - c. his hands are bare
8. *The horse in the picture:*
 - a. has two legs raised high
 - b. has one leg raised high
 - c. has no legs raised high
9. *In the background:*
 - a. is a stormy sky
 - b. are clouds in a clear sky
 - c. is a low building
10. *The soldier in the picture:*
 - a. is bald
 - b. has short, cropped hair
 - c. has long hair

Hidden Sentences

DRAW A CONTINUOUS pencil line from letter to letter, going to the left or right or up or down, but never diagonally, so as to run your pencil through each square in the proper sequence to make a sentence. It is up to you to decide when to turn up, down, right or left. See that you cross out every letter and run your pencil through it once and once only. Answers on page 120.

O	N	O	N	O
O	S	D	G	T
O	O	O		
T	O	F	F	O
T	O	O	F	N

a.

O	T	I	L	B
T	S	S	I	S
H	I		S	S
M	S	H	I	I
I	S	S	S	K

b.

It's the Age That Counts



HOW ARE YOU at guessing ages? Do you tend to underestimate? Do you tend (and this is sad) to overestimate? Some people are wonderfully adept at guessing ages; others find it very difficult. Here is an opportunity to test your own skill. You are asked to guess the ages of the 50 individuals listed below. In each case you are given three choices, one of which is correct. Every correct answer counts two points. A score of 64 or more is fair; 72 or better is good, and anything over 80 is excellent. Answers may be found on page 120.

1. Bobby Jones—30, 34, 41
2. Thomas Mann—57, 68, 77
3. Charles Dana Gibson—76, 93, 97
4. Shirley Temple—13, 15, 17
5. Henry Wallace—55, 62, 66
6. Helen Wills—30, 37, 45
7. General Eisenhower—53, 61, 66
8. Fred Astaire—35, 44, 56
9. Fiorello La Guardia—46, 61, 68
10. Orson Welles—21, 28, 34
11. Wm. Randolph Hearst—63, 71, 80
12. Patty Berg—18, 25, 32
13. Dame May Whitty—60, 78, 81
14. Ernie Pyle—43, 57, 66
15. Fritz Kreisler—56, 68, 75
16. Eleanor Roosevelt—44, 49, 59
17. Rudy Vallee—30, 36, 42
18. Greta Garbo—31, 38, 43
19. Bernard Baruch—59, 64, 73
20. Gene Tunney—39, 45, 52
21. Helen Keller—50, 58, 63
22. Wendell L. Willkie—41, 51, 59
23. Jack Benny—36, 49, 56
24. Walter Pitkin—40, 65, 70
25. Bernarr Macfadden—57, 64, 75
26. Robert Hutchins—36, 44, 61
27. Clare Boothe Luce—31, 40, 47
28. Douglas MacArthur—49, 52, 64
29. Edgar Bergen—34, 40, 51
30. Helen Hayes—29, 33, 43
31. Irving Berlin—39, 55, 62
32. Mickey Mouse—8, 15, 28
33. Joan Crawford—29, 35, 43
34. Ernest Hemingway—45, 51, 58
35. Frances Perkins—45, 51, 61
36. Harold L. Ickes—49, 69, 75
37. Dorothy Thompson—42, 50, 60
38. William Powell—36, 41, 51
39. Herbert Hoover—54, 69, 73
40. Man O' War—8, 16, 26
41. Loretta Young—26, 31, 41
42. Charlie Chaplin—54, 63, 68
43. Duchess of Windsor—37, 46, 55
44. Harry Hopkins—53, 60, 64
45. Ernest J. King—56, 65, 70
46. Pearl Buck—51, 60, 67
47. J. Edgar Hoover—49, 58, 63
48. W. C. Fields—49, 64, 72
49. Doug Fairbanks, Jr.—35, 41, 48
50. Albert Einstein—53, 59, 64



HAROLD M. LAMBERT

January 1944						
SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31

In the Swim



PAGANO FROM FPC

Finish Line

February 1944						
SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
			1	2	3	4
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29



T/SGT. L. H. BEST FROM FPG

March 1944

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	..

**Pride of
Possession**



STEPHEN DEUTCH

**Daddy's Gone
A-Huntin'**

<i>April 1944</i>						
SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
1						
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30



JOHN RANDOLPH FROM NANCY HULL

May 1944

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
1	2	3	4	5	6	
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31

Gingham Girl



PRESTON DUNCAN

**Apprentice
Seaman**

June 1944						
SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	..



JUNE FAUBELL

July 1944

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
					1	
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31

Sun and Straw



JOHN MEREDITH FROM FPG

Matinee Idol

August 1944

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31



LESLIE BUCK FROM BLACK STAR

September 1944

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

**Waiting at
the Gate**



GIGLI-LAUMAILLET FROM SHOSTAL

Dude Farmer

October 1944						
SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31



PAT TERRY FROM FPG

November 1944

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30

End of Fall



PRESTON DUNCAN

Trailblazer

December 1944						
SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31

Adventures at the Zoo



THE HEAD KEEPER of the Reptile House in New York's great Bronx Zoo was not an excitable man. But they say he spluttered his words that morning he rang up Dr. Raymond L. Ditmars and told him about the zoo's biggest mystery.

The late Curator of Reptiles was confronted with a very strange episode that dark winter morning in the early twenties.

Somebody had tried to steal the zoo's speckled cobras. There were three of them in one cage—all six feet long and ugly-tempered.

The speculations of the men who gathered in the alleyway behind the cage centered on the method the thief had planned for carrying his deadly plunder away. He was going to lock them up in a violin case.

There was the violin case—leaning against the wall behind the cobra cage—with its triple snaps open. The cobras wouldn't like the jolting and jarring of being carried. It was easy to imagine what they would do when unsuspecting fingers flipped the snaps and opened the case.

It was a pretty ghastly thought. Dr. Ditmars wasted no time. He called the police.

Detectives examined the twisted sheet iron door at the back of the glass-fronted cobra cage, the brace and bit that had been used around the padlock, the heavy pliers that had

tugged at the galvanized iron shield of the cage peephole. They were interested in the ingenuity of a jointed pole—apparently made from the legs of a chair—with a grasping claw at the end. They speculated on the half-burnt matches littering the alleyway.

They never caught anybody. To this day nobody knows what the thief was going to do with the deadly cobras—or why he lost his nerve. Five minutes' more work and he could have lifted them into the case. But he didn't.

After 20 years, it is still the Bronx Zoo's greatest mystery.

* * *

Yes, strange things can happen in a zoo at night. But the oddest incident that I remember was inspired in full daylight. It is the story of the tough hombre who undertook to turn the tables on an African spitting cobra by spitting in the *cobra's* eye.

The fellow wasn't a zoo man. He was an outside contractor's workman on a job in the Reptile House. During noon hour somebody happened to tell him he was eating his lunch within eight inches—right through the brick wall—of one of the toughest snakes in the world.

His informant told how the spitting cobra can shoot a spray of venom at its victim's eyes and blind it at a distance of six or eight feet.

Something about the idea of a

snake spitting in anybody's eye began to work on the tough guy's imagination. And the more he thought about it, the madder he got. They say he kept muttering, "He will, will he? I'll show him!" during the afternoon.

Came quitting time and the workman laid down his tools with a bang—bit off a big chew of tobacco—and disappeared for a moment. The next thing anybody knew there was a scream from behind the cobra cage and the workman stumbled out with

his hands gouging into his eyes.

He had slipped the lock on the safety screen that covers the peephole at the back of the spitting cobra's cage, and was bending over to aim a mouthful of tobacco juice when the cobra showered him—in the face.

Only a little of the venom got into his eyes and they saved his sight. But I guess he learned he wasn't the only tough guy in the world.

He didn't land even a drop of tobacco juice on the cobra, either.

Answers . . .

To "To Live Is To Learn"

A.	B.	C.	D.	E.
1—e	1—c	1—g	1—g	1—d
2—h	2—d	2—c	2—d	2—i
3—a	3—g	3—j	3—f	3—e
4—g	4—e	4—h	4—i	4—j
5—i	5—a	5—d	5—c	5—b
6—b	6—f	6—i	6—b	6—a
7—f	7—i	7—e	7—e	7—h
8—j	8—j	8—f	8—h	8—f
9—c	9—b	9—b	9—a	9—c
10—d	10—h	10—a	10—j	10—g

To "Hidden Sentences"

a. DO NOT GO OFF ON FOOT TOO SOON

b. HIS KISS IS BLISS TO THIS MISS

To "It's the Age That Counts"

1—41	11—80	21—63	31—55	41—31
2—68	12—25	22—51	32—15	42—54
3—76	13—78	23—49	33—35	43—46
4—15	14—43	24—65	34—45	44—53
5—55	15—68	25—75	35—61	45—65
6—37	16—59	26—44	36—69	46—51
7—53	17—42	27—40	37—50	47—49
8—44	18—38	28—64	38—51	48—64
9—61	19—73	29—40	39—69	49—35
10—28	20—45	30—43	40—26	50—64

Curse of the Barcarolle

by PAUL GIBSON



IT WAS WHILE composing the *Tales of Hoffmann* that Jacques Offenbach was first haunted by the tune—or so one version of the story goes. According to the legend, the opera was the story of an eighteenth century lawyer whose avocation was romance. It was full of beauty and passion, and the song, only half-remembered, kept coming back to him. If he could only remember it, if he could find its composer and ask for the score, he would make it the theme of the opera . . .

So the hunt for the lost tune began. For years Offenbach explored music shops, questioned musicians and belabored composers. Each time he would hum those phrases of the melody he knew, accompanying the humming with the tapping of his cane. No one remembered the song. No one—until a day when he visited a small music shop in Paris.

The shopkeeper seemed to listen to the music, and then he murmured, "Yes, I have heard it. It was written by a man named Zimmer. Rudolph Zimmer." But Zimmer's whereabouts were unknown. So Offenbach took up the search again.

He looked for Rudolph Zimmer through the tin pan alleys of three continents. He reached New York in 1876, still questioning, listening, searching. In Paris a few years later he was returning from a late party when his cab swerved too suddenly

around a corner and hit a pedestrian. Offenbach ordered the injured man brought to his home.

The old man was only slightly hurt, and he recovered rapidly. One day he wandered to the piano. Slowly and unsteadily, he began playing. It was the tune for which Offenbach had been searching.

"Where did you learn that?" he shouted.

"Learn it?" The old man smiled. "I didn't learn it, sir. I wrote it."

Thus it was that Offenbach found Rudolph Zimmer.

But Zimmer didn't want to sell the song. His old face darkened with sorrow when he told why. On the day he had written the melody, his wife had died. From that moment his job, his money and his health had slowly drained away. He believed the song to be a curse . . .

Offenbach was too exuberant to listen. Music cannot be accursed, he said. A beautiful tune has no evil power. Finally Zimmer agreed to go home and score the piece. Offenbach was to call on him a few days later to pick it up.

When Offenbach pulled the bell at Zimmer's later in the week, the concierge opened the door. Yes, Zimmer was a tenant, and it was true he was a musician, of sorts. But he doubted that an interview with M. Zimmer could be of value. Because, unfor-

tunately, Rudolph Zimmer was dead.

Offenbach went inside. Alongside the body of the old songwriter lay a large envelope, and on it the name of "Jacques Offenbach" was scrawled. Offenbach picked up the envelope and went home.

From that tune came the *Barcarolle*, the love song of the *Tales of Hoffmann*. Offenbach worked on the opera with a sort of frenzy, as if in the beauty of the music lay some premonition of disaster. He knew he wasn't well, and the knowledge drove him to work faster. When he finally went to the office of M. Carvalho, head of the Paris Opéra Comique, and presented the finished score, his manner was almost hysterical.

Sets for the new opera *must* be built *immediately*, he demanded. The premiere *must* be scheduled within the next few weeks. M. Carvalho thought him an eccentric musician, but nevertheless consented.

Offenbach died exactly five months and five days before the curtain went up on the premiere. He had never heard the *Barcarolle* in performance.

Some weeks after its first performance in Paris, the *Tales of Hoffmann* was given its Austrian premiere at the Ring Theater in Vienna.

The orchestra was just sweeping into the opening strains of the *Bar-*

carolle, when flames burst out in the opera house. They spread wildly, billowing higher and higher through the packed theater. Nine hundred people perished in the holocaust.

It may be hard to believe that the curse of the *Barcarolle* struck even in China, but such is the case. Many years after the tragedy in Vienna, the despotic Empress Tz'u Hsi ordered a ship of pure marble built in her palace gardens. Artisans were imported from Italy. As they worked, they sang—and one of their favorite songs was the love song of their own Venetian canals, the *Barcarolle*.

Old Tz'u Hsi heard them from an adjoining garden, and liked the tune so much that she ordered her royal musicians to play it for her. Unfortunately for the musicians, they couldn't. They had Chinese instruments, an entirely different scale, and no musical score nor time to practice it. Tz'u Hsi's remedy was to take off their heads. The mortality rate was so high that when four years later Tz'u Hsi died and the Republic of Sun Yat Sen was established, one of the first laws enacted prohibited the playing of Offenbach's *Barcarolle*.

And unless that law has been repealed since 1908, it is still courting death to be caught singing, humming, or playing the *Barcarolle* in China.

Money Back Not Guaranteed

SOME FEW DAYS after having his wallet stolen in the subway, the victim, by then resigned to the loss, received this letter:

"Sir, I stole yur munny. Remorz is noring me, so I send sum of it back to you. Wen it nors agin I will send sum more."—CAL SWANSON

The Great White Whale

by ANNE AND ROBERT BAGBY

FOR 30 WILD AND vengeful years, searching the seven seas and the world around, Captain Ahab hunted Moby Dick, the white whale, symbol of man's eternal and unequal struggle with fate. Our hunt of the white whale was hardly on that cosmic a level, but all the tenseness and grandeur and sweep that Herman Melville packed into his great yarn, rode with it. It began on a day that stretched clear, crisp and perfect over Hudson Bay and along the mouth of the Churchill River which spills into the Bay. Soon we saw them, a whole school of Moby Dicks on the move, ruffling the water like hundreds of whitecaps. When we gave chase it wasn't any fancy dress hunt from a luxury-boat, but a hard-riding duel to the death, fought from light canoes with hand harpoons and rifles for weapons.



I. Our guides knew full well that our prey was lightning-swift in water and that, once harpooned, his death race would be no guarantee of a huntman's life.



2. *At full dawn we started out across the Bay in canvas-covered canoes—the kind natives like these make and use so skilfully. Powered by motors, the boats clipped over the water, whipping back a spray of icy water.*



3. *Up, down and across the river we chased those splashing, cavorting whitecaps which meant whale. Then we were upon them . . . motors quieted, we glided like the silent seals. The harpoon shot out, made its mark . . . The*



4. *A Moby Dick won't attack a man in water, fiction tales to the contrary, but he can upset your boat, ensnare you in your own lines and drag you down, down into the freezing blue depths of an Arctic sea. So every time that white back flashed, we pumped bullet after bullet into it.*



5. *Ten found their mark before he leaped almost clear of the water and fell back in a dance of death. We pulled in four whales that day . . . curious looking animals with mouths full of sharp, white, needle-like teeth.*



6. Each one added up to about 16 feet and 1500 pounds worth of whale. To us, it was a catch to brag about. To the native, it meant food and fuel; to combiners, the stuff of which fine soaps and liniments are made; to all

Remember the name Bill Stout. In the coming years you'll be hearing a lot about this famed airplane designer and his plans for a roadable plane



Invention, Unlimited

by ALAN HYND

A FLY—THE PLAIN, garden variety of house pest—need never fear a swatter in the Detroit laboratory of William B. Stout, the airplane designer. For Stout became infatuated with the buzzing black insects a quarter of a century ago when it suddenly occurred to him that they could do something that no airplane could do—make a landing upside down on a ceiling without taxi-ing or skidding.

The fly, Stout says, carries in its tiny framework the future of aviation for centuries to come. It has speed, lightness, durability, maneuverability and economy of operation which, if integrated into airplane design, would, to name one result, make the most modern present-day plane as outmoded as an ox cart.

If German aircraft designers, who have also been studying winged insects, had succeeded in duplicating only a small fraction of the fly's aerial

efficiency, there wouldn't have been an England in October of 1940.

The first lesson Bill Stout learned from his "master," as he calls the fly, was that only those parts of the insect that contribute to actual flight are exposed, and that everything else is carried inside. With this in mind, Stout told the United States Army back in 1918, that its planes virtually had built-in headwinds, what with exposed landing gears, struts, wires and radiators that resulted in a waste of approximately half of any given amount of horsepower. Army experts gulped as they listened to the man from Michigan, then only 38 years old, who was tall and professorial looking and gave the impression then, as he does today, that he himself was strung together with concealed wires.

Stout, who had once been a writer and illustrator for a Chicago paper, buttressed his remarks with a pencil

illustration of a motor boat pulling a log. "That," he said mildly, "is how exposed stuff cuts down a plane's speed—like this log cuts down the boat's speed."

Young Stout then unveiled the first internally-braced cantilever airplane ever produced in the United States. Everything that didn't make a direct contribution to flight and speed was inside instead of outside.

The brass hats couldn't shake off the suspicion that there was a catch in anything Stout produced. For one thing, Stout's utter refusal to take himself seriously hadn't made too much of an impression on gentlemen who doted on dignity.

The Army crossed its fingers. Then Stout showed it to no less a personage than Orville Wright, of the Dayton, Ohio Wrights, the man who, with his brother, had made the first airplane flight some 15 years before. He examined Stout's small model, put it in a tunnel, and tested it again. "This," Wright solemnly announced to the Army, "is the next big step in aviation."

From that time on, Bill Stout (it seldom occurs to anyone to call him William B. Stout) was on his way. Today, at 63, he is generally recognized in the American and British aircraft industries as a designer who is so far ahead of the field that the next man to him, whoever he may be, is in fourth place, second and third places being vacant.

In 1920, Stout was called on by the Navy, for he had dreamed up the first all-metal plane to be built in the United States. Then he designed the

Navy's first all-metal torpedo plane. Ford's trimotor job, which is generally recognized as being the grand-daddy of the present-day super planes, came straight from the mind and tinkering hands of the Michigan inventor after several protracted sessions studying flies under magnifying devices.

Stout, at the moment research director for Consolidated Vultee, is helping to win the war by remote control. His newest wrinkles in both aircraft and engine design, which are of course military secrets, have been integrated into the United Nations' offensive in every theatre. And his plans for the future are commensurate with his fabulous past.

BILL STOUT's creative talent is by no means confined to the designing of airplanes. He has sold more ideas to toy companies than he has been able to keep track of. The sliding seat used in the newer theatres came out of his lab. Right now he relaxes from his war work by perfecting a war game in which the kiddies will be able to bring down tiny planes flying around the living room by means of miniature anti-aircraft guns that send up ping-pong balls.

Ideas shoot out of him like sparks from an emery wheel. Some years ago he visited a golf course for the first time, and one of the par bugs taught him the art of swinging at the ball. That night Stout went home, passed up the dinner his wife had waiting for him, and invented the mechanical golf game that you have probably often played for a nickel in

hotel lobbies and amusement centers.

The automotive industry owes a great deal to Bill Stout. He is largely responsible for the modern streamlined car, and he was the first man to create an auto with the engine in the rear and no running boards. Railroading has also come to his boundless attention. In 1936 he built the first light-weight, high-speed, gasoline-driven rail car in the U. S. for the Pullman group, and the Union Pacific's first streamliner ran first in miniature form in Stout's laboratory.

TODAY WAR WORKERS in congested areas, particularly on the Pacific Coast, are living comfortably in trailers of Stout's design. One of his trailers is a multi-room structure, taking up almost as many square feet as a small bungalow. Yet it can be folded up like an opera hat and transported with the greatest of ease.

Walt Disney has often called Stout in on problems relating to airplanes in his animated cartoons. Stout likes the studio because he can talk to the man who is the voice of Donald Duck.

His father was an itinerant Methodist preacher who seldom knew very far in advance where his next meal was coming from or where his next pulpit would be. He and his wife tarried long enough in Quincy, Illinois for twins to be born. There was a boy and a girl. Bill was the boy.

He reached his teens with one liability and one asset from long and varied illnesses. The liability was weak eyesight. The asset was a white-hot curiosity about everything north of

hell and south of heaven—a curiosity that sprang from long days in bed when he could do nothing but think.

Bill went to the Mechanical Arts High School in St. Paul, stayed for a short while at Hamline University and then took engineering at the University of Minnesota. He earned his college expenses by writing for children's toy magazines. He did a monthly department for one magazine called "Things To Make." In order to tell the children what things to make he had to first make the things himself. "I was always fooling around with sticks and nails and string in those days," he'll tell you.

After college Stout wrote technical articles for various newspapers in the Middle West, and then gradually became an idea man in the automotive industry. After the last war he decided to start an airline. By way of raising capital, he called on 100 of Detroit's automobile men and, in enlisting their financial aid, made what will probably remain a classic remark in American business circles. "Invest with me, gentlemen," Stout concluded, "and I'll guarantee you one thing. You will lose your shirts."

This bit of bluntness so startled his audience they didn't get back to normal until it was too late to stop payment on the checks they had given him. But everybody doubled his money when Ford later bought Stout out.

A few years ago Edward G. Budd, the Philadelphia railroad car manufacturer, was riding in one of the cars he had made when he saw, sitting across the aisle, a gaunt man who

peered from behind thick-lensed glasses and whose graying hair was badly in need of discipline. "You're Bill Stout, aren't you?" asked Budd. When the inventor smiled and nodded Budd said, "Look here, Stout. I've made exactly 40 thousand dollars through investing in your inventions. Any time you're in need of cash just call me long distance."

Bill Stout's inventions have made tens of millions of dollars for other men. But he himself has always remained comparatively poor. The key to his taste is to be found in his choice of food: "I eat anything that will lie still after I swallow it." Usually he sells an invention for an outright sum and doesn't collect on the royalties. The money he thus receives goes for experimentation on something else, then the same thing happens all over again.

He lives on the outskirts of Pontiac, 26 miles from his laboratory in Detroit, in a large, wooden, rambling house built for comfort rather than style. He has fixed up his garage so that it will accommodate one of his newest inventions—the "roadable" airplane. This is a little number that Stout is going to put on the market after the war at a thousand dollars or so a copy. In cities, people owning a roadable plane will be able to drive it through congested districts as an automobile. At the airport, detachable wings will be fastened to it and into the sky it will go.

Stout lives with his wife, the former Alma Raymond of Ontario, to whom he has been married for 37 years; their daughter, Wilma; her husband,

and a little fellow who answers to the name of Butch. He has a workshop in his garage and he spends most of his leisure time there. He says that he has to think with his hands. "I'm no good if I can't feel a thing as I go along."

After tinkering with an idea and discovering that it feels right, he will rush into the house, his face creased in a smile, and announce to his wife, "Mother, we have a new baby!"

THE SKY IS NOT the limit to Bill Stout. He has lived to see what were once merely thoughts in the back of his mind become reality, and so, despite the fact that he is the most practical of men, he regards the horizons of tomorrow as limited only by human imagination. He doubts, however, that you and I will live to see the day of inter-planetary communication by physical means. "We'll probably produce a rocket that will reach another planet," he says, "but the tough job will be to condition its interior so that human beings can travel in it."

Private flying on a hitherto undreamed-of scale will, Stout believes, be here within a year after the war's end. He has two reasons for this belief.

One: The aircraft industry is in such high gear that in 30 days of peace-time production at the wartime rate, the demand for commercial planes for years to come could be largely filled. Slack will have to be taken up by the manufacture of private planes and other products, such as airplane luggage, that our plane factories are equipped to manufacture once priorities and industrial bans are lifted.

Two: Licensed pilots and others keenly interested in flying who will come back from the war will bring with them a ready-made market for private aircraft. By the time the war is over, there will be half a million Americans with flying experience. Add to that number the two million men now serving in the ground service of the Air Force, Stout points out, and there will be a brisk and immediate demand for small, cheap ships.

Stout looks for private flying to divide itself sectionally. "In the East," he points out, "the distances are short and population is concentrated. That's where the helicopter and the roadable plane will be used extensively. But in the West, where there is more space, more regular planes will be used."

Bill Stout has something else up his sleeve for after the war, but he won't talk about it. It could be a rocket. On the other hand, it could be a toy.

Apt Answers

IF THERE WERE any other way to get to a place, Mark Twain would never walk. Unwittingly, one day, his friend Charles Dudley Warner asked Twain to accompany him on a stroll. The great humorist refused abruptly.

"You ought to," urged Warner. "It's according to Scripture."

"Just where is your authority?" asked the ruffled Twain.

"The fifth chapter of Matthew—41st verse," Mr. Warner quoted.

"And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him, Twain."

—DOROTHY HENDERSON

WHEN ASKED why he had enlisted in the Navy, Toscha Seidel, the American violinist, replied, "I want to fiddle while Rome burns."

—V. H. GADDIS

AN AUDACIOUS LITTLE street arab in Occupied France stopped a high-German officer and asked him the time.

"Twenty minutes to 12," answered the Nazi curtly.

"It is?" asked the boy in mock surprise. "Then in 20 minutes—at 12 sharp—you can go jump in the lake." With that he tore down the street as the German made an ugly swipe at his tousled head.

Rounding the corner at the boy's heels, the Nazi ran into a gendarme. "Ach!" he exclaimed, pointing ahead of him, "that ragged urchin told me to go jump in the lake at 12 sharp."

Calmly the gendarme pulled out his watch.

"Wel-lly, what's your rush—you still have 20 minutes."

—RAY FREEDMAN

The Lord Is Their Partner

by KIN MCNEIL



A NEW LANDMARK has appeared in rural America. It is the sign of the Lord's Acre, proclaiming on billboards throughout the nation that crops for some country church are being grown on adjacent lands.

Unnoticed in the chaos of the Depression, rural churches faced poverty and dissolution, with rapidly decreasing memberships, underpaid pastors and dilapidated buildings. But aid came when two far-sighted men in North Carolina, James G. K. McClure, a former minister, and the alert and aggressive Reverend Du蒙t Clarke, put their heads together. The Lord's Acre Plan evolved.

The early spring of 1930 found Clarke climbing the hillsides of western North Carolina personally to present the program to scores of mountain churches, regardless of denomination. Admittedly the members were short on cash, but were they not also long on land, he challenged from pulpit after pulpit. Land, he continued, that might be cultivated not only in the name of the Lord but for the Lord—the proceeds to go toward the church budget.

Although slow to root, once started the movement spread rapidly.

Under the flexible plan of procedure, a Lord's Acre project takes on many different forms. In North Carolina a 10-year-old boy tended a raspberry patch for three years to

contribute a total of 68 dollars to his church. Women in the same state set aside the eggs their hens laid on Sunday and at the end of the year had one hundred dollars to contribute.

One ardent church goer designated one of his seven bee hives as the Lord's, and the bees produced an unprecedented 11 dollars and 40 cents worth of honey in a year.

Enthusiastic members of another congregation, most of whom were employed in an industrial plant, voluntarily set aside their wages for the first hour of the first day of the week for the Lord's Acre fund.

An 80-year-old woman knit lace for pillow cases, sold the lace and turned in the receipts.

Although in most churches using the Lord's Acre plan members work on projects individually, in others group methods have proved fruitful.

In Missouri, for example, the trustees of a rural church cultivated a 33-acre field of wheat. Seventeen tons of tomatoes were raised by another organization as their share in the Lord's Acre project.

The young people of a New York state parish made maple syrup for the plan, while members of a church in the Middle West bought and raised 11 pigs as their contribution.

A New Hampshire congregation built a roadside market, hoisted a sign advertising Lord's Acre products

and enjoyed a record business. Following the same tack, another rural church established a vegetable route and peddled produce grown on Lord's Acres to residents of a nearby town.

In one Missouri church an annual auction is held—probably the only auction in America preceded and followed by a prayer—at which the Lord's Acre produce is sold to the highest bidder.

Wherever possible Lord's Acre projects, for the most part regular agricultural undertakings, are marked with a Lord's Acre sign. In fact, one farmer became so engrossed with the idea that he named his acreage "The Lord's Acre Farm." And as these signs have sprung up throughout the nation's farmland, the country churches have again come into the black, able to burn their mortgages, pay their pastors respectable salaries and to embark fearlessly on new building projects. Some even boast a surplus which they have proudly in-

vested in War Bonds for their country.

Today, just 13 years after the plan's inception, over a thousand rural and village churches in more than half the states of the union participate and an estimated 10 thousand acres are planted, in this and other countries, to Lord's Acre crops.

For it was not long after its introduction here that the Lord's Acre Plan spread abroad where it was generally adopted in Siam, in parts of China, Korea, India and Mexico. There, too, the projects vary widely—from the Siamese doctor who dedicated all the money he received for piercing ears for earrings, to church-inspired peach orchards and livestock farms in China.

In fact, it was a certain Christian Chinese who best summed up the plan when, after the program was carefully outlined to him by a missionary, he exclaimed:

"Me see, all right—a way to grow church money."

Doctor's Dilemma

BEFORE EMBARKING on his vacation, a prominent doctor received a telegram from a town near his remote destination requesting him to give his much-publicized lecture on social diseases. He assented readily as he saw in the isolated little community an excellent chance to disseminate information on his specialty. Expecting to address an adult group, he was astonished to find himself facing an audience of seventh and eighth grade pupils.

The teacher in charge made her introductory remarks, then turned to the distinguished visitor and asked brightly, "And now, Doctor, what *are* the social diseases?"

Without batting an eye, the physician replied solemnly, "Trench mouth, B.O., and athlete's foot."

Whereupon he launched into a scholarly discussion which left both teacher and students goggle-eyed.

—FRANKLIN CUMMINGS

An RAAF opinion traces the present feeling of high esteem and comradeship among the Aussies and the Yanks to its very beginning



Amity Down Under

by JOHN WILLIAMSON

WHEN THE FIRST American troops landed in Australia many local citizens related with approval an incident that was supposed to have occurred on a Brisbane wharf. There was a shed on this wharf which made it too narrow for the landing of aeroplanes from one of the American ships. The Americans were told that before the shed could be removed they would have to wait several weeks to obtain permission from the State Government. They promptly chopped the shed down and went ahead with their unloading.

At the same time another story was told about something which allegedly happened in Melbourne. The Americans, it was said, landed some bulldozers on a wharf, but found that the gate at the end of the wharf was locked. When they asked for it to be unlocked they were told that the gate had been locked for many

years and could not be unlocked without special Government permission. The Americans then drove their bulldozers through the gate.

Whether it was a fact or not, admiring Australians liked to think that the U.S. forces never landed their equipment without wrecking most of the fittings of the wharves. We were fascinated by this contempt for red tape.

The liberality of the visitors was also admired. Waiting for a bus in Sydney, I overheard one girl telling another about a convalescent American soldier whom she had visited in a hospital. The first time she called, she had brought him some chocolate biscuits. "When I dropped in to see him again the next week," she said, "he gave me four packets of American cigarettes, two bars of chocolate from New York, a lovely bath towel, a set of Chinese checkers, a pound of

American coffee, a tin of talcum powder, a writing tablet and—oh yes, a jar of walnuts."

The American seemed to have provided this cornucopia not with any erotic plans but out of simple gratitude. In Australia a dollar buys nearly three times as much of most things as it does in the U.S.A., and the Yanks came bearing gifts not seen before. People also were charmed by their novel conversation. When one of them said in a rich, husky accent to a Melbourne girl: "What's cookin', good-lookin'?" she was inclined to regard it as a mot worthy of Voltaire at the top of his form.

Meanwhile writers were proclaiming that Australians and Americans always got on wonderfully together because they both belonged to democratic countries where Jack was as good as his master. Somebody wrote a cordial song entitled *The Aussies and the Yanks Are Here*.

Things were not really quite so simple as that, however, because the Australian is different from the American in various ways. The Australian is more skeptical, less optimistic and less given to enthusiasm (over business, success, progress and other things). He talks in a less fluent, exuberant way. He is passionately loyal to his own mates, but rather suspicious of strangers and strange ways. It was not surprising that after the first part of their sojourn in the Southwest Pacific area, when all Americans were believed to combine the efficiency of Walter P. Chrysler, the munificence of Andrew Carnegie

and the wit of Damon Runyon, there came a stage of disillusionment.

STORIES ABOUT THE high-pressure methods of the U.S. Army began to take a different turn. Previously you often heard that an American colonel who wanted to take over a house as his headquarters wrote out a cheque for five thousand dollars on the spot. (This was contrasted with the slow system of the Australian army, in which even a major general had to apply to a finance officer for permission to spend more than a small sum.) But in the later period you were likely to be told that the house for which the colonel paid five thousand dollars was only worth 25 hundred dollars.

Another sign of disenchantment was the complaint that the lively conversation of the Americans was only a set of formulae repeated over and over again. Phrases like "What's buzzin', cousin?" began to pale.

The opulence of the Americans began to inspire envy and also to cause inconvenience. Restaurant-keepers, waiters and taxi drivers in the capital cities who were "doing well" serving U.S. men on leave, showed reluctance to serve Australians. Rents went up. Bottled whisky was unobtainable, partly because it was sold to Americans on the black market by taxi drivers at all of three pounds a bottle (three times the correct price).

Stories of American spending were constantly going about. A newspaperman told me he was with a U.S. officer in a Brisbane hotel when a

taxi driver approached him and said:

"If you don't mind, Captain, I'd like to settle up now."

"O.K." said the officer. "How much do I owe you?"

"Sixty-two pounds, ten shillings and threepence," said the driver. (About two hundred dollars.)

"Wait a minute," said the newspaperman, "he can't ask you to pay that. It's ridiculous!"

"Oh, no," said the American, "it's quite reasonable. He's been driving me around for four days."

Ignorant of the complexities of America, we Australians said tactless things. We addressed men from the rebel states as "Yanks"; we praised Wendell Willkie to men who thought him diabolical; we assumed that members of the U.S. Marine Corps belonged to the U.S. Army, or vice versa. Australians also accused the Americans of poisoning Phar Lap, our champion racehorse, who died in the United States.

Most of the Americans were courteous men but sometimes they, too, made mistakes. A lieutenant in the U.S. Army was dining at the home of the editor of a Sydney newspaper, a man of considerable culture. Leaning against a bookshelf full of the works of William James and Proust, and drinking a glass of good Australian port, the lieutenant said: "What your country lacks in the refinements of civilization is certainly made up for by the open-hearted hospitality of the people."

Many of the girls in Australia liked Americans, and the Americans liked

them. A number of girls—especially those employed as typists in the offices of the U.S. Forces—acquired American accents. Soon it was common to see the brass letters "U.S." in girls' lapels, Air Corps wings pinned to their frocks, and service or fraternity rings on their fingers.

When questioned about the Americans, the girls offered the answer: "The Americans know how to show you a good time. They don't do things by halves." But the display of xenophilia by a number of Australian girls displeased the local young men, and also the older generation. Axis propagandists, who knew about the situation, pulled one of their old tricks. They dropped leaflets on Australian troops in the North African desert, bearing the words: "Aussies! At home the Americans are having a good time with your women. And you?" Though substantially false, it was specious propaganda to counteract because in occasional particular cases it was true.

DURING THE STAGE of disenchantment I have described, we were making the discovery that Americans are not supermen but men. That stage is over now. The U.S. Forces have been in Australia for nearly two years, and they are not new any more. It is rarer to hear general statements to the effect that they are all Flash Gordons and Brick Bradfords, or on the other hand, that they are an overbearing army of occupation. Most Australians now think of Americans the way they think of their own people

—there are some they don't like and a lot whom they do like. Thousands of U.S. men, especially the quieter sort, are family friends in a great many Australian homes.

The difficulties mentioned above have arisen mainly in the big cities which are military bases and where troops spend their leave. In the front line in the New Guinea jungle, far from the economic and amorous rivalries of Melbourne and Sydney, Australians and Americans judge one

another strictly as soldiers. I have not been to New Guinea, but I am told by men back from there that each of the two armies thinks the other is pretty good. "Those Yanks'll fight like bloody threshing machines," said an A.I.F. man. He was specially impressed by the fact that several American generals had been killed and wounded in New Guinea. "Their high officers get up among the bullets," he said. "I've got a lot of time for them."

Last Straws

¶ Word from the Social Security Board reveals that recently a manufacturer of inexpensive billfolds added a new feature—a special pocket for the worker's Social Security card. Each billfold contained a sample card bearing the number 078-05-1120. Thousands of billfolds were sold, and thousands of workers began to register their earnings under this particular number. One day an office of the Social Security Board began to realize something was wrong. The person whose number was 078-05-1120 was found to be working in thousands of different places and at varying rates of wages throughout the nation.—JOSEPH GAER in *What Uncle Sam Owes You* (Wilfred Funk)

¶ Leaping into the cab he had hailed, movie scenarist Jack Douglas found it was being driven by a woman. After giving his destination, he ventured a bit of small talk.

"How do you like it?"

"Fine," answered the girl cabby.

"Do men get fresh with you?"

"No. At least not yet."

"What questions do passengers ask you most?"

"How do you like it? Do men get fresh with you? and What questions do passengers ask you most?" —PHILIP C. BEATON

¶ An Apache employe at an Indian Service School was reading a magazine article which stated that scalping was not originated by the Indians—that it was the idea of certain British officers who paid a bounty for the scalps of American colonists and unfriendly Indians. Groaning in disgust, he muttered:

"The white man has taken our land, our hunting grounds, everything. And now he has taken our scalping." —J. H. MATTIX

It's always thrilling when a son graduates from high school—but sometimes, the thrill is mingled with pride and gratitude of a deeper kind



A Silent Cheer for Carley

by MRS. ROBERT L. CARLEY, SR. as told to Stu Mann

MY HUSBAND AND I were sitting in the bleachers close to the edge of the Pastime Hockey Rink. The game had just ended, and the boys were cheering wildly. "Carley! Yeah Carley! Attaboy Bob!"

The woman next to me said with an excited smile, "That boy *is* a fine player, isn't he? He's like Mercury on wings!"

I had such a lump in my throat that I couldn't have spoken if I'd tried. I wanted to say, "He's *my* son!"

She didn't know, of course, that Bob couldn't hear their shouts. He couldn't hear, because he had been born deaf.

When I look back over the last 18 years, I see how much hard work and determination and optimism went into preparing Bob for just such moments as this. It was hard work for him—and it was hard work for us, too. For the first few years, it was

Bob's father and I who had to be educated. To teach a deaf boy to "hear" and speak, you must study endlessly and plan his education carefully. Specialists told us that our son's future would depend upon how much *we* could learn about his handicap.

Before he was a year old, we danced with him in our arms to give him a sense of rhythm and balance. By the time he was a year and a half old, his father had him climbing a 12-foot trellis and balancing himself on a plank to develop the faculty all deaf people lack—a sense of equilibrium. We enrolled Bob at the age of only two years in an excellent school for the deaf in St. Louis where we left him. At regular intervals we visited him, to learn for ourselves what we must do to carry on his school training at home during vacations. But actually, Bob was on his own.

My husband was determined that

Bobby should learn more than to speak and read lips. He must learn some hobby or trade or sport, and not only to learn it, but to excel in it. In the summer of 1928, the two Bobs, big and little, began taking trips out into the country. Little Bobby learned to make a bed of pine boughs, to start a fire without matches, to perform all the other tricks of a woodsman's magic. But when my husband took up a baseball bat and had Bobby catch a few, when he taught him to pass a football, to broadjump, to run—that was when we knew how our son would forget his handicap and earn his place among normal boys.

Of course, the training in sports went side by side with his regular schoolbook education. Until he was ten years old he remained in the school in St. Louis where he progressed rapidly in speech and lip reading. Then his father and I made a difficult decision. We took him out of the St. Louis school and enrolled him in St. Paul Academy Junior School, among hearing children.

BOB STARTED right out doing his fair share. At the age of 12 he was an expert swimmer. He took trips with his father and became a good fisherman and a crack duck shot. Besides that, he worked hard to become an accomplished dancer. I used to play the piano while he put his hand on the side of it and counted the beat by feeling the vibrations. We practised every dance tempo there was. And when he went out on the floor, he

could still "hear" the music through the vibrations in his feet.

Our whole idea was to give Bob confidence in himself. But sometimes it was hard. For instance, once Bob wanted to go on a dangerous canoe trip with a group of boys. It was finally decided that he should go. That trip, too, was a confidence-builder, because Bob was instrumental in helping to rescue one of the boys whose canoe had tipped over and tossed him into the foaming rapids.

At 16, Bobby was Junior Golf Champion of the St. Paul Town and Country Club, and the same year he began to win athletic laurels at St. Paul Academy. About then, he was also catching up to other boys in the classroom, for those first 10 years of school had been devoted to the one big job of teaching him to speak and read lips. At first he was "more than average." Now his work is marked "Excellent" by his teachers.

This year my son graduated from St. Paul Academy, and presented us with this record of the four years he had spent there:

Athletics

All-Time Academy in Football
All-City in Football
All-State in Football
Captain Hockey Team
Letters earned: football, 3; hockey, 4;
baseball, 4.

Military

Honorary Brevet-Captain of the

Military

Captain—Manual of Arms

Captain—Crack Squad

Other Activities

Student Council

Committee on Decoration

Committee on Red Cross
Committee on Scrap Iron
First Aid Diploma
Dramatic Club
Stage Force
Business Manager of Plays
Scientific Exhibition Demonstration

The honorary title of Brevet-Captain was awarded to Bob on the campus of St. Paul Academy this spring, and many others besides Dad and myself were drying their eyes while the ceremony took place. At the annual football banquet, his teammates presented him with an Academy blanket in the school colors, and the school honored him with a special

trophy. At the same time his football jersey was retired from service, and it will never be worn again by any St. Paul athlete.

Bob entered the University of Minnesota this September. He had applied to the Navy and to the Army, but of course he could not pass their physical tests. Now his college career is beginning—and there is no way to express how thankful his father and I are to know that he will begin on an equal footing with other boys. I think our son may become a great athlete though he will never hear a referee's whistle, and never hear the cheers from the stands.

Prescribed Replies

¶ Sara Allen, the singer, was giving a dinner in honor of her uncle who had just returned from Africa, and she sent an invitation to the family doctor who was an old friend of theirs. In reply she received an absolutely illegible letter. Not knowing whether the good doctor has accepted or declined, she took the note to the corner druggist in hopes that he might be able to decipher the writing. The pharmacist looked at the sheet of paper and without waiting for an explanation went into his dispensary. In a few minutes he returned and handed her a small bottle. "There you are, madam," he said. "That will be 50 cents."

—SHEPARD HENKIN

¶ A famous doctor was cornered by a wealthy dowager at a social gathering in Vienna. She occupied an hour of his time in a lengthy description of the pain she occasionally suffered in her left knee. "What do you think I should do about it, Doctor?"

"I would advise you to give up drinking," he replied, "and go to bed early. And wherever you go be sure to keep your knees warm." The lady thanked him and then coyly remarked, "Since this is a social occasion I daresay that I cannot send you a check for your professional services."

"No indeed," replied the great doctor, "the advice I give at parties never costs anything." He paused and then added, "But it never cures anything either."

—ALBERT ABARBANEL

*An answer man with faltened purse
Is Robert Lee—and what is worse
He answers—vocally—in verse*



Terse Verse Unrehearsed

by WELDON MELLICK

THE BROADWAY BISTROS sponsor some clever entertainers. Anyone who spends 20 dollars in a night club expects more than a few drinks and a place to read his newspaper. And at those prices, an act has to be pretty smooth to remain in one spot for six weeks. The best routines begin to creak with old age within a few months in the New York joints—with one exception.

That exception is Bob Lee, a phenomenon from Punxsutawney, Pennsylvania. He has performed the same novelty act at the same Manhattan night club—Svend Jorgensen's Wivel Restaurant—three times each evening for almost 10 years. And you still have to make reservations in advance.

What's more remarkable—although the pattern of Bob's routine is always the same—the patter has never been the same twice in nine thousand performances. He was heckled into

the calypso singing championship in a speakeasy shortly after he accidentally became a professional entertainer.

Freckle-faced, middle-aged and on the stout side, Bob Lee has a singing voice that wouldn't win third prize on amateur night. It's hard to describe what he does. You have to see and hear what Walter Winchell called "the most distinctive and novel performance you've ever witnessed"—and even then you don't believe it.

He calls for questions from the audience—and no matter what anyone asks—he has begun to answer it within 30 seconds. He responds in extemporaneous verse—sung in rapid tempo to some familiar tune.

Patrons try to stump him with a trick question like "How long is a short circuit?" or with a more commonplace query such as "Is my husband at home minding the baby?" In a flash, he selects a melody from

an ever-changing repertoire of about 150 songs. Next, he quietly cues the orchestra, thinks up a "pay-off gag," and gets his thought in rhyme, set to the song meter.

He frequently parodies the words of the original song. In addition to the answer, his lyrics usually include some information about the questioner—name, business, home town, or other details.

For about 10 minutes before the floor show starts, Bob circulates among the customers. His memory retains two conversations at once—the one at the table where he is sitting, and the one within earshot at the table just back of him.

Later, the flabbergasted guests realize every word they uttered was mentally photographed, cross-indexed and filed away. He recently greeted a customer by name who had been in the club only twice before—the last time eight years ago.

Sometimes he takes a dozen questions at a time and answers them all in the same song. And for a finale, he does a lightning résumé of every question and answer he's covered during his turn.

I can't tell you the secret of Bob's unusual ability. He doesn't know it himself. But the secret of his perpetual drawing power as an entertainer lies in two things. He hit on the formula of audience participation before it swept the country. And secondly, people who see his act return with friends just to watch their reactions when they first hear their own vital statistics set to music (slipped to Bob

on the sly in a note or whisper).

Only once in his 10 years as m. c. and singing-poet laureate of the Swedish restaurant has Bob Lee been stumped by a question. A wiseacre asked him if the Lord can do everything. After Bob affirmed the Almighty's power in verse, the smarty asked if He could make a stone larger than He could lift. Bob rhymed and rhymed and got more hopelessly involved with every verse. Finally he had to admit there was one thing even the Lord couldn't do—extricate Bob Lee from the predicament into which he had rhymed himself.

The Punxsutawney poet has been addicted to impromptu versifying ever since he can remember. When he solicited subscriptions for a newspaper, he delivered his sales talk in couplets. The results were gratifying.

BOP'S POETIC PENCHANT goes back to his boyhood when he rhymed his time away in several hospitals. His first mishap was an explosion which left him with a leg injury. Thereafter, he ran his operations up to an even dozen by various other accidents. While hospitalized, he would scoot around in his wheel chair—serenading the women's wards. He also kept the nurses in stitches with his dithyrambic case histories of the patients.

In fact, he expressed himself metrically whatever the occasion. Once when Governor Fisher was making a speech in front of the Court House in Indiana, Pennsylvania, Bob went down the street and began to throw a sidewalk pitch in doggerel. He ex-

horted everyone to listen to the governor's talk. Soon he had a larger crowd than the governor, having siphoned off most of the audience.

Bob frequented dances—especially barn dances—amusing everyone within hearing distance by making up rhymes about all the couples. He always wound up on the platform, performing with the orchestra. But he lost his amateur standing one night in a Pittsburgh speakeasy when a singer failed to show up. Bob was pulling his usual stunt. The manager hired him on the spot. The first week, he made 85 dollars in tips in addition to his salary.

Bob and the pianist tabbed patrons musical weaknesses and played up to them. Ladies invariably wanted tear-jerkers like *I Wish I'd Never Seen Sunshine* ("I wish I'd died in my cradle before I grew up to love you"), or *It's Breaking My Heart to Keep Away from You*. One tarnished female used to shed tears and dollars for "Roses round the door, little babies on the floor, who could ask for anything more—in Sleepy Valley."

This speakeasy was raided after 16 weeks, but Bob and Sammy Mysel found another dim-lit haven called "Cheater's Paradise." And their clientele followed them. The team next played two New York nighteries. And it was in one of them that Bob was heckled into adopting the technique that has made him the marvel of show business.

His lyrical tangents up to this point had been mainly observational. Then one night a drunk kept intercepting

with "Go jump in the lake!" and similar critical appraisal. Bob answered each insult in the meter and tune of the song he was singing, without stopping the music. The audience responded so enthusiastically that it dawned on him they wanted to do his act with him.

He had been using his audience as a silent stooge all the time. Now he tried to figure out a way to let them take an active part in his program.

There was only one solution to that—let them ask questions. He wasn't at all sure he'd be able to sing entertaining answers, but it was worth a try. The results didn't give Cole Porter anything to worry about. But everybody liked the stunt.

About a third of Bob's questions run to conundrums and gags. "Why is a ship called she?" and "How long is a piece of string?" are typical samples. And fully half the paying stooges bare their innermost thoughts by asking questions of the personal problem or fortune-teller type. One troubled soul lamented "I'm in love with a girl who doesn't love me. What shall I do?"

Bob cued the orchestra for *Let Me Call You Sweetheart*—and sang:

"*You're in love with a girl
Who's not in love with you;
You're sort of puzzled
And don't know what to do.
Why not give her the air?
Why be in distress?
And before you leave this evening,
Just give me her address.*"

This type of question recurs more frequently as time goes on and highballs go in. By the midnight show, at

least 70 per cent of the articulate faction want to know something about someone of the opposite sex.

So many of the questions are repeaters—about 85 per cent—that Bob could easily build up a routine of stock answers. But he studiously avoids giving the same answer twice.

Of the repeaters, "Where is so-and-so?" and "What is so-and-so doing tonight?" easily top the list. If a man asks "Where is my wife tonight?" and there is a woman with him, it's his wife, Bob avers. He maintains that a man doesn't ask such a question when he's two-timing. But, oddly enough, if a woman asks "Where is my husband?" the man

with her is definitely not her mate.

Grist for the song mill always contains a healthy sprinkling of questions inspired by the news of the day. So Bob has to keep well versed on war news, politics, the stock market and sports. During the football season, he memorizes all the scores. On fight nights, he keeps a cabbie posted at his radio outside, to relay the results of each round to him. As soon as the event is over, he syncopates his version of the complete fight.

He is also one of Manhattan's best hat and umbrella customers. Not because he collects them though. It seems our memory expert is always leaving them someplace.

Vicious Circles

A UNIQUE COLLECTION of poison rings owned by a New York jeweler has a variety of death-dealing bands with startling histories.

The Borgia ring, a gold circle intricately carved with priceless 15th century Italian craftsmanship, belies its evil purpose in the sparkle of rubies and an emerald. But a slight touch on the side springs back the emerald, disclosing a channel for liquid poison. Pressure on the opposite shank shoots out a gold needle from the palm side of the ring. The deadly prick from the needle was usually administered in a handshake and the victim died within two hours. A sinister detail of this particular ring is the worn needle point. An instrument of passion, revenge and intrigue, it has evidently been used many times.

A gold signet ring with a graceful C cut into the top worked in a like manner. A slight pressure on the initial released the top, revealing a tiny compartment for poison pellets. With casual pressure these pellets could be dropped into a glass of wine without attracting the least attention.

Another ring with a dramatic past was a wide gold band which had been given by Carlos Montez, a wealthy Mexican, to his bride on their wedding day. He was twice her age and insanely jealous. Pressure on the upper side of the ring released a tiny curved blade, sharp as a razor. When this ring became a part of the collection, the blade was stained. Whether the bride used it on herself or on a man was something no one could tell.

—JOSEPH KOSTIN



Coronets: . . . To Lieutenant Colonel Carlson of the Marines, guiding spirit of Carlson's Raiders, who can talk for as well as fight for democracy . . . To Frank Fay, peer of comics, long in obscurity, at last back where he belongs—on top . . . To Frank Crowninshield, one modern art collector who knows modern art, who writes about painting with all the charm of the sophisticated sentimentalist and with none of the pedantry of the connoisseur . . . To Frank Sinatra, who—in spite of all the screaming—is a mighty fine groaner.

Thorns: To the new Hollywood passion for super-colossal "all-star" musical films. A few more like *Star Spangled Rhythm* and *Thank Your Lucky Stars* and the producers will no longer be in the dark as to what killed vaudeville . . . To oh-so-soft-spoken William L. Shirer, who always sounds as if he is tip-toeing across the battlefields.

All Fronts: Fifty per cent of the female population of the United States is married at the age of 20. Five years ago the average marriageable age was 22 . . . As a result of Captain Rickenbacker's experiences, a Bible printed on non-corrosive paper is now part of the standard equipment on all life rafts . . . Vidkun Quisling, Nazi ruler of Norway, has 172 bodyguards . . . Every day in Vichy hundreds of offi-

cialis of the Pétain-Laval government receive envelopes in their morning mail. The envelopes contain no written message—in fact, contain nothing but mutilated photographs of Marshal Pétain.

Nuts: Next time you decide to condemn the whole Japanese race, pause and recall this incident. It happened at Pearl Harbor. Two island natives of Jap descent manned a machine gun during the attack, helped shoot down a Jap plane. They stripped the dead aviators of their insignia, handed them in to Naval Intelligence headquarters. Asked where they got their souvenirs, they answered, "Off the damn Japs."

File and Forget: In the interior of China, where clocks are unheard of, natives tell the time of day by examining the eyes of a cat. A cat's pupils grow gradually smaller all morning, reach their smallest point at noon, grow gradually larger through the afternoon and night.

Quote—Unquote: GEORGE BERNARD SHAW: "Today people know the XYZ of everything, but they don't know the ABC."

M. F. AGHA: "A modern photographer is a man who thinks the hippopotamus' tonsils are more beautiful than Whistler's Mother."

How does a columnist work? This article about the man who would rather be right gives an inside view of a newspaperman in action



© Chicago Sun

Democrat with a Small d

by WOODROW WIRSIG

SAMUEL GRAFTON, writer of the daily column, *I'd Rather Be Right*, is an old hand at pointing out the soup stains on the national vest.

He calls himself a short-range trend-spotter. His readers have called him "The Thomas Paine of the 20th Century's war for freedom." Like that famous pamphleteer of our Revolutionary days, they say, he writes for the "little-big men everywhere."

Grafton's trend-spotting began in July, 1939, with his first column for the *New York Post*. Since then his daily political analysis, sharpened with wisecracks, has spread to 34 papers from New York to Los Angeles.

For a short-range trend-spotter, Grafton's average is high. In his first two and a half years, he wrote 75 columns urging an embargo on oil and steel to Japan. He warned that the stuff would be used against us.

In 1940, he insisted that Laval

and Pétain would tick with Hitler.

And long ago, he spotted the second-front-in-Europe trend.

Grafton approaches his typewriter with the finesse of an RAF bomber squadron. A half-hour's saturation raid usually completes his daily stint. "Several months after I began to write a column," he says, "it struck me that I was actually a columnist. After I got over the first fright, I felt fine."

Although he was born in New York 36 years ago, and still operates there, Grafton is no provincial. He believes a narrowness creeps up on commentators who stick too close to one city, and the thought scares him more than artery-hardening. He escapes by dashing off to other parts of the country to "fill up the tank."

Then he makes appointments with doctors and dentists. Instead of letting them fill him with pills and gold foil, he sits down for long gab-fests. With

lawyers, preachers and plumbers he discusses with aplomb everything from soup to Sophocles.

The rest of Grafton's energy pours into analyzing the news Sunday evenings over a local New York station, completing a book, broadcasting three times a week to Britain and Australia by short wave for the OWI, working with fine bits of precision machinery and painting water colors and oils.

In his machine hobby one finds the key to Grafton's attitude on events that change men's lives.

"I'm a watch fanatic," he says. "The second hand has to be on time as well as the minute hand."

Grafton's accuracy is just as fanatical in his writing and analysis. Jokes must fit his situations. His politics must be as good as his army's guns.

To him democracy is a system, with wheels and principles running it like a timepiece. He believes that if we stick to its principles, democracy will save us in any crisis.

From this concept that our adherence to democratic principles keeps democracy fighting on our side, Grafton goes blithely on spotting his trends. And the trend which he hates most is what he calls a threat by certain groups both inside and outside of Congress to double-talk America into Fascism and another world war.

He labels these double-talkers "obscurantists," meaning that they try to fog up issues. Grafton claims that in one breath they condemn the President as a dictator, then turn around and criticize him for lack of controls on wartime living. Or that one mo-

ment they scream at British imperialism, and the next moment shout for American air bases throughout the Atlantic and Pacific.

During his vacation in Hollywood last summer, Grafton discussed his predilection for using "obscurantism" to label muddy thinking of either intentional or non-intentional brands. He often receives letters, he says, protesting the use of the word for fear that others might not understand what he means. He told of the time in New York that he ducked into a dive to get out of the rain. Two burly men were drinking heavily and arguing. Because they looked like trouble, Grafton headed for the nearest exit. Then one of the gents shouted:

"Now that's what Grafton calls 'obscurantism.' "

Grafton says that a good example of "obscurantism" is illustrated by the way people are talking about Russia.

"Some men," he says, "are worried that Russia might not stop at her own borders. Others are worried that she might stop there, giving us the war."

IN APPEARANCE, Grafton is like most of his readers—just an ordinary looking person. He is of medium height, with a tendency towards putting on weight. His hair is dark and slightly wavy. He wears horn-rimmed glasses, and is not very handsome, as the sculptured likeness by Jack Lambert indicates. But Grafton's spirit is that of a knight on a white horse.

In other words, Grafton is a crusader. He battles Hitler and Axis propagandists. He fights people inside

this country who he thinks show similar tendencies. Although he has always been an independent, with no formal political affiliations, Grafton hurls himself at foreign and internal enemies as though he had whole armies on his side. And he usually has.

When our Lend-Lease program was still in the planning stage, Grafton jumped into the fight.

"Somehow Hitler Fascism has made the discovery," he wrote, "that many men prefer the loss of somebody else's liberty to the unfolding of human progress. This, and not tanks, has conquered Europe. This discovery was Hitler's secret weapon against England. It is now turned upon us to make us quit aid. It crosses the ocean faster than the new bombers, and it never misses."

Now that the combined Allied offensive is gathering momentum, Grafton scoffs at Hitler's alternate threats and phony offers of peace. "Hitler," he says, "is still trying to sell charm against dragon-bite in an age which suddenly decided to hell with dragons."

When the mighty Nazi wearers-of-the-whip-cord breeches were cowering on in Tunisia, Grafton wrote:

"The Nazis see now that when the shells fall on their generals, their generals surrender. When their armies tumble into the water, no miracle happens. They sink. The Nazis are hiding in the ruined cellars of Africa, and lumpy youths who used to take their girls to the Roxy of a Saturday night are telling them to come on out."

Grafton never hesitates to wade

into our foreign policies. He makes no bones of his distrust of, and lack of confidence in, career diplomats. He particularly scorns the diplomatic crew from the democracies which Hitler faced in 1936 and 1937.

"One good truck driver at least should have been exhibited in Berlin during those years," he says. "With the honest smell of hamburger and onions on his breath, he would have been a sign to Hitler that the free part of the world was not entirely composed of psychoses in striped pants. It might have altered history."

Consistently, Grafton fights what he believes are attempts by men in our State Department to appease Axis satellites. "I want a few incidents pointing toward faith in the common man," he says, "as proof that we can discuss each State Department issue on its own merits. Until then, these smaller things are only parts of the big picture—and we must talk about the big picture. The big picture is that it has been found impractical, wherever we've operated, to issue the rebel yell, anywhere, any place, any time during Europe's rebellion."

Grafton, on our policy toward Europe's underground, says:

"We have kept our eyes so long on 50-ton tanks that we have forgotten that sometimes a 140-pound man is worth more, even though he wasn't assembled in Detroit."

Grafton, on our policy toward the Orient, says:

"Let us replace our two faces in the Far East, the one blowsily humanitarian, the other brutally business-

like, with one face: a face that struggling men can look upon with hope. Do we dare it? If not, what are we doing hanging around this planet?"

Concerning national affairs, Grafton bites hard into what he considers legislative sham. When a certain faction in Congress was asking for the abolition of so-called non-defense expenditures, his hackles rose.

"When I dandle my grandchild on my knee," he said, "and tell him about the period during which so many Congressmen wanted to cut non-defense expenditures to the bone, I want to be able to say, 'Sonny, though we spent billions for defense, we were so kind and thoughtful that we kept right on helping unfortunates who were in need. That, my boy, shows why we won out. We were decent, and we deserved to win.'"

Grafton loves America and its systems, but he is under no illusions about them.

"This is the greatest country in the world," he says. "Anyone lucky enough to be here should get down on his hands and knees and kiss the earth a couple of times a day. But just the same, we must admit that it is the most flapjaw place on the planet."

As any man does who loves people, Grafton champions every form of progressive change. This is why he has long advocated the President's security plans for the future of the American people. He says:

"The President's plan is a kind of poem about democracy, as tender as a flower, based on the premise that most men are reasonable. This horri-

fies some Americans. The man who speaks up now in support of the President will be speaking for America, its dream and its future."

How Grafton became such a spokesman for the restless, modern man in so short a time, and at the comparatively young age of 35, has amazed his contemporaries. The answer may be that he started early. As an undergraduate in the University of Pennsylvania, he contributed many articles and short stories to national magazines. His writing at this time attracted the attention of J. David Stern, publisher of the *Philadelphia Record*. On his graduation in 1929, Grafton got his first job on Stern's paper.

ALONG WITH his daily column and other activities, Grafton has completed one book called *All Out* (he was among the first to give currency to that phrase), which was subtitled *How Democracy Will Defend America*, and another, out last summer, which is a compilation of some of his best columns, called *An American Diary*.

Although he is a slow reader, his office is lined with books smudged all over from handling. Dickens, he says, influences him more than any other author because of his energy.

The theater fascinates Grafton. Often a play's stench will send almost all other patrons out holding their noses, yet Grafton will remain in his seat enjoying himself.

His one big weakness is students. There was a time when he and Mrs. Grafton served tea every afternoon in his office for students who would pile

in from various New York colleges and universities. Even now, in spite of all his other activities, he will talk with a student at any time.

Some of Grafton's fans can't believe he's real. A Los Angeles newspaperman once said of him that "overnight we have found someone saying all the things that need saying about the Vichyites, the obscurantists, and some factions in this country—and saying them with clarity and with force. It doesn't seem possible that anyone can keep on saying the right things indefinitely and at the right time, with never an error."

But for his readers Grafton *does* continue. And he says he *will* continue so long as the war lasts. Further-

more, he will follow through during the reconstruction period. He says he sees tendencies toward post-war agreements with anti-Fascist elements similar to our arrangements in North Africa—and he wants none of them.

As yet, not much is known publicly of Grafton's favorite avocation, painting. His secretary says, "Mr. Grafton paints *very* well. I have one of his still-lifes, and critics have told me that it's quite good."

Grafton has a word for his painting. "I may not do it well," he says, "but I do it fearlessly."

It is not singular that the same word holds true for his writing and political analyses. It is his tocsin for any fight in which he finds himself.

Golfanity

¶ An enthusiastic golfer, Supreme Court Justice John Marshall Harlan arranged a game one day with an Episcopal bishop. Scarcely up to his opponent, the bishop dubbed several balls, then landed in a sand trap where he swung time after time without uttering a word. The judge watched sympathetically as the bishop's brow furrowed in silent fury. "Bishop," said the Justice, "that is the most profane silence I ever knew."

—HARRY JENKINS, JR.

¶ Ring Lardner, always a lousy golfer, challenged a boastful crony to a game, and capped the climax by wagering quite a tidy sum on his own prowess.

Showing up at the appointed hour, he did all right for a couple of holes and then sliced a shot into a gully. While his opponent was enjoying a lovely lie in the fairway, Ring went into the lower regions and there was a succession of resounding smacks of steel against rocks. Finally his ball trickled over the rise and he followed it.

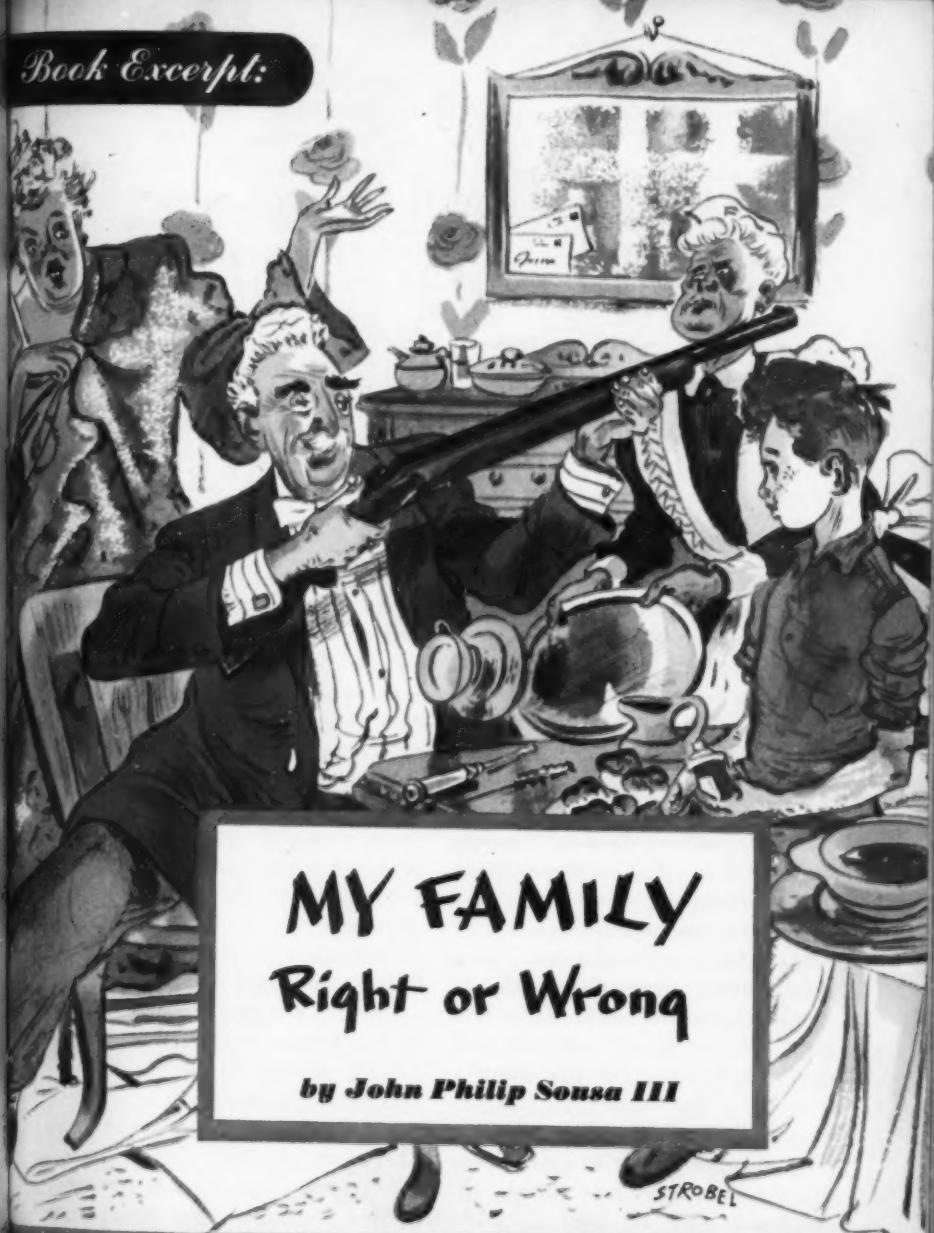
"How many strokes?" asked the opponent.

"Six," said Ring.

The chap looked at him suspiciously. "I distinctly heard 12." Ring turned a dead pan to him and growled, "Six of them were echoes."

—WALTER WEEMS

Book Excerpt:



MY FAMILY Right or Wrong

by John Philip Sousa III

Presenting the Six Scintillating Sousas in a flash of drama from their everyday life. Starring are those lovable eccentrics, "My Mother" and "My Father" as seen by "the only normal member of the family," their candid son, John Philip III . . . Excerpted and condensed from the original book.



My Family Right or Wrong

“**M**RS. GILLMORE!” my mother called from upstairs to the present incumbent of the kitchen, “there’s someone at the front door.”

She gave Mrs. Gillmore something under five seconds to reach the hallway and then began again, “Mrs. Gillmore! Tommy! Nancy! Susan! Yoo-hoo, yoo-hoo, yoo-hoo. Woo-oo, woo-oo, woo-oo! The front door! The front door!”

This was the customary procedure when my mother heard a noise, since she apparently operated on the theory that no matter how loud a sound had been, she was the only one who had caught it. It *was* a fact that she did hear everything that went on within a radius of a quarter of a mile, but what she didn’t seem to realize was that she never knew *what* the sounds she heard were, or from *which* direction they came.

She thought bicycle bells were the

telephone and the telephone was the rear doorbell and someone hammering across the street was the brass knocker and my father sawing up his duck decoys was the dog trying to get through the screen door.

This time, however, she was right. She had heard a sound and there *was* someone at the front door. Neither my brother nor my two sisters rallied to her call, but Mrs. Gillmore eventually answered.

“There’s a gentleman to see Mr. Sousa,” she called upstairs.

“Who?” my mother said, groggy by now from so much yelling.

“A gentleman to see Mr. Sousa,” Mrs. Gillmore repeated.

“Wait a second,” said my mother. “I’ll be right down.”

By some coincidence she was dressed this afternoon, so that she was able to come to the door rather than having to carry on the entire con-

versation by means of the stair well.

"Whom did you want to see?" my mother asked again when she finally reached the hall.

"I was wondering if Mr. Sousa were in," the gentleman asked politely.

He was a stout man about my father's age and very nice looking.

"I'm an old classmate of his from college," the man went on by way of explanation, "and I'm down on a visit. I heard Jack lived here, so I thought I'd look him up. Haven't seen him for years. Since the last class reunion, in fact."

"Oh, why, certainly," said my mother. "I know he'd be delighted to see you. He's around someplace, and I imagine he'll be back any minute. Come in and have a drink."

"That's fine," the man said, "but I left a couple of mutual friends of ours out in the car. Do you mind if I bring them in too?"

"Not at all," said my mother. "Go get them while I get out some ice."

The man walked back to his car and mother went into the kitchen.

At that moment two truckmen from an express company, with instructions to remove a piano, pulled up in front of the place. It so happened that the piano to be moved was in the Women's Club next door and that the movers had simply got the buildings mixed, but of course neither they nor my mother was aware of this fact.

They came briskly up our walk and appeared at the door just as my mother was crossing the hallway with the ice, and slightly ahead of the three college friends of my father.

"We've come for the piano, lady," the men said.

My mother, who was never one to reason something out if it were possible to jump at a conclusion instead, decided briefly that these must be the "other" classmates who had been out in the car. She evidently concluded the business about the piano was some sort of joke.

At any rate, she laughed as heartily as possible and said, "Come right in. I'm just mixing a drink for you."

The piano movers looked at each other in surprise.

"Well, lady, if you're not afraid we'll drop the piano," one of the movers said facetiously.

My mother laughed again, but this time more weakly, and decided to herself that possibly this was some sort of joke she didn't understand.

By that time my father's classmates had returned, and my mother, although somewhat taken aback by the size of the group which she had originally understood to number three, nevertheless ushered everyone in.

"Please sit down and make yourselves comfortable," she said cordially. Then she said, "What would you like to drink, I'm never quite sure what men like," and she smiled.

The five men, all slightly confused, said nothing.

"I'll go get some gin and vermouth," my mother continued, "although I'm sure Jack will be back any minute."

She hurried from the room, leaving the piano movers and my father's classmates staring at one another.

The classmates couldn't make out who the piano movers were, and the piano movers thought my mother was crazy. However, it did happen that there actually was a grand piano in the room, and when they saw this it reassured them somewhat.

They sat down stiffly on the window seat while the three classmates lined up with equal formality on the couch. In a moment my mother came back, bearing several bottles.

"Now please start, won't you? It's a hot day, and I know you must all be thirsty."

She glanced at the piano movers and the classmates again, but nobody was saying a word. They all looked very discouraged.

My mother didn't know what was the matter, but she decided that perhaps they were a particularly formal group and insisted on waiting for my father. Following that tack, she said, "I can't imagine where Jack could be. He was around just a few minutes ago."

The words were hardly out of her mouth when there was a crash on the

second floor, and everyone turned just in time to see my father flash down the stairs and out the front door, followed an instant later by Red, an orange-haired, heavily freckled boy of about 14. He had been brought home by my younger brother Tommy and had attached himself firmly to my father. They flashed by the side window and rounded the corner of the house at top speed. My father was packing a shotgun.

After that there were several seconds of silence, and then Red's voice could be heard shouting excitedly, "There it is! There it is!"

Again there was complete silence, followed suddenly by a terrific blast and the tinkle of falling glass.

"Good lord!" exclaimed my mother. "What's happened?"

She ran to a window which looked out on the side of the house from which the sound of the shooting had come, and the piano movers and the classmates crowded after her.

My father could be seen holding up a large hawk, which seemed to be pretty dead.

"What in heaven's name have you been doing?" shouted my mother.

Red came over to the window. "That hawk was around here this morning chasing a little bird, so me and Mr. Sousa was lying in wait for it to come back again," he explained. "We got it all right."

"It doesn't seem to me you ought to be shooting off guns in the front yard," said my mother. "What did you break?"

"Oh, nothin' much," Red mini-



mized. "Just the window of the house next door."

"*The house next door!*" exclaimed my mother, instantly terrified lest my father might by mistake have murdered one or both of the two elderly gentlemen who occupied it. "Jack," she screamed excitedly, "for heaven's sake, don't you know that house has people in it?"

My father, as he always did when he was being called down by my mother, assumed an expression of great injury. Then he said, "Oh, say, dearie, those old birds. Don't make me laugh! A bullet'd bounce right off those battleaxes if it ever hit them."

Nonetheless, I think he was greatly relieved when the two old gentlemen were spotted a couple of hours later approaching their house from the direction of the village and under their own steam.

By the time my father came into the house, after the shooting of the hawk, the piano movers looked not only puzzled but openly alarmed.

"Jack," my mother said when my father appeared at the door, "these are some classmates of yours from college. They've been waiting for you for three quarters of an hour."

"Why, Frank!" my father exclaimed, recognizing the man who had first come to the door, and then he greeted the other two men who had come along with the latter.

But my mother, realizing that my father hadn't said anything to the men who had joked about the piano and concluding that he hadn't noticed them in the excitement, said,

by way of reminder, "And these two gentlemen here, Jack."

My father turned around and shook hands very cordially with the piano movers, saying, "How do you do? How do you do?" and then glanced at my mother for some explanation of their identity. When none was forthcoming he looked puzzled, and this encouraged the truckmen to repeat, "We just came for the piano."

This didn't make any sense at all to my father, and my mother, hearing the remark, decided finally that these two men had the most forced sense of humor she'd ever come across.

My father finally mixed a drink and gave one to everybody. Then he sat down and began to discuss the old days at college with the men who were his classmates. The piano movers just drank along, meanwhile, listening with polite interest to how my father had made a run around end when he was on the scrub team in 1904 and every once in a while saying something about the piano.

Every time the piano would come into the conversation my father would stare blankly at the truckmen, and the classmates would stare at them, too, and then my father would stare at my mother and my mother back at the piano movers, and they at everybody.

But for the most part my father and the classmates had a fine time. After a while they started diagraming plays and formations and the like, and then the conversation turned to mutual acquaintances and other members of the class. This left the piano movers with absolutely nothing to do except

drink, and they did this to the best of their ability for some time.

Then suddenly one of them spotted a clock. It was 5:30. They both jumped up at once.

"We gotta be getting back now, lady," they said. "Much obliged for the drinks."

They shook hands very formally with my mother and then repeated the process with my father.

"Oh, you don't have to leave yet, do you?" said my mother, disappointedly, addressing the classmate who had first come to the door. Once a party got started she always became extremely cordial and never wanted the guests to go home at all.

"Certainly not!" said the classmates in a chorus. "We're in no hurry whatsoever."

"That's fine," said my mother. "Then why don't you all—"

But that was as far as she got. When she looked around for the two who'd been going to leave, she found them over at the piano inspecting the instrument from every angle.

My mother's eyes popped. "What's the matter with those men, anyway?" she said in undertones to my father. Then to the classmates she said somewhat frostily, "Your friends seem to be very much interested in pianos."

One of the classmates started to reply, but before he got a chance the truckmen had hoisted the instrument into the air and were starting out of the room with it.

My father jumped to his feet, and my mother screamed, "Stop them, Jack, before they smash the thing to

bits." She thought they were drunk.

"Wait a minute, boys," my father said as tactfully as possible. "Where are you going?"

"We're just taking the piano," the men answered, desperate by this time.

My mother decided the joke had gone too far. "You're doing nothing of the sort!" she said angrily.

"Excuse me, lady," one of the men replied, "but this thing's due back today. The rent is up on it."

My mother turned scarlet with fury. "Put it down," she shouted, "before I call the police!"

"Dearie, dearie, for heaven's sake," my father said. Then as an afterthought he added, "The damn thing's half shot, anyway. Let 'em take it if they want to."

My mother turned on my father. "Now look here, Jack," she said, hardly able to control herself, "I'm not going to have a lot of drunken classmates of yours come in here and remove all the furniture. If they want a piano—"

"*Classmates?*" the piano movers said in unison. "Look, lady, we ain't classmates of nobody's. Joe here ain't even been to school."

"That's right," the other one said hopefully. "We're nothing but a couple of piano movers, and we have orders to move your piano. Now can we take it or not?"

"*Not classmates?*" shouted my mother. "Jack, aren't these men friends of yours?"

"Friends of *mine!*" said my father. He squinted at my mother as if she were trying to put something over on

him. "Say, dearie—" he started, but Red interrupted from the window and said, "They're piano movers all right, 'cause there's their truck right out in front. Maybe they just happened to get the wrong address," he added thoughtfully.

"How about letting me handle this, Red?" my father said, and Red answered, "O.K., Mr. Sousa, only I was just figuring maybe they're after the piano at the Women's Club. They rent one over there practically all the time."

"Isn't *this* the Women's Club?" the piano movers exclaimed.

"The Women's Club is next door, you clucks," Red broke in. "Don't you even know where you're going?"

Suddenly my mother realized what the trouble was. She immediately looked around for somebody to blame, but there didn't seem to be any possibility of a victim. Finally, in a classic understatement calculated to give the impression that she did not necessarily hold any single individual responsible for the mix-up, she said simply, "Well, I *thought* there was something wrong!" Then, in a supremely generous gesture, she added, "Jack, why don't you make the gentlemen another drink?"

"I'M GOING TO RUN down to the pier for a little while, dearie," my father shouted upstairs one morning a few days later. "I'll be back in time for lunch."

Fishing was my father's favorite, if least productive, pastime. He never caught anything and was inclined to



blame this phenomenon largely on the fancied fact that he didn't have the right equipment. Yet he had enough hooks, sinkers, floats, leaders, etc., to satisfy the most exacting fish in the Pacific Ocean, and more dry flies than there were insects.

Although my mother was indifferent to the amount of time he spent sitting empty-handed on the end of the pier, she never failed to grow abusive whenever she saw another express package arriving from Abercrombie & Fitch containing new items of equipment.

It was not until my father suddenly transformed himself down at the pier that day into a near-national hero that my mother's abuse was finally and effectively silenced.

A few minutes after his announcement, my father disappeared down the road, the back of the car loaded with a light rod, several auxiliary

reels and a couple of duffel bags of assorted trimmings.

My father had been sitting quietly at the end of the pier, surrounded by his three imported reels and a box of bait carefully wrapped in dead seaweed, when the fish struck. It was a Pacific variety of sea bass and was a good 10 feet long. It excited my father to such an extent that for a few seconds he was barely able to operate the reel.

When he had more or less regained his composure, it occurred to him that the line he was using was a very light one and that the bass could snap it off without the least effort. For several instants he contemplated this fact unhappily. Then, as it does to all fishermen, the vision of standing victoriously beside the fish while onlookers estimated its weight came to him, and he suddenly determined to bring the catch in if it took him all day. It did.

The bass was making its second test run to sea since connecting with my father when Red came along. My father was galloping all over the pier, alternately playing the fish and reeling in, and was very nearly exhausted. He was delighted to see Red.

"Go get me some sandwiches and tell them at the house I may be here all day," he shouted.

Red ran back down to the beach and was gone about 45 minutes, returning just ahead of the first detachment of sight-seers from town. He had notified everybody he could find about my father and the bass, so that everyone in the vicinity knew that

something or other big was going on down at the pier.

My father was secretly pleased at the crowd for he always performed best, or at least loudest, with an audience. The instant he spied the first visitors he began to reel in furiously. This so alarmed the fish, that it headed out to sea again, with the result that my father was obliged to cling perilously to both his equipment and the pier in order to save himself from immediate drowning.

At the sight of these gyrations everybody yelled at once, "What've you got?" "What's the matter?" "What is it?"

But in order to create a certain amount of suspense, my father first ignored these questions entirely and then, when he had finally steadied himself again, turned and measured the crowd with a stony stare.

At this point Red assumed the role of liaison man between my father and the crowd, volunteering details on the fish to newcomers—although he had not so far seen the bass himself. Meanwhile, my father alternately reeled in and ate sandwiches or answered the questions of such onlookers as were not wholly satisfied with Red's interpretations of the event. The fish was brought in close to the pier any number of times, but never failed to swim out to the end of the line again just as hopes for its capture were beginning to rise.

By 3:30 in the afternoon my father was no farther along than he had been at 11 o'clock that morning. The crowd, which had grown to several

hundred by now, was becoming restless, and my father was very unhappy. Suddenly he had an idea.

"Red!" he shouted in a voice which was intended to make it clear to everyone that he had decided upon a new and perhaps drastic course of action.

Red shoved his way pompously through the crowd, and when he got near enough my father whispered something to him. Red nodded importantly and set off at once to execute his mission. He was gone only a short time, reappearing suddenly at the wheel of a grocery truck which he had evidently extracted or otherwise removed from its rightful owner. Plunging through the line, he pulled up alongside my father and produced a large rifle.

My father beamed delightedly while everyone on the pier waited tensely to see what he was going to do next. Red continued to hold the weapon while my father turned his attention once more to the fish, finally reeling the latter in until it was in a direct line of fire from the pier.

This accomplished, he seized the gun, and after several seconds of breathless deliberation, intended for the benefit of the crowd, he took careful aim at the bass and thereupon blasted the daylights out of it. The fish lashed and heaved and then suddenly subsided completely.

Red leaned excitedly over the rail. "Nice work, Mr. Sousa," and at this pronouncement of victory everyone on the pier started shouting at once.

Meanwhile the newspapers had

got wind of the catch and had sent reporters and photographers to get the story. These men arrived just as the fish was being raised to the surface. They all knew my father and were certain of getting a good story from him. He posed obligingly, first sitting in a collapsible creel deck chair he had invented and then standing next to the fish.

But the final and ultimate triumph of the afternoon was the drive into town. As soon as the pictures and interviews were over, the fish was loaded into the rear of the truck, and my father sat on top of it while Red drove. All the other cars followed along behind.

My father had no immediate plans for the disposal of the quarry, except that he intended to bring it home to show to my mother. However, when the truck reached the main street, he remembered suddenly that Bill Drake, the barber, had not yet seen the fish. It was about 5:30 by then and the busiest time of day in the barbershop, but my father had Red back the truck up in front of the store anyway.

At the beginning he simply intended to have Bill look at the fish in the truck, but they got into an argument over the weight, so my father sent Red up the street for an immense set of scales that was used by the lumber company. Then he ran the truck up against the building and unloaded the fish again.

The weighing in (at 450 pounds) attracted a new crowd of onlookers, and this encouraged my father, in an additional burst of enthusiasm, to

offer a steak off the fish to anybody who would like one. Although there seemed to be no immediate takers, he nevertheless got out a large knife and began cutting off generous slabs, which he pressed on everyone who came too close. These individuals, though not necessarily clamoring for the handout, nonetheless felt that they were the recipients of an unusual delicacy and thanked him profusely. In a few minutes the street was filled with people struggling homeward under the weight of anything upward of a square foot of the catch.

When it began to grow dark he cut off a final steak for the barber, and then he and Red loaded the remains of the fish back into the truck. The bass looked by this time as if it had slid down Pikes Peak on its stomach, but my father was still determined to bring it home. He delivered it in a dismembered condition at the kitchen door. My mother took one look at it and said, "Jack, what in heaven's name are we supposed to do with *that*?"

"Oh, say, dearie," said my father excitedly, "that's wonderful fish. We're going to have it for dinner."

"Dinner is practically on the table already," my mother said in low, measured tones, but my father ignored her and got out his knife again.

He cut off a slab about the size of a tombstone and handed it to Mrs. Gillmore. She immediately started to quit, but my father made a shakerful of orange blossoms and these had an excellent effect on Mrs. Gillmore.

About nine o'clock dinner was

finally ready, and we all sat down. When the fish was brought in by Mrs. Gillmore there was an extended and intensely serious attempt by all of us to get a foothold on the dish with either a knife or a fork.

My mother gave up first. "Jack," she said, "it's impossible to cut this thing. It's like shoe leather!"

My father looked up, very much offended, but he continued to struggle silently for another 20 minutes before finally laying down his knife and fork with an expression of intense disappointment. The rest of us had already ceased operations by this time and were staring gloomily out of the window. Every once in a while we looked at one another, wondering whether we ought to try once more in order to make my father feel better, but we decided against it.

Meanwhile, we just watched my little sister; she was apparently unaware as yet that there was anything the matter with the fish and kept on trying to cut it until the fork finally slipped and stabbed her in the stomach. She had to be taped up with adhesive plaster. This caused my mother to glare at my father and go upstairs to bed; he looked forlornly around and finally went down to the police station to spend the evening with the cops.

But the next afternoon the pictures of my father and the fish appeared in all the papers. My father was ecstatic, but my mother said:

"It's a wonder your father didn't manage to poison everybody in town with that thing."

Bookette:



From one of the 20 foreign correspondents allowed in wartime Moscow comes this saga of the Soviet during the depths of its savage struggle. Fighting desperately on the brink of the Volga, Russia clung tenaciously to the hope of a second front. Her reactions when it did not come are revelatory . . . A condensation of the original book.



Russia Fights

IT STARTED AT eight o'clock in the morning when we were three days north of Iceland. The bos'n came down the ladder and woke me in my bunk and said two Focke-Wulfs had been circling the convoy for 10 minutes. I could see he was nervous, and I jumped out of bed and started dressing. The bos'n had been torpedoed three times, and had worked on blockade-running ships to China and Spain before the war. I felt his excitement, and knowing his past record, I moved fast.

He told me later in Murmansk that he had been nervous ever since we left England because three-fourths of our cargo was TNT and cordite. Few of the crew knew this.

I went up on deck, and I could see the planes. They were circling the convoy just out of reach of our guns. There were British and American ships in our convoy, and we had an escort of destroyers, corvettes, and one cruiser. The crew were all wearing life-belts, and I went down the ladder and got mine from where it was hanging over my bunk. The life-

belt was supposed to be able to keep anyone afloat in the water for 18 hours. But that was useless in these Arctic waters with the ship forced to plow through ice fields every 30 or 40 miles. No man would need his life-belt very long.

The Focke-Wulfs circled us for two hours, and the atmosphere on board ship began to get tense. We knew they had signaled our position and were watching us until reinforcements arrived, either bombers or submarines, or both. It turned out to be both.

Just three hours after the Focke-Wulfs spotted us it happened. Eight bombers came over the horizon in a steady drone, unwaveringly headed for the first ship in the convoy. They came down the line flying low and fast, dropping everything they had.

When the attack finished, none of the convoy had been sunk although a few were damaged.

We expected to be bombed again, and in about an hour the Focke-Wulfs appeared and circled us until dark. Dinner in the officers' mess was unusually silent. The captain advised

by James E. Brown

us not to go below, so we bunked in the mess room on the corner benches. I slept fitfully and was awakened at five o'clock by the cabin boy lighting a fire. I lit a cigarette and started thinking. Five days to Murmansk. Five days. I wondered why the Russians didn't send out any escort planes. I wondered if my wife and baby had arrived safely in America. They sailed from Scotland a week before I left England. Thinking at that hour in the morning is always bad, but my thoughts seemed to be getting worse and worse.

The morning dragged interminably, and nerves were worse than the previous afternoon. The destroyers were letting off depth charges frequently now, and the thunderous reverberations as each one exploded under the water seemed to affect even the sardonic first mate. We ate lunch hurriedly, and the officers immediately went back up on the bridge. I went out on deck.

It happened just as I reached the rail and my eyes were getting accustomed to the bright sunlight. The ship next to us in the line, about 300 yards away, seemed to break in half as there was a terrific explosion followed by two more in quick succession. In just two minutes and 15 seconds there was left only a little debris and oil on the surface to mark where a U-boat had got the first victim. The X— was the biggest ship in our convoy, and her sinking was so quick that I stayed at the rail seconds after she had sunk, unable fully to

comprehend what had happened.

Nothing in life has seemed to me so horrible.

We didn't talk much that night. Shortly after midnight, a submarine torpedo hit an ammunition ship, loaded like us, with TNT and cordite. The flash lit up the sea like daylight. The next two days and nights were hell, but I don't think anything was as terrible for me as seeing that first ship go down. The thought in all our minds the evening of the fourth day was how near we were to Murmansk.

I didn't expect to be able to sleep, but I had dozed off for a couple of hours when I was awakened with a start by the crash of a depth charge. We were bombed again at 11 o'clock. It was bad while it lasted, and one of our ships was hit and a number of men killed. It didn't damage the engine, and the ship managed to keep in convoy.

We sighted land that afternoon and, at dusk, turned in the estuary for Murmansk.

After waiting a week in Murmansk, I left for Archangel. I arrived the afternoon of the third day and went immediately into the railroad station to find out when the next train for Moscow was leaving. I was told there would be one in about three days. The time for departure of the train was changed twice, but it was finally settled, and I was glad to be on the last stages of the trip.

We were three days traveling, and on the third day I began to recognize familiar landmarks and noticed that

I felt a sense of pleasure. But it was not nostalgia for the past, it was an anticipation of seeing something new. Two years of living in Moscow had not given me any kinship with the city. Moscow is cold. It is the most youthful city I have ever been in, growing fast and changing from year to year. But it looks to the future and has little use for the past.

The platform was crowded as we came in, and a fellow passenger said:

"Here at last. Now we'll know there's a war on."

I looked at a line of ambulances taking the wounded from a hospital train, and said:

"Yes, I guess we will."

The war had changed Moscow. I sensed it by the subdued atmosphere of the crowd at the station. Here, at the center of the struggle, I could feel how desperately Russia was fighting.

In my room at the Metropole Hotel, I took a hot bath. While I was dressing there was a knock at the door, and an old friend, Oscar Emma, a Ukrainian who had worked for me when I was last in Moscow, walked in. Oscar was a veteran assistant who had worked for a long line of American correspondents, and I was very glad to see him. He was at present working for Walter Kerr, but Walter offered to share him with me, so I hired him on the spot.

We went down to the correspondents' dining-room. There were 14 newspapermen at the table, and I knew them all.

After dinner, I called at the press

department, which then had its offices in the hotel. Henry Cassidy of AP introduced me to the censor on duty, a young, stocky individual named Aneuroff, whom I came to like very much. He was affable and said if I would meet him at nine o'clock the next morning he would get a foreign office car and drive me around.

I met him at the entrance to the hotel. We drove through the heart of the city first, and I said I was interested in seeing some bomb damage. Aneuroff pointed out several places which he said had been hit, but compared with London, there were very few demolished buildings. I refrained from making any comparisons, but Aneuroff seemed to know what I was thinking.

"Many other places were hit," he said, "but they have been cleaned up by now."

"How do you account for Moscow coming through the raids as well as it has?" I asked.

"Our anti-aircraft," he said. "I think we have the heaviest concentration in the world."

I let his explanation stand, but I believe there is another reason. The British found that anti-aircraft only keeps bombers at a high altitude, and, even then, determined raiders will come down through the barrage. In the light of their experience, therefore, it would seem reasonable to suppose the Luftwaffe never concentrated heavy strength on Moscow. There wasn't then, and there isn't now, any good military reason to

by James E. Brown

bomb the Soviet capital other than, perhaps, that it is the capital. Important industries have all been moved away, and even destruction of the railroad yards wouldn't materially hamper the war effort.

We drove 10 miles outside the city, passing innumerable rings of trenches and tank obstacles. We turned around at a point where hundreds of women were digging new fortifications, some using picks and shovels, and others pushing wheelbarrows.

"I don't think we will build many more trenches out here," said Aneuroff. "It isn't necessary; the Germans will never again get close to Moscow."

I looked at him; he was not talking as a press official to a correspondent, but simply as a Russian. I knew he believed it, and, looking back at the serious-faced women shoveling in the hillside, I believed it, too.

THAT AFTERNOON we were all busy as the news was flashed to us that the Germans had launched a heavy offensive on the Kerch Peninsula, located at the western tip of Crimea. This was the first indication that the enemy summer campaign might be aimed at the Caucasus, and it broke the lull in fighting that had lasted three months.

The next morning, the newspapers had electrifying headlines: the Germans were using poison gas. I don't think it was a scare story. Army headquarters specified only a small amount

had been used. They named the exact sector of the attack and the type of gas employed, and they admitted Russian casualties had been few. But they seemed to think it was a test; the enemy wanted to see what the Red Army would do.

Correspondents gathered that night in Cassidy's room, speculating about the day's developments. All agreed the Soviets would not use gas unless the Germans continued the attacks.

Churchill was scheduled to broadcast from London, and we turned on the radio to listen to him. He began speaking slowly, his speech seemed mainly a summary of the war in the Pacific. Then, suddenly, he referred to the German gas attack and announced in emphatic tones that Britain would use poison gas against the Germans if they continued to employ it against the Soviets.

"He's called Hitler's bluff, all right," said one of the correspondents, "but you've got to hand it to him; it took a lot of courage. I think the Germans were hoping the British would let them use gas against the Russians as long as the Luftwaffe didn't drop gas bombs on England."

We debated the subject until late; it still remains one of the interesting question marks of the war. But there was no more gas used that summer.

Aneuroff arranged a trip for us to Gorki, an overnight journey on the train, to inspect a tank base where drivers were being trained in the use of British and American tanks.

Tank officers were waiting at the

station with cars, and they immediately drove us out to their camp. The slender, gray-haired commander of the unit, Colonel Rodior Schabalin, invited us to his tent and outlined the day's program. He said the tanks, General Grant models, had arrived only three days before.

"We have a seasoned crew here," he said. "They are going to the front with them in 10 days."

"You don't lose any time," said one reporter.

"No," said Colonel Schabalin, "we can't afford to. But, as a matter of fact, this is typical. It would be safe to say that British and American tanks are always in operation within one month after they arrive in Murmansk or Archangel."

We followed Schabalin out of the tent; the tanks were drawn up in parade formation with the crews standing at attention beside their machines. They appeared to be veterans, and I wondered if it was Soviet policy to assign experts to handle foreign equipment. I asked Schabalin, and he said:

"We have more trained men than we have tanks; I wish it were the other way around. But the result is that we can always put experienced men on new machines; I believe the same is true of the air force."

The Red Army men I met impressed me with their confidence. They had all seen action against the Germans, and they believed they could beat them. I could report that our tanks were being put to good use.



I GOT UP one morning, went to the bathroom and, as happened to be my habit, turned on the water to fill the bathtub while brushing my teeth. Suddenly I fainted. My first conscious recollection was waking and finding Captain Waldron, the physician with the American military mission to Moscow, beside me.

"Hello, John," I said, "what's wrong with me? I wish you'd amputate my head; it aches like hell."

"You've had a cerebral hemorrhage, Jim," he replied. "We want to move you to the hospital."

I was delirious for about a week, and the nurses told me I fought the convoy trip over again many times.

Admiral Standley, the American ambassador, visited me one afternoon, causing great excitement among the nurses. Leland Stowe arrived about an hour after the ambassador left. He had much news. The military situation was unchanged; Molotov had returned from conferences in London and Washington, and there had been a meeting of the Supreme Soviet during which Stalin announced the Allies had agreed to the formation of a second front in 1942. This was big news.

The doctor came to make his daily examination, and Stowe got up to leave; he said he would visit me again the following week. I insisted I would be out of the hospital by that time, but the doctor shook his head.

"The vein which broke when you had the cerebral hemorrhage must have time to heal. If you get up too soon, it might break again, and that would be much more serious."

As the time approached for me to leave the hospital, I was told that all rest homes were filled with soldiers. I would have to spend my period of convalescence at the Metropole. It was a tonic to be back at the hotel. I knew I would soon be working again.



"BE READY at five o'clock tomorrow morning. Cars will be waiting in front of the hotel."

It was Polganov, chief of the press department, telephoning to give me details of a trip to the central front.

"It will be very interesting," he continued. "We are going to the Rzhev sector."

We drove out of the city to the Smolensk highway and were soon passing through battle-scarred villages. The rumble of artillery grew louder as we neared the front. We had been heading directly towards the German positions; now we turned right and ran parallel to them. We drove in this direction for a few miles and then halted under a clump of trees where three officers were waiting. They said we would have to walk to headquarters.

"It is about a mile away, but we couldn't risk taking those cars. They are too conspicuous."

Headquarters was a group of tents

with a long table and an open kitchen fire set in a clearing. Four girls in uniform were preparing lunch.

The regimental commander conducted us to an advanced firing post about three miles from Rzhev and gave an account of the recent advance. As he talked, we could see occasional puffs of smoke from the German lines across the flat plains ahead of us, followed by the whine of shells and the crack of explosions.

When we had finished asking questions, the commander said, "I do not think this artillery exchange will develop into anything, so I would like now to show you the village of Pogoralye-Gorodische which we recaptured last week."

We walked back to headquarters, and the commander then led the way to our cars. He said the village was five miles away and added, "Pogoralye-Gorodische is really two towns. A small river runs through the center, and Pogoralye is on one side and Gorodische is on the other. For several months we held trenches on both sides of Pogoralye while the Germans were five hundred yards away from us flanking Gorodische."

We drove to the center of Pogoralye and stopped in the midst of a crowd of returned villagers. They were carrying all their belongings, and here and there women were cooking over open fires; the only men were either very old or very young.

"Does the Red Army usually give much assistance to the peasants in the war zone?" asked a correspondent.

"Yes," said the commander, "we try to bring the former inhabitants back to a liberated area as soon as we can. We need all the food they can raise, and we want them to rebuild their houses. A man works better when he is at home."

We left the village and walked along the road towards the trenches. I was first impressed by their narrowness; there was barely enough room for two men to pass. I commented on it to an officer, and he said:

"Airplanes. Bombs from the air have changed the whole theory of protection. Trenches have to be narrow. Mortars have also improved; the Germans have a new mortar with several barrels that is very accurate."

We crossed the stream to the former German positions; they were completely wrecked, and debris lay everywhere. Strands of barbed wire showed where the Soviets had made their initial break-through. The commander said:

"Our attack was really a surprise, although the Germans knew we were making preparations and even brought up reinforcements to meet it. We started a barrage at 10 o'clock at night, and, shortly after midnight, we made our first assault. The Germans thought it was the main attack, but we used only shock troops, keeping our regular infantry in reserve. We were beaten off, and for about two hours the front was quiet. Then at three o'clock we attacked in full strength, taking the enemy by surprise. They never recovered; we had

secured every position before dawn."

Pointing to a ridge he continued:

"The Nazis used to have a loud-speaker there; they would give us propaganda and music all day and sometimes at night. We had our own loud-speaker to address their troops. The noise when both amplifiers were working got on my nerves more than the firing; they kept it up constantly."

Polygonov said we had better return to camp if we were going to drive back to Moscow that night. On the way back Aneuroff asked me, "What was your main impression?"

"I think the keenness and enthusiasm of the officers and men was the most surprising feature," I answered. "I expected them to look worn and tired, but they appear ready to begin another offensive."

"Don't forget they've just had a victory," said a newspaperman.

"It isn't only that," said Aneuroff; "I think the spirit at the front is usually better than civilian morale."



I WAS RETURNING from a walk with two newspapermen one humid August day when we saw a huge bomber circle over Moscow preparing to make a landing. As it came lower we could see by the marking that it was a British plane.

"Well, well! We have visitors," said one of the correspondents. "May be it's Churchill."

It was.

Churchill's arrival was known to

only a few people in Moscow, but it caused much speculation among the correspondents. The Russian need for a second front was very great; the Germans were streaming across the Don towards Stalingrad and southward through the Caucasus. The British Prime Minister had arrived at an hour when the sands of Allied fortunes seemed to be running low.

One correspondent remarked, "If Churchill hasn't come here to discuss a second front in 1942, the conference will go to hell soon. Stalin will be angry, and Churchill is too proud a man to apologize for anything he thinks is right. If Cordell Hull or another American cabinet member had come, the Soviets would listen."

The correspondent had hit upon the difficulty; Churchill knew Britain and America had done all they could, that it was physically impossible to invade Europe at the time. But both he and Stalin were men of rugged tempers, neither temporized with

what he believed, and they were incapable of self-explanations. It was an angry impasse that might have been resolved by a man like Cordell Hull, whom both of the protagonists could respect, and who spoke with the true voice of the most powerful Allied nation.

The next day passed in hurried conferences. That night Churchill went to the Kremlin dinner dressed in zipper overalls, his famous siren suit. The dinner was formal; servicemen wore their medals, diplomats wore their decorations, but Winston wore his overalls. No nation in the world is as sensitive to the dictates of diplomatic protocol as the Soviet Union. If the British Prime Minister thought that, because he was in the land of the proletariat, working clothes were indicated, he was wrong. There was a sharp intake of breath when he appeared; it was a deadly shock.

The zipper overalls were not in themselves important. If the conference had been going smoothly, if the British leader and Stalin had been discussing the immediate opening of a second front, the siren suit would have been almost appropriate. But this had not been the case; the conversations had been strained, and trivial incidents became important. The Prime Minister was not a gay figure at the banquet.

The final sessions were held the next day, and it was

Double Meaning

Winston Churchill tells this one on himself. As he rode through the streets of Moscow during his visit with Stalin in 1942, he greeted the crowds which lined the pavements by jovially holding out his fingers in the famous V for Victory salute.

The Russians cheered and Mr. Churchill remarked, "Have you noticed they cheer more loudly when I give the Victory sign?"

Stalin smiled, and after a moment of silence replied, "They think that the two fingers are saying 'A second front.'" —HELEN LOMBARD in *Wartime Washington* (Bell Syndicate, Inc.).

planned that Churchill would leave in the afternoon. The mission's departure was suddenly canceled, however. We learned later that Churchill had ordered the postponement, that he had gone-alone to the Kremlin to pay one last call on Stalin. The two men were closeted until after midnight, and Churchill left Moscow at about three o'clock in the morning. There were many conjectures as to whether they parted in agreement.

The Churchill visit took place in August and marked the end of Soviet hopes for a second front in 1942.

"No matter what happens this winter, Russia will fight on," remarked an observer, "but it's the end of the era of planning for a brave, new world with the Soviet Union as a collaborator. The Russians needed a second front desperately this summer, and didn't get it; they'll never forget."

"An Allied invasion of the continent next year will be an anti-climax," added a correspondent. "The Russians will never again hope and pray for it the way they have in the past months. They are writing their own ticket from now on."



THE BATTLE OF Stalingrad caught the imagination of the Russian people more than any other single engagement of the war. As weeks passed, and the city still held, it came to represent a symbol of the whole struggle.

The mental suffering of the Rus-

sians who had relatives and friends at Stalingrad was great; the newspapers gave a grim and accurate picture of the extent to which the Volga capital had been devastated. They described the systematic bombing which had reduced one building after another to ruins; there were graphic accounts of the savage street battles. No attempt was made to minimize the fact that it was a fight to the death.

The Red Army, however, was free from the greatest terror of besieged soldiers: hunger and thirst. Supplies were ferried across the Volga to them at night. The boatmen who performed this vital task were picturesque characters; they made a living in peace-time fishing on the river. War had not greatly affected their lives; they were not afraid of mines or bombs, and many fished openly in the daytime after spending night taking food and ammunition to Stalingrad.

Long before the siege began, Eddy Gilmore interviewed a fisherman at Kuybyshev. He asked him if he knew the *Song of the Volga Boatman*.

"Never heard of it," was the startling answer.

The unexpected offensive character of Russian resistance repeatedly baffled the Nazis. Soviet guardsmen made constant forays against the enemy flanks to the north and south of Stalingrad; they captured prisoners and killed sentries. Sharpshooters lurked in the ruins of buildings, and Red Army mortars and artillery forced the Germans to dig shelters as deep as those held by the defenders.

by James E. Brown

Lieutenant General Chuikov's tactics of active defense were said by observers to be based on soundest principles, but they were difficult to apply; the great temptation of a besieged army is to leave the initiative with the attackers. The Soviets were never able to launch offensives equal to those of the Germans because they lacked the men and material, so they exhausted the enemy with series of lightning thrusts.

The Battle of Stalingrad was one of the hardest-fought sieges in modern history; it may even have been one of the hardest in all history. There are those who say that if Stalingrad had fallen we would have lost the war, and, while I think that statement is far too extreme, I believe it would have added months of toil and thousands of lives to the final cost of defeating the Nazis.

The visit of Wendell Willkie aroused more interest in the American colony in Moscow than even Lindbergh's memorable flying trip in 1938. It was unfortunate, however, that he arrived so soon after Churchill. It was also regrettable that his visit came at a time when the Soviet military outlook was so bad; the Russians were not in a mood to discuss anything but a second front.

The correspondents called on Willkie soon after he arrived. We asked him how he felt about an Allied invasion of Europe, and he replied that he was in favor of making the attempt as soon as possible.

Stalin also gave a dinner for Willkie

in the Kremlin. The two seemed to get along very well; besides the usual expressions of good will common on such occasions, each had an obvious respect for the other. Willkie's unofficial position made it easier for him to be understanding and sympathetic about Russian problems.

The final verdict on the banquet was that it had served a useful purpose in allowing Stalin to talk as he would have been unable to do if Willkie had been conducting official negotiations. He was aware, of course, that his statements would be reported to the White House and Downing Street, but there was a difference between speeches at a banquet and a direct exchange of notes.

The consensus of opinion among Moscow observers was that Willkie's tour, while not a major event of the war, was favorable to Soviet-American relations.



MORE THAN 70 per cent of the workers in Soviet industry are women.

This statement, taken from an official report of January, 1943, represented the peak utilization of feminine labor since the outbreak of war. It was an impressive figure and helped to explain some of the surprising Russian successes, particularly the Red Army's apparently limitless reservoir of manpower.

The progress which women had made in industry and in the learned professions was noticeable in the many

executive positions held by them. Men did not object to women bosses. I visited a large factory where three of the floor superintendents were women. I asked one of them:

"Do men and women usually work together in factories?"

"It depends on what is being manufactured," she answered. "As a rule, we find that it is better to have all men or all women, but that was impossible here."

A young girl, dressed in overalls, passed us, and the foreman said, "That is my daughter, Marina. She has a little baby who is being taken care of in our crèche. Would you like to see the nursery?"

I said I would, and the foreman conducted me upstairs to a spacious, well-lighted room where nurses in white uniform were tending the babies of women who worked in the factory.

"It looks as if they are better off here than they would be at home," I remarked.

"That is true," said the foreman. Stalin's attitude toward women has had an important bearing on their position in Soviet society. It has been said that Stalin's concern for the education and welfare of women was not motivated by altruism but was as much a defense measure as his effort to strengthen the Red Army. Whatever his motives, the net result was the same. The U.S.S.R. maintained its tremendous striking power, launching fresh attacks after suffering colossal losses, because of these feminine reinforcements on the home front.

Women were the hard core of Russian war industries.

Women doctors and nurses have saved thousands of lives at the front; their heroism has come to be accepted as an attribute of their profession. I arranged an interview one afternoon with a girl ambulance driver.

"You must have been under fire a good deal," I said. "Do you get used to it?"

"It does not bother me as much now as it did at first. The airplanes are the worst. They dive along the road and machine-gun us. We cannot hear them coming, and, since the ambulances are covered, we cannot see them until they are on top of us."

A tank officer approached us and nodded to the girl. She said goodbye to me and walked away with him. Watching her stride across the lobby, I thought of the great changes that had taken place in the status of Russian women in the space of 20 years. With the exception of relatively few in the wealthy classes, they had been the most backward and illiterate women in Europe; their amazing development was one of the major credit items on the Soviet ledger.



ONE DAY I learned, quite by accident, of a side of the war about which little was ever mentioned in the newspapers. During a visit to a hospital, I saw a three-months-old baby girl whose mother and father, the nurse told me, had

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been killed in an air raid. I mentioned having seen the baby to Oscar Emma while we were working the next day. He showed immediate interest in adopting the child and together we returned to the hospital.

The nurse in the children's ward remembered me, and I asked her if we could see the baby she had shown me the day before.

"Oh, she is gone," she said.

Oscar's face fell, and I said, "But you told me she would be here for two or three weeks."

"I know; I thought so too," she explained, "but she was adopted. Was there any special reason why you wanted to see her?"

"My friend was interested in adopting her."

"Oh, I see. Well, if you will come with me to the superintendent's office, you can fill out the forms, and we will put you on our list."

The superintendent told us that during the previous nine months more than four thousand orphans had been adopted in Moscow alone. After we had left the hospital I said:

"I'm sorry you missed the baby. I had no idea so many children were being adopted."

"It is because thousands of men and women have lost their own families," he said. "They are lonesome, and they want to do something for children without a home. It was the same way during the last war."

The war was such a terrible reality to the Soviet people that few of them ever considered abstractions such as

the ultimate aims for which they were fighting. Germany had attacked them, they were defending themselves: this was the sum total of the meaning of the conflict to millions of Russians. They might have added that they were fighting to defend their homes, and their wives and children; in short, they were repelling a foreign invasion. But not many of the peasants and workers in the Red Army would have said they were fighting for "a way of life," or for the Four Freedoms, or to free the enslaved countries of Europe. The simple truth was that Russia would not have endured her tremendous casualties for anything less than a clearly-defined struggle of life and death. Thus, they were not different in this respect from the English and French.

A Russian said to me one day:

"Do not forget, when you talk with such altruism, that America did not come in the war until Japan attacked her."

It was the Soviet reply to my remark that Russia did not fight until she was invaded.

Allied doubts about Russia's post-war intentions were reciprocated by the Soviets; the suspicions raised by lack of a second front in 1942 could never be wholly erased. The Russians believed we waited until Germany was weakened before coming in for the final kill. They felt that they were being used to fight the battles, and they were wary of high-sounding post-war plans that would leave them with only a ruined country and 10 million

dead while the other nations remade the world map.

A Russian friend surprised me by remarking, "There are too many misconceptions on both sides. You Americans, for example, think we should help you in your war against Japan; we do not feel any obligation to do so at all. We believe you should have invaded Europe last summer, but you probably do not think so."

"I agree with you regarding the misconceptions," I said. "There are obviously a great many of them. We were not in position to invade Europe last summer. It would help our relations with each other if your government told the people the facts concerning why we did not invade."

"We have too many problems of our own to publish your difficulties as well. It would not be of much interest to anyone."

"I think it might interest a great many people," I said. "As the situation stands now, the Russians believe we broke our promise to them. That is not true, and the impression should be corrected."

"What does it matter?" he asked.

"If we had tried an invasion and failed, it would have been bad for our cause, and it would have ultimately been bad for Russia. By waiting, we were able to ship more supplies to the Soviet Union and to improve our own position so that the eventual invasion will be bound to succeed. We could not risk a failure."

"There is one of the misconceptions we have about each other," he said.

"We believe you could have risked a failure. Any attempt would be better than none. I will always believe there should have been an invasion."

"And many Americans will always believe you should help us in our war against Japan," I said.

"What has your war against Japan got to do with us?" he asked.

"We are allies, and we are helping you fight Germany. Japan and Germany are allies."

"Japan and Germany may be allies, but Japan has not helped Hitler very much. She has not attacked us. We believe we are allied with you in fighting Germany, and up to now we have carried the largest burden. We have nothing to do with the war in the Pacific."

"It isn't as simple as that," I said. "This is a global war, and it is all part of the same struggle."

"You may be right, but by defeating the Germans we are doing as much as can be expected of us."

He had clearly expressed the Soviet attitude, and it was one which the United Nations would have to accept. Nothing but a Japanese attack would ever change it.

Marshal Shaposhnikoff launched the Red Army counterattack early in November, 1942. It was primarily intended to relieve Stalingrad, but it resulted in an unbroken series of Russian victories as the Soviets swept across the Don steppes beyond Rostov and Kharkov. The Russians had lost Rostov once, recaptured it and lost it once more, and they entered the ruins

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of that once-beautiful city vowing never to surrender again. Von Paulus' troops, starving and frozen, capitulated to the Red Army, freeing the Soviets from menace on their rear and their southern flank as they pressed forward towards Kharkov.

The Kremlin announced that Marshal von Paulus would be tried for his crimes against the Ukrainian civilian population. This development was disturbing to the British; the Russians seemed to have the intention of giving von Paulus a trial and executing him. But the announcement underlined a fundamental difference between Russians and Anglo-American policy; the Red Army would execute Hitler, Goering, Goebbels and the other Nazi leaders if given the opportunity. Britain and America, on the other hand, would probably be content with exiling or imprisoning the Germans most responsible for Nazi crimes.

A Russian invasion of Germany was dreaded in some Allied quarters because of the tremendous spread of Communism that would result. Against this danger was the salutary fact that even a temporary Soviet occupation of Germany might result in keeping the peace of Europe for 50 years. Germany would be long in recovering from even a few weeks of the Red Army's presence.

Joy in the Stalingrad victory was soon increased by the national elation which followed the Red Army relief of Leningrad. The former Czarist capital city had been under terrible siege for over a year; the story of the

people's privation has not yet been adequately written and may not be until after the war. Yet the saga of Leningrad has already been expressed in music: Shostakovitch's unforgettable symphony, composed between air raids while the near-sighted artist was serving as auxiliary fireman.

Victories in the field stimulated Red Army morale during the winter 1942-43, but the population at home could only gain comfort by reading of these successes. Reality for them represented long hours of work, poor food, worn-out clothing and numbing cold. Women came home from factories facing cheerless evenings thinking of dead or missing husbands and sons. The faces of people on the streets seemed pinched and somber. Many showed signs of malnutrition.

For these reasons the Anglo-American invasion of North Africa meant little to them; it was a remote event that seemed to have little bearing on their problems.

The Roosevelt-Churchill invitation for Stalin to confer with them at Casablanca or Cairo was unwise and betrayed a fundamental misunderstanding of the Soviet position. The refusal was bound to come, and it did come: Stalin was too busy "fighting the war."

There were three reasons for his refusal. First, the intense Soviet bitterness because they were fighting alone in Europe; second, their single-mindedness about the conflict: their one aim was to drive the Germans out of Russia, and they had no desire for discus-

sion of the global aspects which interested Britain and America; third, Stalin's inherent distaste for such dramatic gestures.

A well-known American commentator said after the Churchill-Roosevelt Casablanca meeting:

"Because of Stalin's absence the biggest question facing America remains unanswered. Will the United States get bases in Siberia to strike at the heart of Japan? If so, when?"

I discussed this privately with a Russian official, and he stated: "Stalin did not have to go to North Africa to answer that question. Britain and America will get bases in Siberia if and when Japan attacks us, not before."

Stalin signed a Red Army "Order of the Day" on February 23, 1943, stating that "In view of the absence of a second front in Europe the Red Army alone is bearing the whole weight of the war." Throughout his message, Stalin emphasized that Russia was depending on her own resources; there was no mention of Anglo-American war material.

It was not expected that the Soviet premier would give undue prominence to Anglo-American material assistance, but his failure to mention it at all seemed deliberate. There was nothing either Roosevelt or Churchill could say without disrupting Allied harmony, but newspapermen in Russia wished Britain and America had a spokesman who would adopt the same frank attitude as that of the Soviets.

This desire for a frank Anglo-American reply was suddenly granted by

the United States ambassador, Admiral Standley.

"It is not fair to mislead Americans into giving millions from their pockets, thinking that they are aiding the Russian people, without the Russian people knowing about it," said the ambassador.

When asked why he thought the Russian authorities were not informing their people regarding the aid received, he replied, "They seem to be trying to create the impression at home as well as abroad that they are fighting the war alone. The American Congress is rather sensitive. It is generous and big-hearted as long as it feels that it is helping some one. But give it the idea it is not helping and it might be a different story."

Admiral Standley's statement created international excitement; many British and American public figures deplored the Admiral's "tactlessness;" President Roosevelt refused to comment on the matter.

But the Kremlin reacted quickly to world comment, and Standley was pleased with the results of his interview. A mass of Lend-Lease news had been published in the Moscow newspapers as well as stories on Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden's visit to Washington, American raids on the Japanese in the Aleutians and Allied bombings of Germany and Italy. The Russian ambassador in Washington, Maxim Litvinov, had publicly acknowledged the important part that the United States planes were playing in the growing Soviet offensives.



"I'M SORRY. You'll have to go back to America for medical treatment."

These words by Captain John Waldron meant

it would be impossible to remain in Russia for the duration of the war, as I had planned. Both Waldron and the Kremlin Hospital physicians had warned me that I would soon have to leave Moscow.

I cabled the editor of INS, Barry Faris, asking to be recalled. Faris immediately answered my cable saying he was making airplane reservations for me to come home by way of Iran, Cairo, and South America.

Oscar Emma rode out to the airport with me the morning I was leaving.

"Well, I guess this is it," I said to Oscar, shaking hands with him.

"Good luck," he said as I boarded.

The flight from Moscow to Kuybyshev took about six hours; then to Te-

heran where I obtained passage as far as Cairo with Ambassador Standley.

After eight days in Cairo, I was able to get a seat on a transport which took me to the Liberian terminus of the Atlantic Clippers. Everybody felt elated to be crossing the Atlantic Ocean, even if our destination was South America rather than New York.

I slept without interruption until we came down in Natal harbor; the passengers and crew went ashore for breakfast, and then we continued our flight north until we came to Belem.

We took off the next day for Puerto Rico, then Bermuda, and finally LaGuardia field, New York. I telephoned my wife's home; her mother answered.

"Is Petie there?" I asked.

"Jim!" she cried incredulously.

"Yes, I'm home—"

"Wait, here comes Petie."

"Darling!"

My travels were over: I had reached my home port.

Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, and March 3, 1933, of *Coronet*, published monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for October 1, 1943. State of Illinois, County of Cook. Before me, a duly authorized notary in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Alfred Smart, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of *Coronet*, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, David A. Smart; Editors, Bernard Geis and Harris Shevelson; Managing Editor, Arnold Gingrich; Business Manager, Alfred Smart, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. 2. That the owner is Equitable Inc., Stockholders, Alfred R. Paste, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; Ed. G. Richards, 701 North Farling Road, Los Angeles, California; Florence Richards, 701 North Farling Road, Los Angeles, California; Alfred Smart, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; David A. Smart, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; John Smart, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; Louis Smart, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; Sue Smart Trust, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; Richard Elden Trust, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; Richard Elden Trust, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; Vera Elden, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; Helen Mary Rowe Gingrich Trust, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; City National Bank and Trust Company of Chicago, Trust under Trust Account with David A. Smart; dated October 6, 1942, known as Trust Number 22335. Trust Department, 200 S. La Salle Street, Chicago, Illinois. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 23rd day of September, 1943. Alfred Smart, Business Manager (Seal) Anna Van Diggelen. (My commission expires June 22, 1946.)

**The
Coronet
Little
Show**

On Sunday afternoon, November 7, 1943, radio listeners from coast to coast heard Coronet Little Show's spine-chilling dramatization of *Sultan of Shudders*, an article that appeared in the November issue of Coronet. It was the first program on Coronet's new 52-week show that brings to radio listeners every Sunday a special dramatization of an outstanding feature from the magazine. Each program is narrated by the

Coronet story teller, who selects the Coronet feature which he thinks his listeners will find most entertaining. Reading an article plus hearing it dramatized doubles enjoyment of Coronet features.

The Coronet Little Show is broadcast on the coast-to-coast Mutual Network at 6:45 p.m., Eastern War Time; 5:45 Central War Time; 4:45 Mountain Time and 3:45 Pacific Coast Time. Your newspaper will tell you the name of your local station.

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Twenty five prizes of \$10 each have been awarded to:

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The winner of the \$500 award and 25 winners of \$10 prizes were announced in the December issue

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The Coronet Round Table

Should America Feed the World?

An opinion by Arthur Krock, Special Correspondent of the New York Times and Chief of the Times' Washington Bureau

TO BEGIN WITH, we can't feed the world even if we want to. We can't even feed as large a portion of the world as many of us might assume. The minute the Army began to eat, we saw that America's vaunted surplus just didn't exist. It will take us a long time to recover from the Administration's scarcity program of plowed-under pigs and wasted land.

Aside from that, self-interest is still the first concern of any nation. Internationalism comes second. Why start repairing our neighbor's house while our own is still dilapidated? If we were to try to feed the world, the unbearable



able hardships inflicted on our own people would create a situation of discontent in which a demagogue might easily rise to power.

To be sure, let's offer other nations whatever aid we can—help them grow their first crops, help them secure access to world markets. But let us not teach them to eat out of our larder. All doles are a mistake. The best thing we can offer other countries—outside of temporary emergency assistance—is a generous helping of the self-reliant pioneer spirit that created our country and which alone can make their own nations great again.

200 Dollars for the Best Responses to This Query!

Since food promises to be a dominant world problem in 1944, America's role in solving it will soon need to be determined. Should America feed the world? What is your reaction to the question? For the best answer of 200 words or less on the subject, Coronet will pay 100 dollars. For the second best letter, 50 dollars. Third best will net 25 dollars; and for the five next best, five dollars each will be paid. December 25th is the deadline. Letters should be addressed to Coronet Round Table, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.

Manuscripts, photographs and other materials submitted for publication should be addressed to CORONET, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois, and must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase. No responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage of unsolicited materials submitted. Subscribers' notices of change of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.



James E. Brown (p. 161)



Rex Stout (p. 3)



Alan Hynd (p. 127)



John Philip Sousa III (p. 151)

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Between These Covers

• • • James E. Brown, who represented INS in Moscow during Joseph E. Davies' stay there as ambassador, writes about Russia from the American viewpoint . . . Although Rex Stout's fame is usually coupled with that of his fictional detective, Nero Wolfe, he is equally well-known for his analyses of Axis propaganda . . . One of the most prolific of today's magazine writers, Alan Hynd dictates an average of 15 hundred words an hour . . . Grandson of the noted "March King," John Philip Sousa III paints an outrageous picture of the Sousa family, as stimulating as surrealism, and far funnier.